47 Easyriders

Ⓓ 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Easyriders

May, 1977
One Dollar

70p

How To Make Dandelion Wine

Bikes, Fiction, Cartoons, and Women

Bein' a Biker's Ol' Lady Can Be a Bummer!

Black Easyriders T-shirts

(with full color Dave Mann designs)

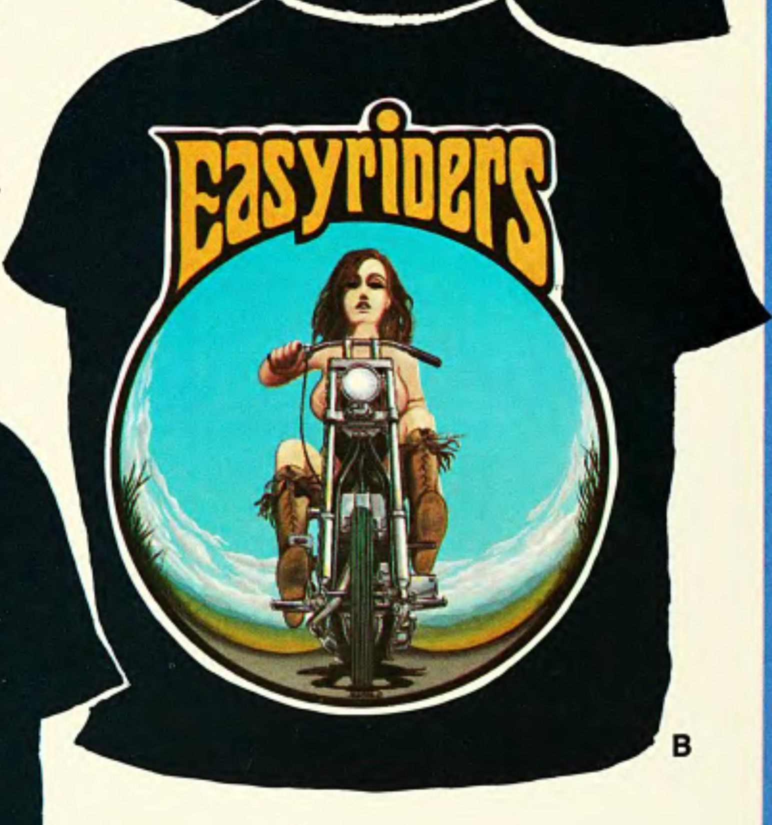
Hell, everyone knows the advantages of wearing a black T-shirt—why, it's like wearing your own wipe rag! Just think, now you can wear your shirt longer (won't show crud), and in emergencies you can wipe your hands on it, sop up blood, or whatever—shit, you could even clean your chrome with it.

Just think, all these advantages, plus you get a full-color Dave Mann painting on it—to say nothing about the leg-wettin' **Easyriders** name being part of the design.

You'd expect to pay $25.00 for this 100% cotton T-shirt, but we restrained ourselves, and we'll let you have one for only $5.45, plus a paltry 50¢ for postage and handling.

So get off your ass and fire us the bread, and we'll send you your shirt so fast you'll wet your pants.

A



B

C

Send your order today to:

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Please send me______shirts. I have enclosed $5.95 for each shirt ordered. ($5.45 plus 50¢ for postage & handling.) Be sure to state size: sm., med., lge., ex. lge.

California residents add 6%

Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Spider digs up some strange ones	5
Readers take dead aim at the editors	7
Some words and drivel from other rags	11
A heavy story about blood bros	12
Dr. Twatburger comes up with another one	14
Legal news in everyday language	16
A tale about a far-out biker party	18
Powder Burns is back at it again	20
Bein' a biker's ol' lady is a bummer!	22
Dear ol' Miraculous is as rank as ever	23
ABATE, an organization of street bikers	24
How to make some head twistin' wine	27
A fun and games page of cartoons and jokes	28
Ever wonder how far you could shoot come?	30
A dude decides to leave his humdrum life	32
Here's a righteous 45 made out of spare parts	34
An ol' lady's final tribute to her ol' man	40
In the wind with our great readers	43
One of the best Dave Mann posters ever done	48
You're gonna come when you flash on this scoot	50
Our chick of the month is a mountain mama	56
The stars and what may be comin' down	59
Downtime entertainment—record reviews	60
Bikers locked down lookin' for mail	82
Strange ads for strange things	94

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Cover photo of Rebecca by Pete Chiodo

The next leg-wettin' issue of this miserable rag goes on sale April 26th.

Roach Lighter!
American Made
This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.
Lifetime Guarantee
If your lighter ever fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Driving over it with your scoot doesn't count, of course.)
MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES
To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send $5.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling.
Mackenzie Company
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302
California residents add 6%

I've got something for you...
And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.
Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.
$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.
You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of $18.95 plus a measly $3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save $4.85 over the single mug price.)
Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.
GENUINE
MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES
OIL
Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

A father in Texas snuffed his son by shooting him in the head while he slept. The reason? Well, it seems that the kid smoked pot and papa "just couldn't stand it any longer"—so he blew him away! Now get this—the jury deadlocked 9 to 3 in favor of acquittal! So the dude copped a lesser plea and was given straight probation! Can you believe that shit?

Another Texas dude had to kill his dog because the pooch was suffering from an incurable disease. He didn't want to shoot him, 'cause he didn't want the dog to suffer. So he took the dog to a secluded area behind his house and attached a stick of dynamite to him, lit the fuse, and walked back to the house in tears. You guessed it—the mutt broke his rope and followed the dude—with his tail waggin'. The dynamite blew the dog to atoms and put the owner in the hospital!

Dipshit of the month: This dude kidnaps a broad and drives her to an abandoned house, demanding her money. She says she doesn't have any on her but she'll get some. So he gives her his phone number! (He was busted.)

What's your blood type? If it's "A" you run a greater chance of gettin' into an automobile accident than if it's another type. It has somethin' to do with "A" types having a more difficult time coping with pressures of everyday life.

A Maryland prisoner has filed a suit in the U.S. District Court. His beef? He claims his health is goin' to hell because of the low types of fellow prisoners he has to live with in the can. He "can't stand being around unrepentant prisoners." (Gosh.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Our fair and equal justice system: A dude in New York who ripped off 200 million dollars got only 18 months! (I guess with 200 mil of stolen bread you can hire some kind of a high-powered attorney!)

Did you know that 680 bureaucrats in Washington cruise around in chauffeur-driven limousines? (Picked up at home and dumped off at night.) There were 700, but Carter cut off all of the White House staff (20) during his first week in office.

We have been judging and punishing ever since Jesus told us not to; and I defy anyone to make a convincing case for believing that the world has been made any better than it would have been if there had never been a judge, a prison, or a gallows.—George Bernard Shaw.

Brotherly love: Two brothers were fighting, so their mother called the cops. The cops wanted to know why they were fighting. One brother said, "He's got my marijuana!" The cops checked and then busted both for pot possession.

Speaking of pot busts, a dude walked into a police station and said, "God sent me." He then copped out that he had a lot of grass at his home. The police went out there and found 220 pounds of killer weed. (That's what he gets for goin' to church!)

A real bright dude: 1. A married dude applies for a marriage license. 2. He reports his wife missing the same day. 3. He kills his wife the next day and then he marries another chick four hours later. He gets busted on his honeymoon.

You-won't-believe-this dept.: A dude was running late returning to prison after a weekend furlough. So what does he do to get back on time? He steals a car and gets busted at the gate—but he got back on time!

Nothing file: A man sued an establishment because he was injured when a firecracker went off in the restroom while he was takin' a healthy one. (Probably can't shit for a year—or can't find his pecker.) ■

Badass Biker Boots

All Leather Steel-Toed

Engineer boots in the traditional 11-inch and mind blowing 17-inch heights

Soles and Heels are non-skid oil-resistant Neoprene Cord featuring Goodyear welt construction for strength, flexibility and shape retention. Sole stitching is Dacron® polyester. Your heels are, of course, the broad driving or logger type.

Easyriders logo will be **branded** on your right, shit-kickin' toe if you check box in the coupon

If your ol' lady is goin' barefoot, you might break down and buy her a pair too—just remember women's sizes run numerically 2 sizes larger than men's (for example, a woman's 8 equals a man's 6).

■11 in.—$56.95
■17 in.—$69.95

In stock sizes 8½—11, D width
Special order sizes 6—8, 11½—14, B, C, D, E, EE widths (Add $12 per pair. Allow 4 to 6 weeks.)

Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Circle/fill in your choice ■Height 11 in. 17 in.
Size ________ Width ________ ■Color Black Brown
■**Easyriders** logo Yes No
I have enclosed $________ for ________ pair(s)
(including $2.50 per pair for postage & handling)
Write same info on separate paper for more than 1 pair
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%.

These are not your ordinary cheapos—they're your shit-kickers for life! All leather. Manufactured exclusively for us by Chippewa (and they're no slouches).

Here's some of the nitty-gritty:

Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. **Heels** are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). **Vamps,** or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the uppers to surround the steel box safety toe with, again, **two layers** of leather and foam padding for comfort. **Insoles** are sweat-proof leather of the best grade. For improved arch support, you'll find combination fibre-board and steel shanks. **Midsoles** are all leather. **Adjustable straps** at the vamps and tops for the sound fit you demand. **Your Super Boots** meet the following government standard: ANSI Z41.1—1972/75.

WORDMONGER

Handy Hint

☐ Any of you fuckers doing time out there and need some pussy? Well, grab up a can of worms and some Johnson's Baby Oil and get down. It works—for the real righteous scooter tramps. A handy hint from two down bros doing time.

Greg Peters
David Johnston
St. Cloud, Minn.

Tryin'

☐ Well, dudes, I've been sittin' here for a fuckin' hour and smokin' joint after joint, tryin' to think of something to say in this letter. But I can't so fuck it.

Crazed Crud
Houston, Texas

From Spain

☐ This ain't no shit. I picked up your piece of paper for the first time in December of 1973 in Thailand and I've been reading it ever since. Next to Harley-Davidson you people are the only thing worth looking forward to on this whole damned planet. We have eyeballed **Easyriders** in Thailand, Korea, and now here in Spain. Would like to let you know that you bring the bro's world to us, since we can't be there.

Fat Cal & Mad John
T.J. AFB

Warning

☐ To the bastard on the 750 Honda (green). The dude you dumped on 101 North in San Mateo, Calif. was my ol' man. Not only did you off him, but you took my 6-month-old baby girl. She was being packed by him. I'll remember your fuckin' face. I'll get your ass, and when I do, start praying.

(My ol' man and I were on a run to Portland from L.A. when the dude cut in front of my ol' man and clipped his front end. He and the shovel went down. He and the baby were killed instantly. My 2-year-old and I were okay. All I did was slide through the gravel. The dude split but I will find him.)

Lalanie & Christopher
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ The asshole was wrong for not stopping—but it's not exactly bright to ride small children on bikes. And are we to understand that there were **four** of you on **one bike?**

Ohio Protest

☐ Hey, you guys, thanks for putting the Ohio helmet protest in your rag. The only way I find out anything about the helmet laws is through your rag and A-BATE of Greater Cincinnati. Thanks for showing everyone out there the shit that goes on up here.

P. Kovach
Solon, Ohio

Free Mags to Prisons

☐ I just wanted to thank you for the free sub to your rag which is being sent to our camp library. It's the best thing to jump off in this miserable motherfucker in a long time.

All the brothers here at Cusino want to thank all the brothers and sisters at **Easyriders** for making our time a little easier to handle. Also for making such an offer available to all the downed bros behind bars. You can know we'll ride a little harder in our dreams till we hit the streets.

Rocky
Camp Cusino, Mich.

■ We'll send free subscriptions to all prison libraries, provided the librarian sends us the request.

Beatin' Up Broads

☐ Hey, what's this cheap shit I've been seeing in **Easyriders** lately about guys beating up on broads? Do your readers really think it shows class for a 6-foot, 200-lb. guy to kick the crap outta a 5' 4", 110-lb. female?

"One-Eye"
Roanoke, Va.

■ Only when they deserve it.

The Best

☐ I think **Easyriders** is the best rag on the rack! And thanks a hell of a lot for going monthly. I love you for it! And if I weren't so much in love with the man I married, I'd give ya'll a little head and tail to reward you for your hard work!

Sunshine Spayde
Lafayette, Ind.

■ Promises, promises—all us poor slobs get is promises.

Duck Butter

☐ This is in regard to your February issue about duck butter. Here's the correct answer:

From day to day
From dawn to dusk
Without duck butter
My peter would rust.

Joe Daddy
San Jose, Calif.

Setting Record Straight

☐ You don't need to know who I am, but I want to straighten something out to you that appeared in your Feb. '77 issue. It ain't your fault, because you ain't got time to check up on it when someone writes you, but let me run this down to you. I'm doin' time because of a rat, so I don't have any love for them whatsoever.

In your "A Tribute To Bros Lost" you had the following: "In memory of Wayne (Dago) Bourg, stabbed to death by a non-biker punk while he lay in his cell. Danny McCray, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211."

The dude who wrote it got hit the same night as Dago but somehow lived and was moved to the reformatory from here for protection because he's a rat. I ain't too hip on rapping about dudes who are dead, but Dago was a rat and a phony motherfucker who got what any weak motherfucker who will give someone up should get. Too bad the other punk lived and now will cause good people to receive life sentences for snuffing the lowest form of life—lower than a narc.

Like I said, there ain't no possible way for you to have known what the story was behind that tribute, but let's keep it for righteous people and not have the people who read your magazine in Colorado and the rest of the country thinking that dude was right on.

Unsigned
Buena Vista, Colo.

Digs AMF

☐ I'm really sick of listening to those assholes complaining about AMF-Harley. I bought a new '76 Sporty last spring and the thing's been running like a charm. Now it's in winter storage with 10,000 miles, and in the spring all it will cost me is the price of a tune-up.

J. C.
Montreal, Canada

☐ Sniveling saps who keep whining about their new Harleys breakin' down: All I gotta say is you reap what you sow, bro, and if yer bike is fucked up, then chances are you ain't treatin' her right. I ain't had any problems with my new XLCH in the first 1,000 miles, and I don't anticipate any.

Mike the Bike
Denver, Colorado

A Suggestion

☐ Many thanks for the free plug in your article on Thompson submachine guns in the January '77 issue. All the stuff in the article was right on the money except for one

HARLEY EARRINGS

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

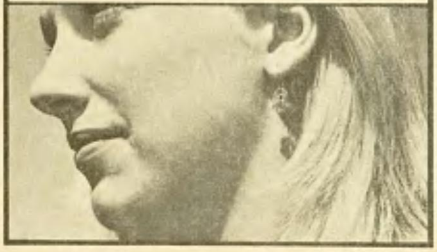
They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

Cost is only $8.00 each or $15.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off no scoot folk.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.

ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



thing: You draw a distinction between bikers and licensed machine gun dealers. Does this mean I have to get rid of all my rock'n' roll hardware to keep my scoot?

Since the lawmakers are trying to take away our guns to prevent us from hurting anyone and take away our bikes to prevent us from hurting ourselves, I have a great idea: Why not castrate lawmakers to prevent further sex scandals in Congress?

Fred L. Rexer, Jr.
Houston, Texas

Eliminating Tattoos

☐ I've been reading **Easyriders** for the past year, and I've seen all your articles on how to go about getting a tattoo. What I'd like to know is how to get rid of one. I know you're supposed to have them for life, but what happens if you change your mind? I mean is there any way at all to have one removed? Without cutting off your arm? Let me know.

Bev
New Waterford, Ohio

■ Not that we know of. Maybe some of our readers can help. The best bet is to get them high on the arm, on the ass, leg—or anywhere—where it can be hidden when you want to hide it.

What Is It?

☐ What the hell is that a picture of on page 19 of the Feb. '77 issue? My ol' man and I thought of a few obscene things, but none of them are for sure.

Kooky Sadie
Waterbury, Conn.

☐ Not being able to look at my own clit (without a mirror), I was wondering if the background in your picture on page 19 of the Feb. issue was a real live genuine funny button. Or a superimposed picture of pot smoke.

M&M
San Diego, Calif.

☐ What the fuck is that a close-up of on page 19 of the Feb. issue? I voted for a man in the boat but was told that's 'cause I'm sex starved.

Rummy
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ Hell, I don't know—that Wino Joe will photograph **anything.** I thought it was a chick's ring.

Scratch and Sniff

☐ I think the cocksuckin' asshole who wrote about the foldouts for "scratch and sniff" cunts (Jan. '77) should go shove his face in a pussy that's been soaking in camel shit for the past five years. He'll probably enjoy it with the mentality he's got.

Wild Bill's Ol' Lady
McLean, Virginia

■ What's wrong with the smell of sex juice? Bein' a chick, you'll never understand the trip of gettin' off on good female smells.

Mind Blower In 2076

☐ I bought two issues of **Easyriders** (August and September of '76) and deposited them in the time capsule of Girard, Pa. (near Erie), to be dug up in 2076. Don't want anyone to miss these fine magazines. I wanted to put in more issues, but I wouldn't part with my collection and none of the other dudes around here would either.

Dan Phillips
Lake City Pa.

It's Worth It

☐ Well, here I sit on a cold winter's night, upstairs with the kids, while my ol' man is downstairs with the Sporty. It's a Saturday and he's been down there since noon. I guess I could bitch, couldn't I? But I won't. We got our scoot last summer and rode it pretty much as it came. But now that the snow's hit us, it's time to know that machine inside and out. And make those special changes that'll make it "ours" and nobody else's. I can look forward to about five more months of this. I could bitch about it too, couldn't I? But I won't. Nope. Because it's a way of life. Anyone who won't take the time to tear down their putt and make it **theirs,** really **theirs,** ain't no biker. And any ol' lady who takes the time to bitch about how much time her ol' man spends on his putt just doesn't know what it's all about.

I know that next spring when we pull that Harley out of the basement, give her fire, and climb on, she'll be sturdy and safe because my ol' man did it! And people will know she's ours and no one else's. So I ain't gonna bitch! Sure, I feel like it sometimes, but it's all worth it in the end. Don't ya'll agree?

Lynda Hecht
Oregon, Illinois

S.L.A. Cobra

☐ You know what I could really get off on? A patch with the S.L.A. seven-headed cobra! I bet no one's gotten around to making one yet. The heat doesn't like dudes who wear swastikas and all that stuff, but the seven-headed cobra is sure to get them foaming at the mouth. Does this make me a commie-loving pervert simp? Maybe it does, but the S.L.A. folks had real class and got burned for it. The survivors didn't flake out and snitch. They're still keeping the faith. They got in the heat's hair real heavy, and they were roasted alive as a lesson to everyone.

Long live the memory of our sisters and brothers: Cinque, Yolanda, Miz Moon and all the rest who were roasted. And to the cosmic cesspool with the snitch Tim Leary!

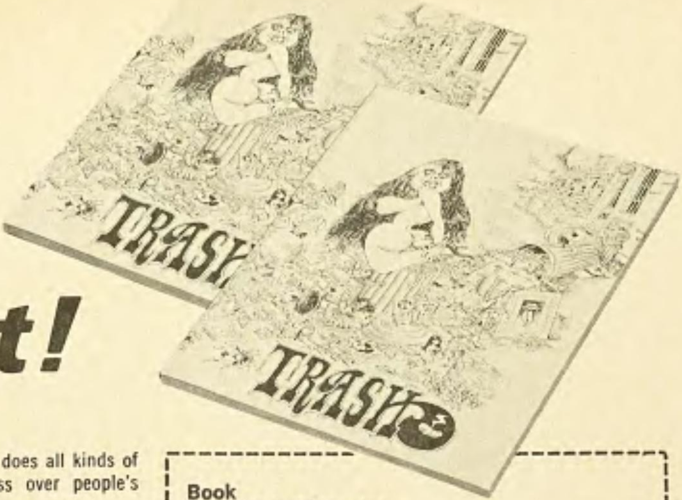
Frisco Freak
San Francisco, Calif.

Cleanest Mag

☐ The other day I bought another so-called chopper magazine (I'll deny it in court). I flipped over to the letters section and like a fuckin' fool began to read them. I was just breezin' through till I hit on one from some shithead who, among other things, criticized **Easyriders** for having too many four ("f - - -") letter words. I knew this was an unjust accusation, so to prove him wrong I took an entirely random sampling of print from **Easyriders** and one from the magazine the letter was from. Out of a one-thousand-word sampling, **Easyriders** had 119 fourletter words and the other pseudo-chopper mag had 127.

Thinking hazily that I might be onto something, I ripped off the ol' lady's **Reader's Digest** and, sure enough, 134 four-letter

It's rank, it's gross— and it's great!



If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well, now you can — in a large (144 page, 8½ x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!

Order Robinson's **Trash** now.

Book
Easyriders Magazine
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me______copies of Robinson's book called **Trash.** Enclosed you will find $5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name________________Age_____
Address______________________
City____________State_____Zip_____

California residents add 6%

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!

The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there *is* a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Photo shown is actual size—

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

Each buckle comes with 1¾"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

Send $11.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

If you want only a buckle, just send $6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. *California residents add 6%*

Righteous Products
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

Two Year Guarantee
A fine quality
17 jewel slimline movement. Shock-resistant! Genuine leather band. Full color dial with red, white, and blue chopper, speeding ticket, and M.P.H. speedo design.

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Hollywood, Calif. 90068

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid ______watch(es) price: $31.50 each. Calif. Residents add 6% tax, $1.58. Enclosed find ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $________. Please, No cash by mail — No C.O.D. Orders.

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________ Zip______

Immediate Delivery

words per thousand words. This clearly indicates that **Easyriders** is the cleanest-written mag around. I guess that'll teach those fuckin' assholes to bitch.

T. L.
Shafter, Calif.

In Good Taste

☐ "Bikers and Bugs" really had me in stitches. It's a good example of how four-letter words can be used in good taste.

Lowrider
Orlando, Fla.

Leather is Blessed

☐ I'm a Marine stationed on the USS F. D. Roosevelt, now deployed to the Med. We pulled into Italy in January. So I took a tour of Rome. I attended a papal audience. There were a lot of people there carrying religious items they wanted to be blessed by the Pope. When he spoke to bless all of us, I held out my old righteous bike-ridin' leather jacket. Whatdafuck, it's saved my ass on more than one occasion.

Tex
USS F. D. R.

Life in the Army

☐ You want to hear some shit that will make your ass leak? The assholes here at Fort Riley who run this hole have got to be the most idiotic bastards to stomp this earth. The motherfuckers made me and a bro take down our Dave Mann centerfolds because they showed tits. Tits are the third best thing going, and the lousy cocksuckers just can't see it. Now we're on suspended and busted for just arguing our point to the goddam lifers.

Shotgun & Erv
Ft. Riley, Kansas

An Offer

☐ I just read the offer made by B & T Speed Shop in the January '77 issue. If it's cool with you people, I'll give anybody who brings in proof of a subscription to your sleazy rag all parts at 10% above cost. I'll also do the same for any ABATE members. How can ya lose?

Wild Bill's Scooter Fixin's
112 Commercial Way
Costa Mesa, Calif. 92627

More on NSWPP

☐ What the fuck's all this about the NSWPP? Don't these fuckers understand that the Nazi Party has changed in the last 40 years? These simple-minded patriots who think all Nazis are short-haired, anti-Semitic right-wingers probably think that all bikers are illiterate. Who in the fuck are they trying to fool? It's that kind of shit-brained thinking that has maintained such an ignorant, nebulous understanding of the Party, and there's no telling how much damage they've done to bikers.

So don't give me this bullshit about freedom when a dozen new laws are shoved down my throat every year. The great USA—oh, how free we are! **Fuck!** Somebody's got a fried brain if they believe that shit.

Southern Snake
Richmond, Va.

A Compliment

☐ You dudes are all right —a little nuts but all right.

M. Dean
West Newton, Pa.

No Slack

☐ I would like to comment on the maggot who signed himself "Death Row" in the Feb. '77 issue where he asked for money and support to save his worthless ass.

Turds like him don't end up on death row for jaywalking — more likely he blew away some eight-year-old girl after sodomizing her.

Scumbags like him should do down the tubes the same way their victims did. I can't wait to hear some of the weakling, bleeding-heart assholes in the ACLU or NAACP change their miserable tune when they come home and find their family sliced up in their beds.

"Yogoy"
Bridgeport, Conn.

Steve McQueen

☐ I have a bet with a friend that the color picture on page 77 (Feb. '77 issue) of the dude on the red Indian, taken by Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif. is a picture of none other than Steve McQueen. Please let me know so I can win this bet.

Susan P.
Basalt, Colo.

■ You win, Susan.

Invitation

☐ The Harley Riders Club over here would like to extend a warm welcome to any Harley riders passing through London town on vacation. We'll do our best to entertain you while you're here. Just write to me at the address below or phone before you get here. Keep on Hoggin'!

Paul Young
H-D Riders Club of Great Britain
4 Hampstead Hill Gardens
London NW3, Great Britain
Tel: 01-794-5027

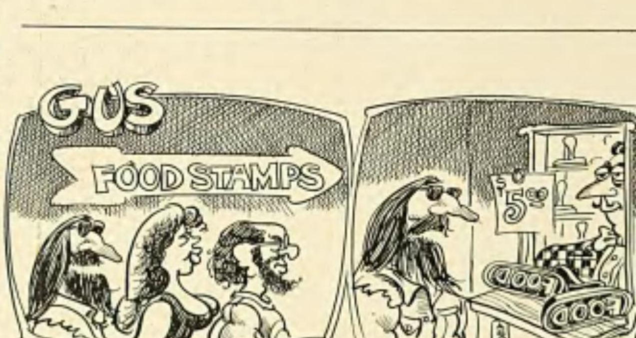
More Bikes

☐ Why don't you all put more bikes and less girls in your rag? My ol' man says differently, but I say if he wants to look at chicks, I'll buy **Playboy.** So come on—more bikes.

Pony
Meeker, Okla.

■ Eat it.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger. Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. ■



Biker's Digest

Tellin' Washington . . .

"Isn't it time somebody told Washington to cut it out?" is the headline on a Champion Spark Plug ad which point out that our government has gotten the notion it is America's "Mama" and advocates writing letters to Congress to put an end to it. They have a free booklet telling you how to do it. Just write to: Champion Spark Plug Company, P.O. Box 910, Toledo, Ohio 43661 to request a copy—and thank 'em for their ad while you're at it.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

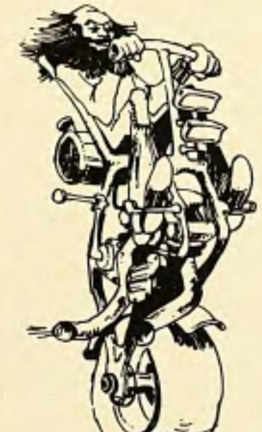
White collar market . . .

It seems obvious that the motorcycle manufacturers must go after new riders, white collar riders, during 1977.

White collar people aren't necessarily concerned with being the fastest over the whoop-dee-doos or being on the footpegs in the corner. If anything, such advertising probably confirms their fears about motorcycling being dangerous.

Honda's new advertising for its 50cc Express is an encouraging step away from all that. Honda created a boom with its famous "nicest people" campaign in the early 60s. Honda can't do it alone today, however, because its ads compete with hundreds of on-the-pegs or on-the-berm ads of other makers . . . as well as some of its own ads.

Such ads not only have negative impact on the needed white collar market, but surely the manufacturers must know that such advertising is an open invitation to *product liability claims*. If a rider screams through a turn and falls on a motorcycle that has been shown in ads rounding corners on the pegs, then neither the manufacturer, the distributor or the *dealer* can claim any defense that



the rider was improperly using the machine — because that's what the ads tout. The same goes for ads which shout about top speed and quarter - mile performance: anyone hurt while speeding or drag racing can sue.

—Dealernews

Mental midgets . . .

Helmets aren't much good unless they are on your head, which is why manufacturers are required to provide them with chin straps and fasteners strong enough to take a 300-pound pull. Nobody has discovered a way to convince everyone they should fasten their chin strap; we've seen plenty of people riding along with the strap's loose ends flapping in the breeze. Neither has anyone been able to convince all motorcyclists that the wearing of helmets is a life-saver—and we're not going to try. Anyone who rides without a helmet is a mental midget, without much brain to protect, and we're not going to worry about him. We do worry about the anti-helmet lobby's propaganda about how this indispensible safety item is supposed to obstruct vision and hearing and cause broken necks. It isn't so.

—Gordon Jennings
Cycle magazine

In response to the above . . .

You are greatly confused on the issue of the anti-helmet movement—or lobby as

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

you call it. I am part of that — having testified in Wash. twice and before several state legislative groups. I can tell you without any fear of contradiction from any segment of the helmet fighters that there is absolutely no anti-helmet lobby. There, is however, a growing anti-helmet law lobby, which is very different. We have people in our various groups who do wear helmets but oppose being told they have to. So, I hope you straighten out your thinking on that.

—Ed Armstrong
ABATE of Illinois

Ask a cop . . .

If you run out of gas at night or on a holiday and can't find a station open, ask a policeman. If he can't direct you to a gas station within your range, chances are he'll let you buy some from the stationhouse pump. Many small-town police departments maintain their own fuel supply.

—Biker

Editor's note: Good luck.

Fairings for choppers . . .

So why not fairings on choppers? If you want your chop to be cosmetic as well as functional you might design a small fairing which harmonizes with the big lines and mass, and still deflects a portion of the slipstream when you're on a hard jam.

All in all, the chopper is as versatile and adaptable a bike as you can find. It is as well suited to the growing fad of bike touring as the tour bike is, and it has the added attraction of being highly personalized and customized, and can be pretty to look at, too.

But most of all, dump your chop and buy a tourer if you must, but don't do it because bike magazine editors tell you this is the way to go.

—Larry Kumferman
Custom Bike

Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear.

Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2⅛" in diameter, and almost ¼" thick.

Belts are hand-made from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1¾" wide and is available in either dark brown or black.

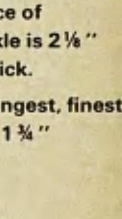
Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable.

Send $12.50, plus 50¢ for insurance and postage, along with accurate waist size, and color of belt desired to:

(Be sure to specify "round" buckle)

Righteous Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



By Pockets

—Illustration by Dave Mann

...TO ASHES ...TO DUST

Gronk was in no mood to be nice to anyone. Some asshole had poisoned his killer watchdog this morning and ripped off his garage door trying to get to his Harley. He swore silently.

"I'll kill the fuckers."

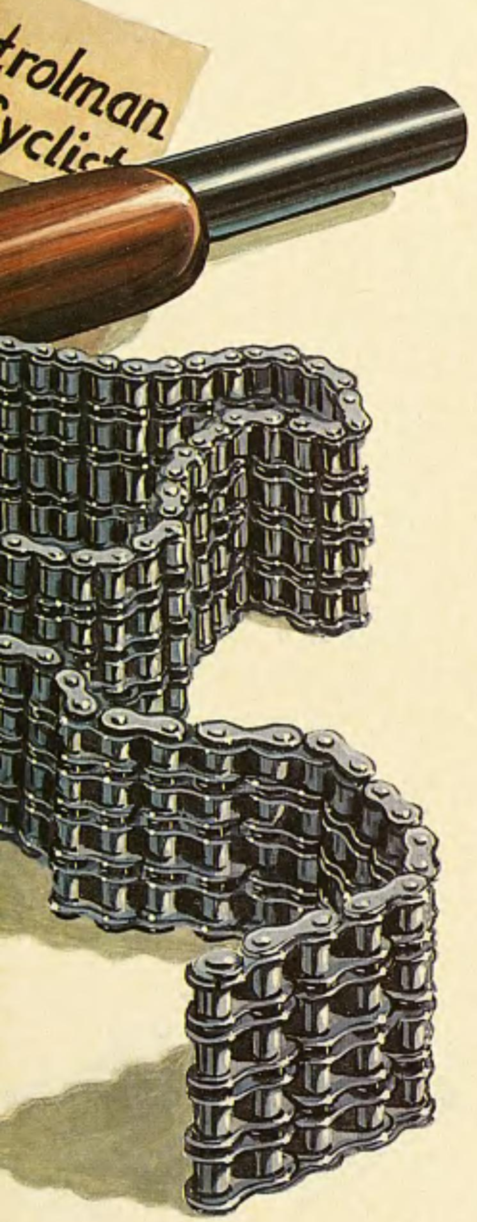
After that he had gotten a speeding ticket on his way over to Mother Pearl's to swallow a few beers.

And now. And now. And now, dammit, while standing at the bar in Mother Pearl's, he had lost his fucking Nazi earring.

Slowly shaking his massive, battle-scarred head, Gronk was mumbling curses against whatever fates had it in for him. That's when he felt the two gentle prods in his hip pocket. Savagely, Gronk whirled around. Only to find the backside of a long-haired hippy stroking his cue for the opening break. The stick came back hard, catching Gronk squarely in the balls. He bent over.

"Goddam! Right in the nuts."

Spinning, the cue ball sped across the torn green felt, missed the balls and scratched. The hippy turned around.



"Hey, man, you ruined my aim."

"Fuck your aim; you ruined my balls."

Looking like a giant version of the hunchback of Notre Dame, Gronk grabbed the hippy by his embroidered shirt front, stood him at arm's length and punched him out.

Feeling a little better, Gronk straightened up, grabbed a friend of the hippy's standing by the pool table and danced him in on tiptoes until his nose was buried in Gronk's oil-stained Levi shirt.

"Uh, don't hit me. I didn't do anything. I was only watching the game. I know the guy that hit you, but he's not a tight friend of mine. Honest."

"Get down on the floor, punk; find my earring!"

"All right, right away."

Really feeling good now, and taking pride in his iron muscles, Gronk reached out blindly, grabbed the first available warm body and yanked it in front of him. He glared down at his captive, a hard-muscled dude in worn boots, patched jeans, faded cut-off with the original blue showing through where patches had recently been ripped off, long dusty hair, zapata mustache and cold grey-green eyes. Except for the color of hair and the weird grin on his face, the dude reminded Gronk of himself in his younger days.

"Get down on your knees. Look for my earring!"

"Fuck ya."

They both swung at the same time. And connected. Gronk crashed backwards into the bar, grabbing the top rail with both hands to keep himself upright. The crowd scattered. Gronk stood up. Seeing the dude pick himself up off the floor where he had landed on the other side of the pool table, a joyful battle-light flared in Gronk's eyes. This would be a man worth fighting.

For five long minutes they punched, gouged, kicked and bled their way around the room. Immune to pain, Gronk absorbed bone-jarring blows. Not even protecting himself, he swung fast and heavy, seeking to knock the dude down. But every time the dude was floored, somehow he got up again. He just kept on coming back.

"Hey, man, you must be made out of rubber."

Smash! Once more the dude went to the floor. Gronk sat down on a chair. This was getting tiresome. He grabbed somebody's bottle of beer and gulped it down while watching the dude get up again.

"Forget it," rumbled Gronk. "I'm gonna have to kill you to keep you down."

"You calling it quits?" panted the dude.

"Nope. Just taking a booze break. Get one of them bottles of tequila behind the bar and sit down at the table."

Gronk tore the top off the offered bottle, tilted it, and let some tequila slide down his throat, before pushing the bottle back across the table to the dude.

"I put you on the floor often enough; why didn't you stay there?"

"Couldn't. I grew up in the steel mills of Wheeling, West Virginia. You stay on the floor in one of them fights and you're a dead man. And I don't feel like dying yet."

Gronk thought about it for a while, then stuck out his hand. "I'm Gronk."

The dude shook hands. 'I got no name."

"People without names usually travel light and fast—for a reason."

"Yeah. Well, I ain't staying here anyway, so it won't hurt nothing to tell you. It started during the time of the truce back east. All the big clubs in the area signed a blood pact to stop the gang fights. No more warring against the members of other clubs. Anyone breaking the truce was to be punished; an eye for an eye, a life for a life. I was the first one to get in trouble. Got into a fight with a guy from another club over some worthless bitch. He pulled a knife, so I took mine out and stuck him. He died. Found out later, the bitch just wanted some excitement and set the whole deal up. After that, I had to go. Got no colors, no family, nothing, just me and my scoot. Been on the road for several months now . . . till you lost your earring."

Gronk laughingly recalled the hippy crawling between the barstools looking for his earring. Warm with tequila and camaraderie, Gronk took the Buck knife out of the sheath on his belt and laid it opened on the table. The dude tensed.

"Lighten up, No Name. I'm just fixin' to take you for a blood brother. You've got more heart than most dudes, and since you've got nobody, I'm gonna make you part of my family."

Placing an empty bowl between himself and No Name, Gronk cut his own hairy left wrist until the blood trickled into the bowl. Then he handed the knife to No Name.

"Your turn, bro. Use the left arm; it's where the heart is."

No Name made a cut and grinned as the blood flowed together in the bowl.

Gronk poured the bowl half full of tequila, stirring the contents with a grease-blackened finger. Then, clasping No Name's left forearm with his own, Gronk lifted the bowl and swallowed half of the mixture.

"The rest is yours if you think you can handle it."

No Name handed back the bowl when it was empty. "You're on, bro."

—Continued on page 67

FACT & FUCKOLOGY

By Dr. John Twatburger

Ever since the times of cave men, dudes have been standing around in little groups, comparing the size of cocks, each hoping that having the biggest joint will bring fame, fortune and broads. Most dudes are shy about comparisons like this, and prefer to do more talkin' than they do showin', and that leads to unbelievable tales of not only size, but prowess. Let a guy measure his own joint an' he'll most likely measure from the asshole forward, givin' himself a couple of added inches that can't be used at all. The only measurement that counts is the one that's made along the top, from the belly to the end.

Now, don't get excited. Doctors have talked to lots of chicks, trying to get 'em to tell the truth about what kind of cocks they like best, and, in the long run, the big ones don't bring any more pleasure than the little ones. It's the heat of the meat, the angle of the dangle, and the amount of talent and enthusiasm used that make winners, so all you dudes with little pricks just sit back and read this article, and forget about the size of your joint. If you use a little inventiveness, a broad ain't gonna care if she's gettin' a peanut shoved up her pee-pee.

The largest cocks on record seem to be between ten and twelve inches, but Dr. David Reuben mentions one that was fourteen inches long. Any chicks who read this report should try not to get excited, 'cause the doctor didn't include directions on how to get in touch with his patient. Anyway, the subject probably has to stay in bed all day to keep the blood from rushin' out of his body every time he gets a hard on, causin' him to fall down in a faint and hurt himself.

It's been reported that women often exaggerate the size of a lover's penis, in order to impress their girl friends and make 'em jealous. John Holmes, the star of porno movies, doesn't need help from any broad. We've all seen his joint, and it's a whopper. The only thing no one's ever seen is John Holmes with a hardon. There just isn't enough blood in his body to supply it.

If it'll make you feel any better, the Kinsey team of investigators talked to, and examined, thousands of dudes, and the biggest cock they came across was ten inches in length.

Very often, researchers miss by a mile in several directions, so their final reports can be contradictory. Also, penis size varies in different parts of the world and in different races, so doctors from all over the world pooled their results, and here they are, in part. The largest cocks for each nationality were as follows: English: 10½ inches; West German: 8½ in.; Negro: 7½ in.; French: 7½ in.; Danish: 8 in.; American: 7¾ in.; Swedish: 7¾ in.

The smallest cock measured —and the researcher didn't say to whom it belonged—was less than three-eights of an inch long. All I can add to that is, thank God it wasn't me!

The largest cock ever photographed was one belonging to a poor sucker suffering from elephantiasis. It was two feet across and hung down below his knees. It was so heavy that it pulled down on his brain, and he turned into an idiot.

While we're on the subject of cocks, we might as well give the girls a piece of the action. Most broads, in a reverse action of the men, like to claim that they have *little* pussies. Whether they do or don't is not as important as the fact that it's always there, and it's always ready to use. Big or little, that sonofabitch doesn't have to get hard to be ready to use, and if it's not good when used, the chick often shifts the blame by tellin' the dude he has a little cock. Lotsa chicks get busted in the eye just for knowin' the difference.

The biggest lips on any pussy around is found in Africa among the members of the Hottentot tribe. From childhood, the clitoris and the labia of the vulva are stretched by mechanical or manual means until they reach a length of seven inches or more. This is supposed to be so appealing to the men that a woman without big flaps hangin' down from her box is overlooked.

Apparently, the only man ever to go about measuring the inner capacity of a broad's snatch was an Englishman. He spent one rainy afternoon stuffing silver shillings — coins about the size of a quarter— into his girlfriend's pussy. He managed to stuff eighty-four shillings in, after which she got up and walked around the room, and none of the coins fell out.

The clitoris, that little bump on a broad that works kinda like an elevator button, came under investigation too, and with some rather surprising results. While clits measuring from one to two inches are extremely rare, in white women, they occur in two or three percent of blacks. A Swiss doctor, while examining a female patient (not a hermaphrodite), discovered her to have a clitoris over seven inches in length. These little buggers get erect, too, just like a man's joint, and it must have been a startling occurrence for the dude who came across the woman, who appears in medi-

cal journals all over the world, who had an amazing twelve-inch clit.

This, incidentally, is a good place to insert a fact, in case you didn't know it. Dogs, and perhaps a few other animals, often "hang up." They stick together when the male's joint swells up inside the female (simplified explanation) and won't go down. It's called *penis captivus*. In spite of all the weird stories you've heard from friends and relatives, and little girls hear the story from their mothers, who hope to frighten them out of wanting to fuck, *Penis captivus* cannot happen in humans, and has *never* happened in medical history. There is no record of it ever happening, outside porno fiction. Now, a dog on a broad, that's another kind of story. Maybe it could happen. (I gotta remember to ask Mutha.)

Remember all the huggin', kissin' and feelin' ya used to get in the back seat of your car, after the high school football game, and remember how bad your balls hurt if the chick wouldn't give ya a little head, or beat ya off? That kind of action comes under the heading of *foreplay*, in case you didn't know, and, while it involves a lot of fun things to do, it can also lead to trouble. The worst trouble for the guy is swollen balls, twisted cords, and infections from not gettin' his nuts off. For the gal, it's something different.

Cunnilingus, or pussy-eatin', is a part of foreplay, and even it can have some bad side effects if the dude gets carried away and blows air into the pussy, either for a joke, for experimentation, or with the mistaken idea that it will be thrilling. It is such a dangerous thing to do (the same applies for a chick blowing into the end of a dude's tube-steak) that it can cause an embolism. One thing is certain, and that is that it doesn't help to prolong a happy relationship, 'cause it can kill the chick. Sometimes, *instantly*.

The act that follows foreplay is known as fucking, and there are some records in that department, too. One of the most interesting recorded was noted in her autobiography by actress Mae West. She got it on with some dude named Ted, and they went at it hot, heavy and non-stop for fifteen hours —or so she swears. I don't know who this Ted fellow was, but he admitted later, to the object of his affection, that he was both astounded and pleased by his performance. There's no report on the number of blisters on his joint, or the ball-bangin' bruises he sustained.

This lady actress is no chicken, as many of you may know. She is over eighty years of age, and she's still goin'. In her recent Las Vegas act, she used about a dozen big, strong, heavy-hung dudes. She's some lady.

Old age is obviously no deterrent to sexual desire or prowess. At the age of fifty-five, some couples surveyed in the Kinsey report were having sex more than eight times a week. One old broad testified that she only fucked her ol' man ninety times a month. I guess she was cuttin' down, on account of his heart condition.

Young people seem to regard older people as being "over the hill." Such is not the case, since screwin' only gets better as time goes by. It's only when ya gotta cut down to three times a day that the goin' gets rough, 'cause the ol' lady starts to bitch a lot.

Because this article is meant to be one of education and enlightenment, we'll now discuss fellatio; that is, head. Textbooks, in defining a broad who gives head (she's called a fellatrice) say that she's most often a whore. The books also claim that it's not a specialty that most women brag about.

Cleopatra was said to have sucked off a thousand men. That feat may be one of the reasons the Greek name for her is *Merichane* (Gaper): "She who gapes wide for ten thousand men." One historian has written that she blew a hundred Roman noblemen in one night. Sounds like Miraculous Mutha!

Cunnilingus, that other fun game, has its records and statistics, too. Doctor Legman suggests that there are 14,288,400 postions for cunnilingus alone. I don't know how he came to that exact figure, but I think I'm still working on about number seven, and I've run out of ideas. The last one I tried, my ol' lady fell outta the tree.

A famous Chinese empress, Wu Hu, who ruled during the T'ang Dynasty, was smarter than most historians gave her credit for being. She insisted that all dignitaries, foreign and otherwise, pay homage to her by licking her pussy as she stood on the palace steps. An ancient painting shows her holding her robe open while a visitor to the palace kneels down and sneezes in her heater.

Linda Lovelace became famous not for Deep Throat but for several eight-millimeter porno flicks she made showin' her fuckin' a dog, then goin' down on it. People have been using animals for sex objects for centuries. If they hadn't, we wouldn't have sheep jokes, goat, dog, cat, elephant and you-name-it critter jokes. In one book, a broad is said to have smeared honey all over her cunt, then let the flies converge on her. They lit on the honey and wiggled around, tickling her until she got off.

The Chinese — Viet Nam vets are hip to this one—have been getting off on chickens and geese for centuries. The way it's done is, the dude pokes his cock up the feathery critter's egg factory and pumps away. I never asked a chicken, but it seems to me the bird ain't enjoyin' it quite as much as the guy that's stretchin' his (her!) asshole. Just as the fucker is about to come, he pulls the fuckee's head off, and the anal spasms caused by death are supposed to be an extra-delightful ending to the practice. I guess the chicken is cooked later, and everybody eats it, becoming cocksuckers by proxy.

In ancient Rome, the Circus Maximus presented some rather outstanding events, where women captives were screwed, to the delight of thousands of spectators, by bulls, giraffes, leopards, cheetahs, wild boar, zebras, stallions, jackasses, apes, and dogs. There was no limit to their imagination, nor to their brutality. During one event, little girls captured during raids on neighboring countries were tied, en masse, on their hands and knees in the arena, and male baboons were turned into the arena to bite and fuck them to death.

Devout Christians will be shocked to learn that Adam did a little messin' around with the critters in the Garden of Eden. According to early interpreters of the Old Testament, Adam had sexual relations with any and every animal he could get his hands on, before God finally got the inspiration to create woman.

In an effort to increase their performance, or make their dick get harder, men have been taking aphrodisiacs for centuries. Of all the aphrodisiacs tested, none worked as well as good health, exercise, and plenty of sleep, yet men and women still believe in—and try—some pretty far-out items to make them horny.

The mandrake plant and ginseng are two popular aphrodisiacs in common use all over the world. Most of their success, however, is attributed to a mental attitude. Spanish fly, or cantharis, is another so-called aphrodisiac that is supposed to be dynamite, and it is, but with the wrong kind of blast. Little school girls are reported to have fucked themselves to death on the gearshift lever of a car after their date put Spanish fly on their chewing gum. That story has been going around for centuries. Before automobiles and gearshift knobs, it was buggy-whip handles, and before buggies it was probably war clubs. Cantharis has been around for a long time. It's no more than a little potato bug that, when ground up and mixed with alcohol, causes inflammation of the kidneys, often fatal in humans, and tenderness and itching of the genitals, due to its peppery content.

As an aphrodisiac, the Amazons used to break a leg, or an arm, of captives, but its effectiveness was limited to keeping the dude from running away and jacking off.

As for love potions, or charms, there is everything from little amulets worn around the neck to some pretty heavy shit.

Canidia, an ancient witch, would bury a kidnaped boy in the ground up to his chin, then set a bowl of food a few inches in front of him and let him starve to death. She then mixed his bone marrow with his ground-up liver, making up some kind of kosher liver sandwich that was supposed to make one person fall in love with another.

In the Bible (1 Samuel xviii, 25-27) an interesting and tasty delicacy was given to the king by David, in the form of a hundred Philistine foreskins, which, apparently, were eaten with gusto by the fuckin' fag. And if that ain't enough, I don't know what is! ■

Legal news in everyday language

Spyin' On Ya

Is anyone spying on you with a long-range telescope? As part of their investigation into suspected gambling activities, FBI agents used an 800-millimeter telescope with a 60-millimeter opening to observe activities in the defendant's apartment and on his balcony. The building in which the telescope was operated was approximately a quarter of a mile from the defendant's apartment. From another building approximately 160 feet from the defendant's apartment, another group of agents kept under surveillance an outdoor terrace which connected the apartment building elevator in the defendant's building with the entrance to his apartment. The purpose of this surveillance was to keep track of who frequented the defendant's apartment. The agents here used a pair of high-powered binoculars. The information acquired during the surveillance was used to establish probable cause for a court order of a wiretap on defendant's phone.

Was this a search without a warrant, and hence illegal?

The court thought it was, saying that it is inconceivable that the government can intrude so far into an individual's apartment that it can detect the material he is reading, and still not be considered to have engaged in a search. If government agents have probable cause to suspect criminal activity and feel the need for telescopic surveillance, they may apply for a warrant; otherwise, they have no right to peer into people's windows with special equipment not generally in use. The quest for evidence directed at the defendant's apartment is not exempted from the defendant's rights under the Fourth Amendment. By opening his curtains, an individual does not therefore open his person, house, papers and effects to telescopic scrutiny by the government. U.S.D.C. Hawaii U.S. v. Kim, 6/9/76.

Answering Cops

Can a policeman stop you and ask you questions for no apparent reason? The New York Court of Appeals has recently discussed this question.

At 12:15 a.m. while on foot patrol in Brooklyn, Officer Steck and his partner noticed the defendant walking on the same side of the street and in their direction. When he was within 30 or 40 feet of the officers, the defendant crossed the street. The policemen approached him, and Steck asked the defendant what he was doing in the neighborhood. The defendant answered that he had parked his car and was going to a friend's house. The policeman then asked the defendant for identification. While the defendant was replying that he had none, Steck noticed a slight waist-high bulge in the defendant's jacket. The defendant was asked to unzip his coat, and Steck observed a revolver protruding from his waist band. The defendant was then arrested for possession of the gun. Steck later testified that he believed the defendant might have been involved with narcotics and crossed the street to avoid apprehension.

In holding that Steck's actions here were proper, the court said that a policeman's right to request information while discharging his duty will hinge on the manner and intensity of the interference, the gravity of the crime involved, and the circumstances attending the encounter. Thus, while it might be reasonable at the scene of a crime to segregate and interview witnesses, the same procedures would not be justified if done on a whim or caprice. One aspect of law enforcement warrants particular mention, and that is the area of crime prevention. Since this function is highly susceptible to constitutional abuses, it will be subject to the greatest scrutiny; or whereas a policeman's badge may well be a symbol of the community's trust, it should never be considered a license to oppress. Here the questioning was held reasonable and proper.

Our observation is that when a policeman asks you questions, you are generally required to reply. N.Y. Ct. of Appeals. People v. De Bour, 6/15/76.

Informers

The use of informers by the FBI and other agencies has aroused widespread criticism and allegations that informers provoked others into committing crimes. It has also been charged that informers were free to commit crimes with the tacit approval of the FBI and that informers spying on political organizations stifled free expression.

On January 6, 1977, a former FBI informant was sentenced to up to 10 years in the Colorado State Reformatory for the theft of files from the Socialist Workers Party last year. When sentenced, the defendant repeated his claim that the SWP burglary was directed by the FBI in an attempt to obtain party files.

Informers are private citizens who agree to act as spies for the FBI. Sometimes they are paid flat fees or weekly retainers as high as $400. In other cases they have been involved in the crime and agree to act as informers as a way of escaping prosecution themselves.

The Department guidelines recently approved by the Attorney General, state that "the technique of using informants to assist in the investigation of criminal activity, since it may involve an element of deception and intrusion into the privacy of individuals or may require government cooperation with persons whose reliability and motivation may be open to question, should be carefully limited." The rules further say that "it is imperative that special care be taken not only to minimize their use but also to ensure that individual rights are not infringed and that the government itself does not become a violator of the law."

Informers may not be used for activities which FBI agents could not legally perform themselves if they were working undercover. The rules require FBI officials to weigh a number of factors in considering whether to use an informer, including the risk that the informer may disobey orders and violate individual rights.

The rules require that the FBI notify local authorities or department officials whenever the Bureau learns that an informer has committed a crime. Department officials will decide whether the informer shall be prosecuted.

Carrying A Piece

How would you like to go to jail for one year for carrying a gun without a license, especially when it was your first offense? This did happen to a gun owner recently in Massachusetts under these facts.

After finishing work as a loader-operator for the Leicester Highway Department around noon, the defendant spent the next five or six hours drinking heavily at three different places in the town of Leicester. When he returned home later that day, the defendant learned that his high school class ring had arrived c.o.d. at the post office. Because his wife refused to give him the money to pick up the ring, the defendant decided to sell his gun, which was kept at home for his wife's protection. En route to sell his gun, the defendant was stopped by police for operating under the influence of liquor. After a search of the defendant, the police found a loaded gun in his pants pocket. The defendant's license to carry the gun had expired several months prior to the incident. The trial court found that the defendant was not engaged in the commission of a crime of violence, nor did he intend to commit a crime by using the gun, but was carrying the weapon to take it to a gun dealer for sale. The case wound up in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts where the defendant claimed that his mandatory sentence of one year in jail constituted an unlawful exercise of executive powers in violation of the State Constitution and the United States Constitution. He contended that the statute resulted in invidious discrimination, since only violators of this statute are subjected to a mandatory sentence, whereas offenders of other penal statutes, who are sentenced to one year, are eligible for parole and good conduct deductions. But the court disagreed, and said that the deterrence of illegal gun use is a legitimate governmental interest and that

By John Warren Giles

the imposition of a mandatory minimum sentence of one year bears a rational relationship to that goal. By singling out the unlawful carrying of a firearm for a mandatory sentence, the legislature does not abridge the defendant's rights, for, in confronting a multitude of evils, it may address itself to the phase of the problem most urgently requiring remedial action. Although other crimes which may be regarded as equally serious do not carry such severe penalties, this penalty does not offend the equal protection clause of the Constitution because in practice it results in some inequality. Hence, the court, in affirming the sentence, said that it found no violation either of the Eighth or the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution or the Massachusetts State Law.

Tappin' The Ol' Lady

If you are suspicious of your wife and think it best to tap her telephone to find out what is "going on here," do not do it unless you want to pay a fine of $10,000 under the Federal Omnibus Crime Control Law. Recently a husband placed a recording device on his wife's telephone and used the recordings to obtain a divorce. He was indicted for a violation of the U.S. Code and, on the appeal by the Government, it was held that the indictment was proper. The Court pointed out that the purpose of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act was to cure the evils of electronic surveillance techniques. Prior to the Act, privacy of communication was seriously jeopardized by these techniques of surveillance. Commercial and employer-labor espionage was becoming widespread. It was becoming increasingly difficult to conduct business meetings in private. Trade secrets were betrayed. Labor and management plans were revealed. No longer was it possible, in short, for each man to retreat into his home and be let alone. Every spoken word relative to each man's personal, marital and religious, political, or commercial concern could be intercepted by an unseen auditor and turned against the speaker to the auditor's advantage. The Omnibus Crime Control Law, to assure the privacy of oral and wire communications, prohibits all wire tapping and electronic surveillance by persons other than duly authorized law enforcement officers engaged in the investigation or prevention of specified types of serious crimes, and only after the authorization of a court order obtained after a showing and finding of probable cause. A broad prohibition is imposed by the law on the private use of electronic surveillance, particularly in domestic relations and industrial espionage situations. We believe that the decision is sound. 542 Fed. 2nd 673, 1976.

Expunged Records

If you are arrested in California and not convicted, can you have your arrest record expunged from the record? The Supreme Court of California has recently said No. In the case, the petitioner attacked a San Diego police officer as the officer was beating the petitioner's wife with a night-stick. The petitioner was arrested for battery, obstructing a police officer, and disturbing the peace. The policeman was temporarily suspended from duty. The criminal complaint against the petitioner was dismissed and the petitioner agreed not to sue the police officer.

In its opinion, the Supreme Court said that there is no statute or ordinance in California on a judge or police officials, requiring them to erase the record of an arrest which did not result in a conviction. On the contrary, such an act appears to be forbidden by a provision of the government code. An arrest record is clearly a document which may properly be kept by a public officer in the discharge of his duties, and hence is within the scope of the statute making it unlawful for an officer having the custody of any record, to wilfully destroy, alter or falsify it. Any officer who knowingly removes or destroys such a document is punishable, even though he acts without a criminal purpose. The multiple purpose for which police, prosecutors, courts and probation and parole authorities keep records constitutes a substantial government interest, and this interest is not outweighed by the arrestee's legitimate concern to protect himself from improper uses of his arrest record. Risk of improper uses of an arrest record have been greatly diminished by significant legislative and executive action. For example, the legislature has provided in effect that a substantial proportion of arrests not resulting in conviction shall not be recorded as arrests, but simply as "detentions," and the legislature has taken a number of steps to insure that a record of arrest or detention be complete; that is, that it also shows the final disposition of the charge. Arrest records and all documents in the case may be sealed upon request, whenever a person charged with any offense has been acquitted and it appears to the judge that he was "factually innocent." In that event, the court must inform the defendant that he may thereafter state that he was not arrested for such charge, and need not say that he was found innocent of such charge by the court. The limited retention and dissemination of arrest records does not violate the arrestee's Constitutional rights of privacy. 553 Pac. 2nd 624.

Selling Your Scoot

Can a garageman hold your automobile or motorcycle until the repair bill is paid and, if it is not, can he go ahead and sell the vehicle without judicial process? In California he may hold the vehicle. The rule in California is that a garageman may retain possession of the vehicle when the owner, for whatever reason, declines to pay for the repair. But the garageman may no longer sell the vehicle to satisfy his claim. If the owner remains unwilling or unable to pay the amount claimed, the parties are relegated to such remedies as are provided by the common law or the state statute. 520 Pac. 2nd 964.

For those of you who live in New Mexico, the New Mexico Court of Appeals has recently decided that a repairman may retain possession of the chattel that was repaired at the owner's request, until the amount due for repairs is paid, and that the law is not unconstitutional.

The rule is a very fair one. N.M. Ct. of Appeals, Demarsh v. Laudreth, 8/24/76.

Collection Harassment

If you are being harassed by a collection agency, here is good news for you.

One of the nation's largest debt collection services has agreed, in an unprecedented consent order, not to obtain personal credit information improperly, and not to use abusive methods to collect overdue bills, the Federal Trade Commission announced December 29th, 1976.

The case is a landmark in the enforcement of new federal laws aimed at protecting individuals from harassment and abuses of records about their private lives, and it marks the first time the FTC has issued an order against anyone for obtaining credit information under false pretenses.

In the case, the FTC alleged the debt collectors:

Used "abusive and obscene" language.

Lied to debtors about what would happen if they didn't pay off.

Contacted employers to increase pressure on debtors.

Failed to comply with the Truth in Lending Act when arranging for deferred payments.

The case involves a group of Diners Club subsidiaries, all tied to an organization called National Account Systems, Inc., of Chicago, which offers dunning and collection services in more than 50 cities.

The respondents are, in addition to National Account Systems, the NAS Creditors Service, Inc., the National Account System of Milwaukee, and A. B. Hartman, Inc. All share the same headquarters office in Chicago.

Some industry experts believe that together they represent the largest network of bill collectors in the nation.

Under terms of the consent order, the firms agreed, under penalty of fines up to $10,000, to cease and desist from all practices alleged in the FTC staff complaint and to summarily fire any employee who uses such tactics on his or her own.

The agreement does not constitute an admission of wrongdoing, nor does it carry any penalties for past practices. The parent corporation, Diners Club of New York, has agreed to be liable for violations and to closely monitor all NAS employees for compliance, the FTC said. ■

John Warren Giles is a member of the Bar in New York, Chicago, and Washington, D.C.

Gonna Have a Party

By Ed Rubes

Jason Black braked his SuperGlide to a stop as he approached the intersection. Directly across the narrow highway a single building stood out in the surrounding darkness. A small yellow neon sign in front of a curtained window proclaimed that this was the Golden Peso Saloon. In the reflected light of the sign Jason could see some ten bikes in the dusty parking lot.

He slowly released the clutch on his bike and fed the engine fuel. The low rumble became a muffled roar as the bike eased across the street and came to a stop five feet from the Saloon's door.

The first impression Jason had as he shut the dilapidated door behind him was that he was looking at a scene taken directly from a biker movie. The dim light coming from behind the bar on the far side of the room reflected in the faces of about fifteen people. An outdated jukebox in the corner pulsed softly with the music of Willie Nelson. The musty scent of marijuana permeated the air.

At one wooden table a huge man with flaming red hair and a beard to match looked up to see who had entered the bar. He had a black patch over his left eye. A heavy chain hung over one shoulder, hiding an insignia on the breast of his sleeveless leather vest. Red hair covered most of his well muscled arms. The dude sitting beside him had on mirror sunglasses and was toying with a twelve-inch bayonet. Most of the other bikers had their tables and chairs formed in a close circle around these two men.

As Jason walked up to the bar, he saw that the bartender was talking to a short, stout biker who had on a German army helmet and had a large silver swastika hanging around his neck. This was partially concealed in what looked like the sleeveless remains of an army field jacket.

Jason ordered a beer and looked at his reflection in the mirror behind the bar. It was amazing that his appearance could have changed so drastically in such a short time. Until five weeks ago he had been what these bikers would have called straight. He had been a free-lance writer ever since he had gotten out of the Marines eight years ago. A restlessness he did not understand had been eating at him for years. Finally one day several weeks ago he'd sold his car, drawn his savings out of the bank, bought himself a three-thousand-dollar Harley, a few new clothes, and taken to the road. He told himself it was to get new ideas to write about, but deep down inside he really didn't know why he'd done it.

He studied his image in the mirror. His black hair was windblown. The five-week growth on his face was just beginning to look like a beard. A two-inch scar he had gotten while in the Marines was pale white beside the crooked bridge of a twice-broken nose.

The leather jacket he had paid a hundred fifty dollars for was dust covered and greasy. He knew his jeans and boots looked just as bad.

"Hey, man, you too good to rap to me?"

The voice startled Jason from his thoughts. The biker who had been talking to the bartender was now talking to him. Jason continued to look straight ahead, staring at the man next to him in the mirror. The reflection of the biker's eyes told him he was dealing with a dude flying high on drugs.

Jason took another swallow of beer. He never shifted his gaze from the biker's image in the mirror.

"I don't want no hassle, man. I just came in here for a cold one."

The dude with the swastika around his neck reacted as violently as if Jason had slapped him.

"You're a goddam liar, you fucker—you came in here to spy on us and to fuck our ol' ladies."

Suddenly everyone in the room was intently following what was going down at the bar. The dude with the mirror sunglasses started to get up. His partner with the red hair reached up and gently pulled him back down into his seat. "Sit down, Stud. I want to see how this guy handles himself. Besides, it might do Wildman good to get the shit kicked out of him for once. I'm gettin' tired of pullin' his ass out of the fire."

Jason knew he was going to have to fight the dude standing next to him. There was no way out, because he knew the guy would never let him turn and walk out.

"You know, fucker, there's just one way to fix you cocksuckers from comin' in here and fuckin' our chicks."

Jason saw the man's hand move inside his jacket. He caught the faint glimpse of shiny metal inching toward him. He had the bottle of beer halfway to his mouth. Without removing his gaze from the mirror, he changed the direction of his hand with the beer in it and slammed the bottom of the bottle against the biker's jaw. The dude was so unprepared for the blow that it knocked him off his feet and sent him crashing into a nearby table. Miraculously, the bottle hadn't broken in Jason's hand.

As Jason turned to face his attacker, the fallen man reached for the knife he had dropped. Jason's hand started toward the back of his neck, where he had a slim stiletto sheathed inside his leather jacket, just underneath the back of his collar.

"Let it be." The harsh voice rang with authority.

Without looking around, Jason knew who it had come from. The dude on the floor had risen to his knees. He looked past Jason with a determined look on his face.

"What you mean, Red? I gotta cut this fucker. Did you see what he laid on me? I got two broke teeth."

To emphasize his point he spit a stream of blood and chips of enamel onto the dirty floor. Big Red and Stud had gotten up and were standing beside Jason. Big Red spoke again.

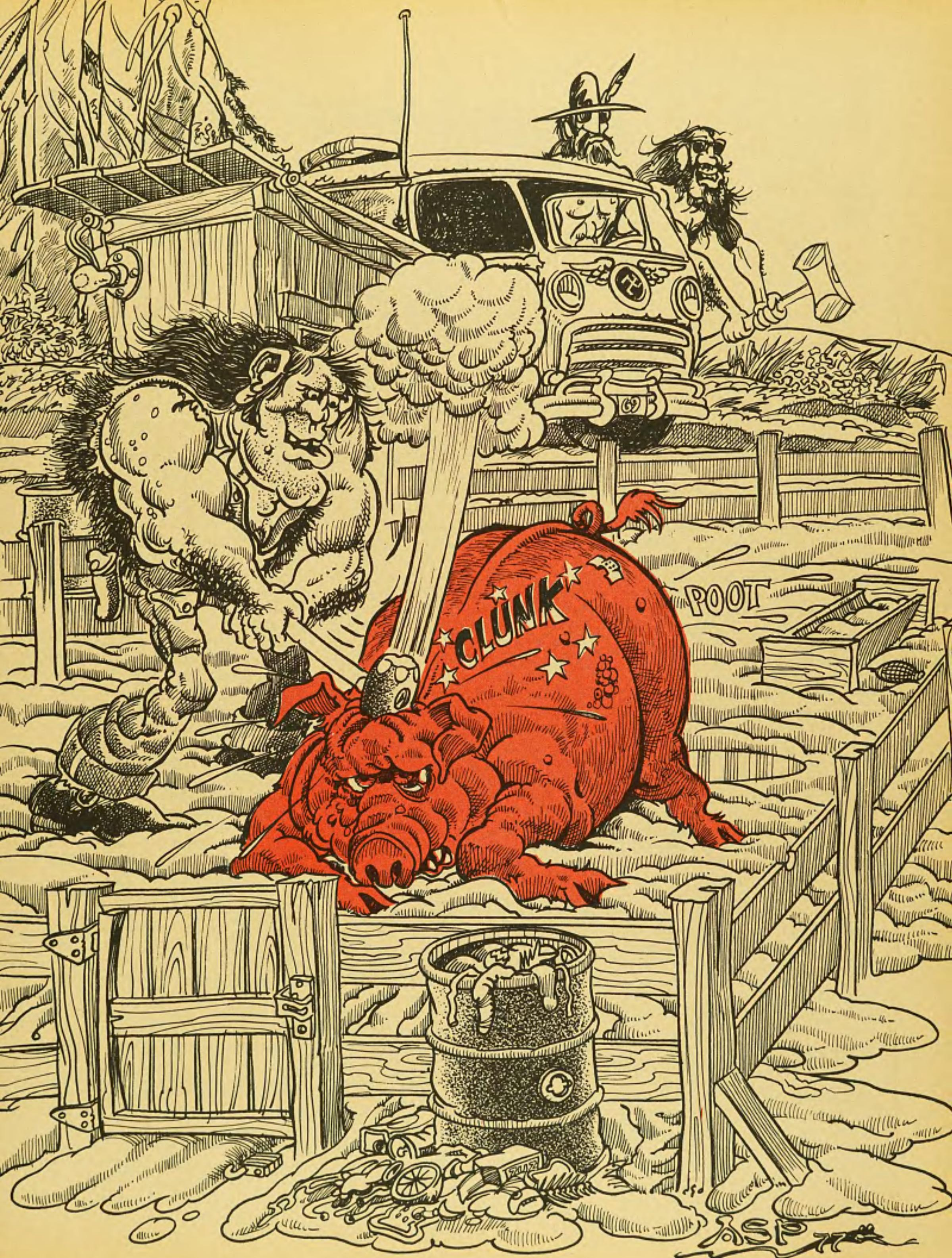
"Put that goddam blade away, Wildman. If you don't, I'm gonna finish what this dude started."

With a resigned look Wildman slid the blade beneath his jacket and headed toward the can.

Jason turned to face the two bikers. The dude in glasses was about his height, around six foot two. But Big

—*Continued on page 70*

—*Illustration by Asp*


CLUNK
POOT

Gun Nut Report

Dosvidanya, comrade! If you are a military weapons fanatic (and who isn't these days) have I got news for you! If you have ever wanted a genuine Russki AK47 Avtomat Kalashnikov just like the ones the PLO, the North Vietnamese Army, and the Red Chinese Militia carry, then crank your sled over to your local weapons mart for the next best thing—a Valmet M71S. This is a semi-auto copy of what many experts consider the world's best modern military assault rifle/submachinegun — it's the gun that won Vietnam and was praised (and used) by so many GIs that the M16 had to be rushed into production to cover the embarrassing firepower gap.

Made in Finland, the Valmet is a completely legal, finely crafted .223 cal. semi-auto "sporting" version of the world-renowned terrorist publicity-getter. From the skyscrapers of Beirut to the jungles of Africa, guerillas and uniformed soldiers alike fear and respect the awesome firepower and compact deadliness of Comrade Kalashnikov's finest design, and now those of us in the "free" world have a chance to buy legal AKs.

Just peel off about $350 and then all you will need is a turban, a deep suntan and some raw garlic to be sure of winning first prize at any Halloween party for the best Arab terrorist costume. An extra added attraction is have you won't have to worry about being busted for carrying your new Russki slug hose. Since it's semi-auto only, and the barrel is a comfortably legal 16⅝ inches, you should get no more heat than for carrying a .22 out for an afternoon of squirrel shooting (check your local laws—ask at the gunshop—you never know). No household should be without one, and many satisfied owners are finding that they need to buy extra Valmets for the little lady and the kiddies too. . . .

The Valmet comes in three styles and two calibres to satisfy even the most discriminating fanatic. For you traditional freaks we have the combination of walnut stock and the ultra-authentic 7.62x39 Russian "intermediate" cartridge (M62S). For you bare-bones and combat-ruggedness buffs we have the same thing with a skeleton tube steel stock. Then there is the one with the newfangled black ABS resin plastic stock in the ever-popular American .223 caliber (M-71S). Now unless you have a free source of authentic Russki ammo your best bet is the .223, 'cause it's cheaper and a helluva lot easier to find.

I have heard some negative shit about the M71S—like the AK, it has a stamped steel receiver that looks a bit crude. Don't take any of that crap seriously; they are military weapons and are designed for simplicity and above all reliability. Some people are hung up on milled everything and satin finish all over, but that don't mean nothin' when you gotta shoot a gun that's covered in frozen mud and ain't been cleaned in a week. Pull the trigger and down goes the target at 200 meters—that's what it's all about! Oh yeah, one of the weirdest and snazziest little gadgets on the gun is the luminous (glow-in-the-dark, stupid!) sight that flips up to help you draw a bead on that fuzzy target in the traditional back alley midnight shoot-outs we all find ourselves in from time to time.

All of the Valmet guns are available with optional cleaning kits (I know what I said, but you gotta clean 'em sometime!), slings, bayonets, and 15- and 30-round magazines. They weigh about 8 pounds dry and the overall length is less than 37 inches—handy and fast in unpredictable situations! Since they fire from a closed bolt they are quite safe to carry with a round in the chamber and the safety on.

Interarms (their motto . . . "The Arms of Man" . . . Can you believe that?), 10 Prince St., Alexandria, Virginia 22313, imports these fine rifles and a lot of other good shit, so if the gun section of your local supermarket doesn't carry assault rifles of any kind—much less the "Commie Valmet"—write to them for their latest catalog. Interarms imports the new ex-Nazi Walther P38 (and a new snub-nosed P38), and James Bond's favorite—the PPK. Also, the new Mauser-manufactured "parabellum" (Luger) along with a lot of finely made shotguns, scopes, etc. Interarms is one of the world's largest dealers in surplus military arms, and someday I might get around to writing about their warehouses full of everything from grenades to late-model tanks—but that's another story.

Anyway, to get back on the track, the Finns made the Valmet in full-auto/semi-auto style (the M60) and it is almost identical to the AK47—it doesn't have a trigger guard, so that heavy winter mittens don't have to be removed to fire the gun. Finland isn't communist country, but since they

A short course in Politics, History and Weapons Technology

By "Powder" Burns

live right next to Russia and they went nose to nose with the Russkis in the early days of WW2, they are always ready to do it again. They also use the Russki 7.62x39mm "intermediate" ammo—they will be able to use captured stuff if need be (now why didn't we think of that!).

The long experience that the Finns have in dealing with their Russki neighbors brings us to the major reason for writing this drivel for you to tear out and wipe your asses on (or worse). Even if you aren't interested in buying a Valmet AK, how about a short course in politics, history and weapons technology? There is a hell of a lot of souvenir Russki iron in this country that was brought back after the Korean War and Vietnam, so maybe you want to know a few things about that highly illegal museum piece that is rusting away in Uncle Fred's basement, or how to fire the AK that Crazy Joe smuggled back in from 'Nam. Read on, bro. . . .

If you recall the first Gun Nut Report, I told you more than anybody needs to know about the Nazi assault rifles — Kurz Karbiners — and how they changed infantry tactics. Remember the krauts knew that the U.S. M1 rifle was a good idea, but they also recognized that it was too heavy and cumbersome and that the average soldier didn't even fire his weapon in the attack—only in defensive positions. Also, they knew that the tommygun and the grease gun were inaccurate and underpowered at anything but close range. The krauts split the difference between the weapons and came up with the world's first "intermediate cartridge" selective-fire (semi/full-auto) rifle — the StGew 44 family of Kurz Karbiners.

When the Russkis went up against German mechanized infantry in the opening of the Russian offensive they lost millions of men in the "heroic struggle against Nazism." You might think that it was tank warfare and artillery that made the difference—no way! It was the Russian choice of small arms that led to their slaughter in the beginning of "Operation Barbarossa," the German blitzkrieg into Russia!

To understand what happened you gotta first look at the tactics of the period and why the Russkis did what they did. Their basic tactical unit (light weapons infantry company) was primarily armed with submachineguns —M34/38, PPD, and PPSH 41s. Good at close range—worthless at more than 100 yards, and what the hell made them choose such a stupid weapon?

It all goes back to the winter of 1939 when the Russkis invaded Finland and were blown away by the thousands by Finnish ski troops armed with M31 Suomi submachineguns. Ivan trudged through deep snow in the dense forests lugging a 10-pound, 4-foot-long, bolt-action Mosin-Nagant rifle. The Finns were outnumbered more than ten to one, but they struck without warning like ghosts on skis in their white winter parkas, inflicting heavy casualties at close range with the high volume of fire from their submachineguns.

Since it's hard to argue with success (even when the other guy is the successful one) the Russkis made a slightly modified copy of the Finnish M31, calling it the M34/38, and changed their rifle companies into submachinegun-toting human wave assault troops. Well, the joke was on the Russkis again when kraut armored columns began to thunder across thousands of miles of Russian prairie. The Germans slaughtered wave after wave of Russian infantry before they could get close enough for their puny submachineguns to be effective. The PPSH 41 was perfect for close-in, intensive combat in forests, but sadly lacking for fighting on land that looked like thousand-mile football fields.

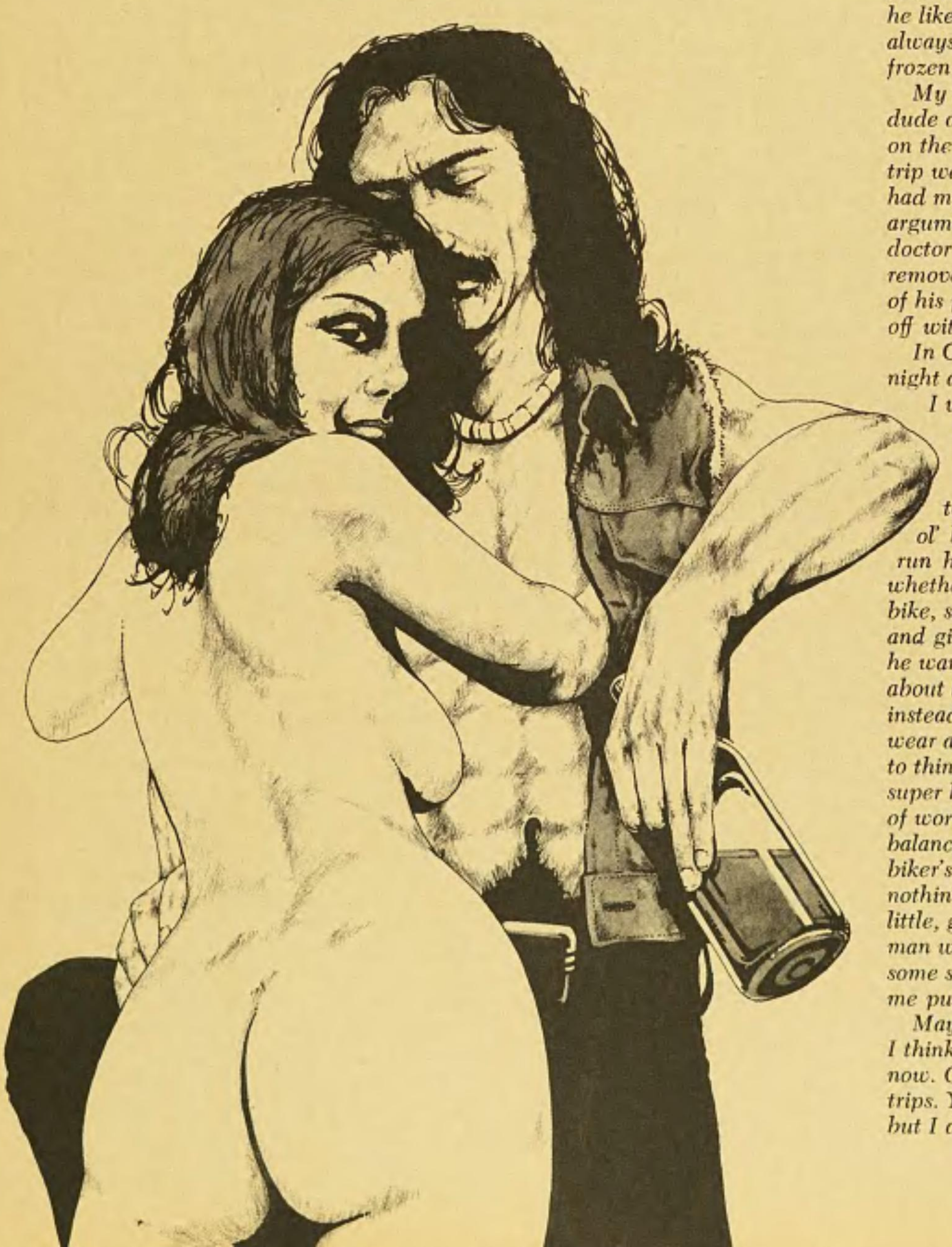
After a few months and a few million casualties, the Russian General Staff ordered up some more bottles of vodka and sat down to study captured German weapons. The Nazi MP38/40 Schmeisser was not much better than their own PPSH 41 (but they did like the folding stock). The Mod 98 bolt-action rifle was about the same as their Mosin-Nagant. It was the strange "Sturmgewehr" that the Russian troops feared the most for its high firepower and fairly long range accuracy.

The top Russian designers went into action immediately to develop a cartridge like the German 7.92mm Kurz (short)—something between a standard high-powered rifle round and the small pistol-submachinegun round. The Russkis did the same thing the krauts did—simply shortened their standard rifle ammo to 39mm long and called it the "Cartridge, 7.62mm M1943." Of course shortening the cartridge cuts down on the range and the penetration of the bullet but several advantages are immediately realized. For instance,

—Continued on page 55

Bein' a Biker's Ol' Lady Can Be a Bummer!

Bein' a biker's ol' lady really can *be a bummer, and there ain't no two ways about it. After I got divorced from my first ol' man, a wimp I met in high school, I swore I'd never marry any sonofabitch that didn't have guts enough to stand up for himself. My first ol' man would get up in the middle of the night and go out in a pouring rainstorm to get me a Coke, if I asked him to. He was so gutless, I slapped him alongside the face once, when we were arguin', and he sulked for three days. Never did he hit me back. An' when he made love, he was about six strokes into it when he'd roll over, say, "There!" like he had just conquered the world, and buzz off to dreamland.*



The first biker I met was in a bar. He was tough, but he treated me nice, so I moved in with him. The first time I told him to go to the store for something, he knocked me on my ass, told me I better do it myself, and to hurry back. When I got back from the store, I discovered he'd traded me to his buddy for a Coleman stove. The second dude, Charlie, wasn't such a bad ol' man, except that he made me polish and clean his bike every time he came home from a run. Once in a while he'd take me with him, but he wouldn't let me wear a coat, just my little halter top, 'cause he liked everybody to see my tits. They were always firm 'cause they were damned near frozen solid.

My third ol' man, Bobo, was the toughest dude of all. He took me all over the States on the back of his scoot. The first part of the trip was uncomfortable as hell, 'cause I still had my arm in a cast as a result of a little argument with Charlie. I wanted to go to a doctor in Kansas City, to have the cast removed, but Bobo did it for me. He had one of his partners sit on me, and he cut the cast off with a hack-saw and a pair of wire cutters.

In Chicago, I got loaded at a party one night and fell off my stool. When I woke up I was bein' turned out, and about six dudes had already been there. I really struggled hard to get up and escape, but the seventh dude held me down with his tongue. Now, it's really tough bein' a biker's ol' lady, 'cause ya gotta clean up after him, run his errands—like goin' to the store for beer, whether it's rainin' outside or not—clean his bike, sew up his clothes, patch his leathers, and give him a piece of ass, or head, any time he wants it. Every once in a while I think about how nice it would be to live in a house, instead of the garage I'm livin' in now, or to wear a dress once in a while, but then I get to thinkin' about all the good layin', and the super head I get in return for what little bit of work I gotta do, and everything sorta balances itself out. Sure, it's tough bein' a biker's ol' lady, but I wouldn't want to be nothin' else. I'd rather get slapped around a little, get stoned an' boned whenever my ol' man wants me to, than go back to livin' with some straight, pussy-whipped dude that lets me push him around.

Maybe it ain't so tough after all. In fact, I think I'm gonna go get me some head right now. Or give some—or maybe get into both trips. Yep, bein' an ol' lady is a bummer—but I dig it.

—A biker's ol' lady

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Weird

My ol' man likes to have me stand outside the front window, put my lips on it, and pretend I'm givin' him a blow job while he jabs at the window from inside. This frustrates the shit outta me. What can I do to make him realize that a nice, warm, wet mouth is better than poking a flat window pane?

Sweet Chips
Baltimore, Md.

• Now I've heard everything, folks. My first advice is for you to shit can him, but on second thought, why don't you get him to do it at night and then get together a crowd outside (where he can't see them) and charge to see the show. Believe me, you're bound to make a lot of bread —even I would pay to see that strange trip.

Sticky Cunts

We lovely ladies here in Michigan don't know what to do about our bikin' ol' men. They like to fill our cunts with jello and marshmallows, but they won't clean us out. Any suggestions?

Kathy, Tynia, Betsy
Saginaw, Mich.

• Cry me a river, assholes. They fill your cunts for wild fun and games. If you dug it, the least you could do is clean up after the orgy. Shit, you should see the mess I have to clean up after my suck 'n' fuck sessions.

Down or Out

You're always braggin' about your Hog ridin' pals havin' big cocks—that's a bunch of bullshit. I ride a moped an' my crank hangs exactly halfway to my knees.

Two-stroke Willie
Camas, Wash.

• Listen, dog turd, my Hog ridin' pals' cranks never hang **down**—especially when they're around their hard drivin' mama—me!

Another Unhappy Mother

I wrote to your editor to cancel my subscription and want to advise you in particular of my distaste for your obscene letters and comments. When I saw the first copy of my son's Christmas subscription, I was appalled. Sex is something that should be enjoyed only in the privacy of the bedroom. My husband was so upset he threw the magazine out of our house.

Phyllis
Los Angeles, Calif.

• I know. He brought it to my pad to get in on the good shit. Said he was tired of just readin' what went down in my column. He didn't know what he was missin' until your ol' mama here wrung him out.

Pissed Licker

Last night while I was scarfin' my ol' lady's box, she hunched up and farted, blowin' out one of my ear drums and burnin' my eyes. Was I wrong to break her arm?

Monte
Philadelphia, Pa.

• If it'd been me, I'd have blown your fuckin' head off. What ya gotta remember is that if you're into good sex, everything lets loose. Who's worryin' about fartin' or pissin' when you're flying out there in space somewhere while your man is freaking at the door of your gash patch?

Wants A Change

Although I've never seen him do it, the thought of my ol' man ballin' another chick turns me on. He says I'm sick. Am I?

W. H.
Harpers Terry, Iowa

• He's sick. What dude wouldn't want his ol' lady to go along with his snatch scene on the side? Shit, that's a bonus.

Wants To Share

How about sharing Spider and the rest of the office scooter tramps with us?

Rhonda and Sallie
Garden Grove, Calif.

• I'll share everyone but Spider. He's an absolute freak. But shit, you can't tie him down. He'll suck and fuck anything that moves— and **no one** has any holds on him.

Giant Dick

I've got a mammoth cock. It's so big my ol' lady won't give me a blow job because she's afraid I'll choke her. I don't know what to do.

"T"
Augusta, Ga.

• What's this "choking" bullshit? Stuff it to her. Train her first, very slowly—but in time she'll take all you've got. Tell her to read up on how Linda Lovelace mastered the art.

A Variety

Do you give green stamps?

Billy O.
Kansas City, Kansas

• No, but I've been known to give blue balls, hickies, limp dicks, wasted rings, and a little splatterin' of green crud that runs outta my partition at times.

Mutt Lover

You ain't gonna believe this. I came home last night and my ol' lady was hung up with our police dog. She got madder than hell when I threw water on the dog to cut him loose. Is that gratitude?

Willie
Mason, Ga.

• Is your dog still around? I think I could go for a trip like that for a change.

Losin' Weight

My ol' lady is five feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, and she doesn't give knob jobs. What advice can you give me to get her down to 105 pounds and to get her to give head?

"Gauge" Varva
Kearney, Nebraska

• Put her on a diet of come. She'll go for it when you point out that come is 100% protein and only has seven calories. Shit, she can lose weight while having fun in the process.

Weird Sex

Do you honestly believe that weird, aberrant sexual practices are fun?

Jody
St. Paul Minn.

• You bet your sweet ass they're fun. Last night I took on five dudes at one time with each one doin' a different trip. Try it—and if you don't freak out, then it's **you** that's weird. Believe me, baby, would I lie?

Two In One

I've been askin' my ol' lady to buy a Big Mac from MacDonalds and shove it up her twat so I can satisfy two cravings at the same time. She says I'm strange.

Twat Mac
Santa Monica, Calif.

• She won't think you're strange after she does it once —especially if you root out every piece of it including the sesame seeds—**every** one of them!

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

ABATE

Dedicated to Freedom of the Road

DOT Urged To Prevent Helmet Law Repeals

The Department of Transportation should take "immediate steps" to provide state legislatures with information on "the efficacy of motorcycle helmets in reducing motorcycle deaths" according to the National Highway Safety Advisory Committee, a presidentially appointed DOT advisory group. Such data are needed to combat the continued drive to repeal helmet laws, the committee said.

Meanwhile, at its recent annual meeting, the American Association for Automotive Medicine adopted resolutions urging Congress to reinstate DOT's authority to invoke penalties against "states that fail to enact and enforce laws requiring helmet use by all motorcyclists" and calling upon DOT "to take whatever steps are necessary to bring about compliance by every state" with the department's helmet use standard. AAAM also urged state governors to resist efforts to repeal helmet laws and to adopt mandatory helmet use laws in those states that currently do not meet the federal highway safety standard on helmet use.

Police attack in Virginia

A small army of city police, Wise County sheriff's deputies and Virginia state troopers descended on a motorcycle club's headquarters in the remote Hoot Owl section of Norton in a raid aimed at "finding and seizing" a variety of deadly weapons and drugs believed to be on the premises.

But authorities later refused comment on details, after making only two misdemeanor arrests in the search which left the biker group's rural clubhouse demolished along with its furnishings.

The aftermath revealed every window broken out in the five-room structure, sheetrock walls shot out or torn away, furniture ripped apart and turned over, appliances axed, and at least five customized motorcycles smashed.

According to club members, about 20 officers brandishing nightsticks, fire hatchets, automatic weapons and ballbats were responsible.

Note for Smokers

U.S. Senator Javits, according to an ad run in **Playboy Magazine** by NORML, has sponsored a bill to decriminalize the use of marijuana. The bill number is S. 1450. In the House of Representatives, (federal) Congressman Koch has sponsored a similar bill; this bill is H.R. 6108. If these bills are passed, it will be only a short time until states decriminalize pot use and the legislation will lead the way to legalized sale. A lot of good people have been put into prison to live with, and learn to be like, hardened criminals simply for possessing marijuana, another victimless crime. For more information, write NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), 2317 M Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

More Motorcycle Education Passed

During the New Mexico legislature's regular session in 1973, H.B. 182 was passed, providing for motorcycle driver education. A portion of the bill reads, "No person shall operate a motorcycle upon a highway in this state unless such person upon application has been licensed . . . and has passed to the satisfaction of the department an examination demonstrating ability to exercise ordinary and reasonable control over the operation of a motorcycle and, in the case of persons less than eighteen years of age, has presented a certificate or other evidence of having successfully completed a motorcycle driver-education program licensed by, or offered by, a school in conformance with regulations of the state department of education."

Changed Attitude

From the Maine Kennebec Journal

Motorcyclists staged a publicity-minded demonstration at the State House, trying to call attention to their protest against a law that requires them to wear protective helmets. They were acting in the modern tradition of voluntary civil disobedience to publicize what they consider discriminatory regulaton.

Such a requirement is nearly universal because the National Highway Safety Administration demanded the states pass the helmet law to qualify for Federal funds. Illinois and California refused and Iowa obliged but called it blackmail.

Cyclists complain that since the head injuries the helmets are designed to prevent would hurt only themselves, they ought to have the freedom to decide whether to wear them. They don't like the expensive, uncomfortable, inconvenient headgear which has to be carried around whenever the rider is off the bike.

We are changing our position here to extend greater sympathy to the cyclists.

There is a growing feeling among all citizens that a government that attempts to be all things and to do all things does so with decreasing efficiency even while blundering into sacred areas of privacy.

The motorcyclist helmet requirement is as much an invasion of this privacy as the auto inter-lock system, which Congress mandated and then repealed after howls of protest, or mandatory seat belt use laws, which some states have attempted and dropped in the face of resistance.

Federal and state governments have a legitimate interest in preserving order and safety. There is no quarrel with laws that require immunizations to prevent the spread of diseases to all of us, to set driver standards, to punish drinking drivers on the premise the drinker's behavior might injure others. Your rights are only your rights when they do not conflict with the rights of others.

But requiring a cyclist to wear a helmet is of dubious official interest. A court test is needed here for the cyclists to establish their right to live dangerously, a right that after all does not infringe upon those of the rest of us. Note: Very recently the helmet law was repealed in Maine (after the above article was published).

Strange Weapons Laws

Specifically this blurb applies only to California. However, similar laws could exist in almost any other state, so be careful. Different weapons carry various charges in California, although some seem a bit strange.

It's odd, but a jackknife carries a heavy felony charge on the West

Coast, while a first-offence, concealed-firearm charge tags the offender with only a mild misdemeanor. In addition, a switchblade is legal as long as the blade is less than two inches in length. Any longer is still only a misdemeanor. Whereas if your knife blade locks into place, no matter how long the blade is, it is an automatic felony if an officer wishes to pursue a charge against you.

The laws are like this: A locking-bladed knife falls under the dirk or dagger law, which is Penal Code section 12020. A switchblade falls within section 653K, a completely different law. Even if the switchblade locks its blade into place because it is ultimately a switchblade, the charge is a misdemeanor.

Also a sap or blackjack, ax handles, brass knuckles, table legs, are all felonies. But if you're caught carrying a long, say, six-inch-bladed sheath knife on your hip, you're within the law—legal.

Weapons laws are, or can be, as strange as bike laws. If you're going to bike travel the country this summer and want to pack for protection, or carry an equalizer, better check around first.

Beneficial Helmet Statistics

Below are the conclusions of a state survey of motorcycle fatalities since the helmet law was repealed. They are extremely helpful because they differentiate between the unfortunate rider who was killed while wearing a helmet, and the riders who were not.

Of the 21 head injury fatalities 9 or 42.86% were with a helmet. 7 or 33.33% were without a helmet and in 5 or 23.81% it was not known if a helmet was worn.

There were no neck injury fatalities without a helmet, only 1 where it was not known if a helmet was worn, and 6 or 85.71% of the neck injuries were with a helmet.

There were 28 head/neck injury fatalities combined, which is 63.64% of the total fatalities. 53.57% of these were with a helmet on, 25% were with no helmet, and in 21.43% of them it was not known if a helmet was worn.

34.09% of all fatalities were head/neck injury fatalities with a helmet—15.91% were with no helmet—in 13.64% it was not known if a helmet was worn, and 36.36% were caused by multiple injuries or other than head/neck injuries.

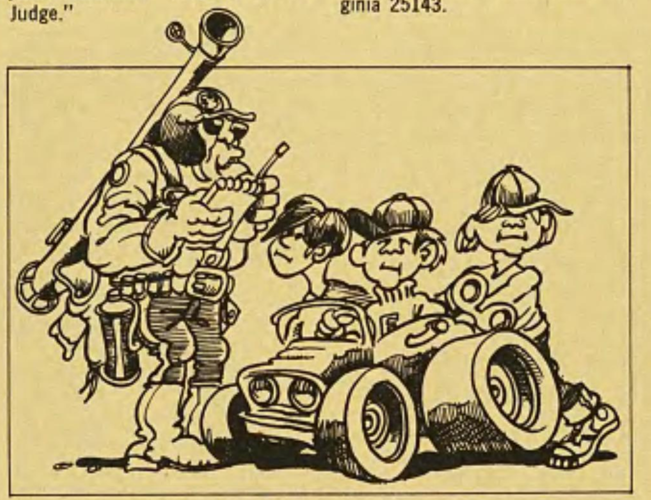
For a copy of the actual statistics, write to ABATE of Kansas, c/o Ted Oakes, 2530 South 37th Street, Kansas City, Kansas 66106.

Judge Battles Helmet Law

If Judge Roy Bean of Texas was entitled to be called "the Hanging Judge," Palmer Lake's Judge Bob Radosevich has earned the title of "the Biking Judge."

The 29-year-old municipal judge put his black robes over blue jeans and a black leather jacket, put on his helmet and straddled his Harley-Davidson for a ride from Palmer Lake to the courthouse in Colorado Springs. It was the judge's way of lobbying for a bill to repeal the state's helmet law, which will be introduced in the 1977 Colorado Legislature.

The judge's bride of seven months, Libby, 22, rode behind him on the chopper wearing a jacket inscribed "Property of the Judge."



"Gotcha, fella, no helmets!"

Ridin' Fuel

There's hope of relief from the fuel shortage hassle, brothers. Unless, of course, when it's developed, whoever accomplishes the task decides that they are going to compete with the already out-of-hand gas prices. But on the surface it looks good and may save us from mass transit for a while.

California State Senator Greene authored SB 1395, which authorizes the state to develop programs for converting solid wastes into synthetic fuels or other usable materials. Senator Greene's bill passed into law this year. Now let's see what becomes of it.

H-D Recall

Beware. There is a recall on 1976 Harley-Davidsons, models FX and FXE, for defective brake systems. If you recently purchased a '76 seventy-four or know someone who did, see that the bike gets to a Harley dealer quick.

Law News from State to State

West Virginia: Our new chapter of ABATE has recently scheduled a helmetless run for May 15 (Sunday) at 12:30. If your putt is on the road, form up at St. Albans Roadside Park off Route 60. Then peacefully putt to the Capitol at Charleston with your people and demonstrate that West Virginia bikers want their share of freedom. —ABATE of West Virginia, c/o Terry Cavender, Mountain Cycle Safety Association, Lot 2-209, Goff Mountain Road, Nitro, West Virginia 25143.

Indiana: The 1977 legislative session is underway. And ABATE wants the bikers of Indiana to get on the correspondence run for a helmet repeal. Now's the time, brothers and sisters, to write the committee members below and the Governor. Tell them how it is—you want your freedom of choice. Representatives: Thomas D. Coleman, Chairman; Steve Collins, Ranking Member; Donald R. Lash; Gregory Server; Joseph P. Harris; Edward Goble; G. Edward Cook; Thomas E. Fruechtenicht; Robert L. Jones, Jr.; Delmar L. Auer; Paul E. Burkley; Richard L. Worden, Sr. — ABATE of Indiana, c/o Wanda Hummel, 54290 Northwood Drive, Elkhart, Indiana 46514.

New Mexico: State Representative Skinner (Carlsbad) has indicated strong support for a helmet repeal bill. He may be willing to introduce a repeal bill into the New Mexico House of Representatives. He needs a few letters to convince him that bikers will support the bill. Letters from other areas will help Skinner understand that support for a repeal is state-wide. Write him at the New Mexico House of Representatives, State Capitol Complex, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. — ABATE of New Mexico, Box 656, Jal, New Mexico 88252.

Utah: Utah brothers, wake up! At this very moment there is a helmet repeal bill introduced into your state's on-going legislative session. SB-31 has a fair chance with your support. Contact ABATE of Utah, c/o W. C. Wheelz, 857 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

New Jersey: ABATE of North New Jersey is planning a protest for June 25, 1977. Have your bike ready for the ride on Trenton (the capital) in June. For more specifics regarding the run for your rights, contact ABATE of North New Jersey, c/o TDA Cycle Shop, 4 South Avenue West, Cranford, New Jersey 07016.

Mississippi: ABATE has come to the state of Mississippi. Bikers have put it together and its only reason for being is the betterment of bike legislation and to promote freedom of the road. Now if that doesn't seem to be a good trip to you, we hope your bike sucks a valve, two hundred miles from home. Support ABATE of Mississippi, Route 11, Box 207B, Jackson, Mississippi 39208.

North Carolina: The helmet repeal was speedily introduced on the first day of business for the North Carolina legislature. House bill 12 was quickly sponsored by Robert Johns. Let's see if you puttin' fools can't see it passed into law just as fast. For more information on what you can do to keep the bill rolling, contact the C.B.A., P.O. Box 26445, Charlotte, North Carolina 28213.

Texas: Another state with a helmet repeal in the works. Write to your local politician or send the title to your bike to ABATE of Texas.—Just bullshitting, but your support is needed.

Texas ABATE now has three main chapters. They are in Tyler, Dallas/Fort Worth, and Killeen. So you bros can find out what's happening in your area, contact ABATE of Texas for the address of your nearest chapter. — ABATE of Texas, c/o Paul Hendley, P.O. Box 3065, Station A, Tyler, Texas 75041.

Ohio: Through the efforts of ABATE of Ohio a Snell-shell law repeal has been introduced. H.B. 115 is in

the hands of the political establishment. With your support it will pass and become a significant measure of freedom for all bikers. — ABATE of Northwest Ohio, c/o Lee Weiss, P.O. Box 7222, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

Delaware: ABATE of Delaware is new and needs a few local bikers to take time out from polishing chrome to help. You biker babes are also welcome to assist ABATE's growth in your state. — ABATE of Delaware, c/o Larry Fisher, P.O. Box 5203, Marshalltown, Delaware 19808.

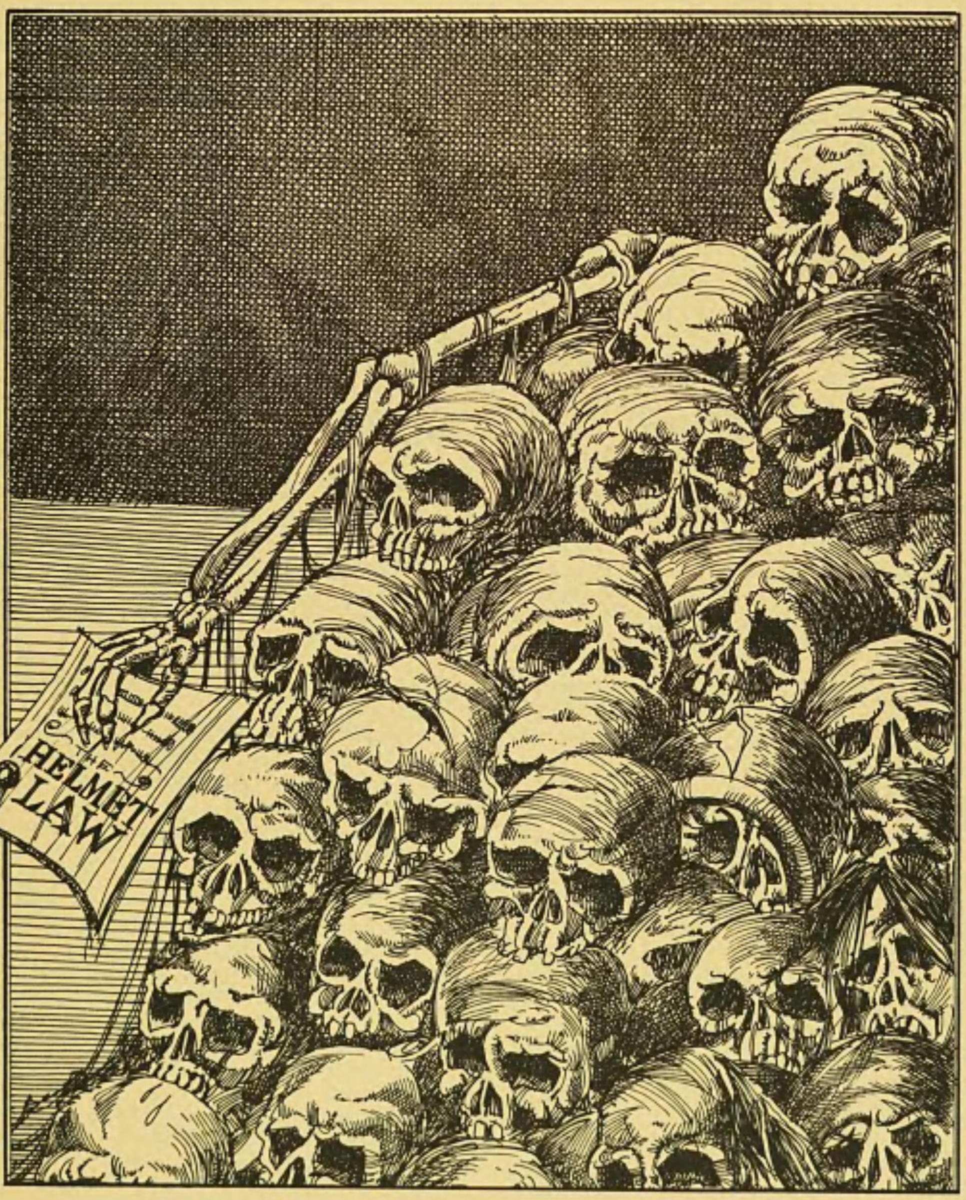
Missouri: Bikers, your state also has an excellent chance of passing a helmet law repeal. We hate to be constantly repeating ourselves. But write letters. A short note to a local representative may mean freedom for a long time. — ABATE of Missouri, c/o Joe Eperson, 212 North Baltimore, Kirksville, Missouri 63510.

Montana: Okay, if you live in Montana read this carefully. ABATE of Montana is in the process of filing a helmet law repeal bill. And you must act now. Drop a note to Frank Murray (Secretary of State, Capitol Building, Helena, Montana 59601). He'll send you a list of all legislators' names and addresses. Then start writing letters. Tell your representatives bad experiences you've had with helmets and the hassles and hazards they cause.

While you're at it, comment on no-fault insurance. Another insurance bill is on its way. And if no-fault passes without excluding motorcycles, Montana bikers may have a problem riding. Consequently, ask them to remove motorcycles from any no-fault insurance package.

And while you're writing, drop a note or postcard to ABATE of Montana. They're doin' quite a job. — ABATE of Montana, Rick's Custom Cycle, 725 South Arizona, Butte, Montana 59709.

Wyoming: Only a few weeks remain until the Wyoming legislature meets again to decide our fate for the future. If you want to ride next summer without a hat, get off your duff and write some letters. All it takes is six minutes and thirteen cents. Write your reps and tell them that this measure is of great importance to you and that you will support them all the way. Write other legislators in your county and tell them you prefer to ride without a helmet and, as an experienced rider, you recognize the added hazards helmets can create. Be polite and direct. But this is our chance, so let's pull together. — ABATE of Wyoming, c/o Pat and Ed Iskra, P.O. Box 441, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901.



Pennsylvania: It is imperative that the majority leader of the House receive bunches of mail against the mandatory helmet law and in favor of its repeal. Representative K. Leroy Irvis has publicly spoken out against a repeal. And since he is the majority leader, with a great deal of political pull, we must stand up to this individual if we are ever to see the positive passage of a responsible repeal. Send your letters to Rufus Lynch, Executive Assistant to the Majority Leader, Room 110, Main Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. — MAUL.

California: Following are a couple of bills that passed into law in the 1975/76 legislative session. From the information supplied they seem to be beneficial to the California biker population.

AB 2816 (authored by Assemblymen Miller and Ingalls) prohibits law enforcement agencies from establishing quotas for arrests and from even considering an officer's arrest record when reviewing him for pay raises and promotions. And SB 1702 (authored by Senator Marks) requires that insurance companies must inform the insured party in writing of the reasons and rates used in determining insurance premium increases as the result of accidents or citations on the part of the insured. — MORE.

South Carolina: ABATE of South Carolina is growing fast. And not without accomplishments. They have introduced a helmet repeal in the Senate (S 15) and one in the House (H 2051). Below are the legislators who need convincing. It's up to you to see that they receive correspondence which will sway their decision toward freedom. Representatives: Ed Garrison, Anderson; Harry Chapman, Greenville; Marion Gressette, St. Mathew's; James Waddell, Beaufort (conflicting reports); Allen Carter, North Charleston (conflicting reports); Isadore Lourie, Columbia; Thomas Hartnett, Charleston. Senators: Jennings McAbee, McCorkick; Thomas Marchant, Greenville; Leon Ranpey, Greenville; Sterling Anderson, Spartanburg; David Keller, Florence; Ralph Anderson, Florence; David McInnes, Sumter; Parker Evatt, Columbia; Jean Roefer Toal, Columbia; John Bradley, Charleston; Paul Gelegotis, Charleston; Wilson Tison, Colleton/Hamton. — ABATE of South Carolina, c/o Jesse McDugald, 116 Beaufain Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29401. ■

Dandelion Wine

- 2 quarts dandelion blossoms
- 4 quarts water
- 3 lbs. granulated sugar
- 1 cake yeast
- 2 egg whites
- 4 lemons
- 2 oranges

Cover flower tops with boiling water and let stand for 36 hours. Strain and add fruit, squeeze out juice and throw in peels and pulp. Let stand for another 24 hours. Add yeast cake. When scum rises to the top of this mess, add beaten egg whites. Let stand for three days. Strain and bottle. Watch it, as it may still be working, so don't tighten corks too soon. Dandelion wine is good for indigestion, kidney trouble, and also for twisting your head! ■

—Illustration by Asp

We're fillin' up space —so whatdafuck?

"Yeah, I understand she gives good head, but I wouldn't trust her!"

Seated at the bar, a well-dressed straight was steadily ordering and drinking martini after martini. Finishing each one, he carefully ate the glass and arranged the stems neatly in a row. Fascinated, the bartender and a biker at the other end of the bar watched him repeat the process several times.

"Now there's a guy," said the bartender quietly, "who's absolutely nuts!"

"Right!" agreed the bro. "Them stems is the best part!"

—Robert B. Westenberger
Greenbay, Wisconsin

On a flight from L.A. to Hawaii, the pilot, after announcing flight schedules to the passengers, turned to the co-pilot and said, "I think I'll go take a shit, and then I'm gonna screw that new blonde stewardess," unaware that the microphone switch was still on. The stew, rushing forward to tell the pilot of his error, tripped and fell in the aisle. A little old lady looked down at her, and said, "Take your time, honey. He's gotta shit, first."

—G. A. Gonzales
Ferrum, Va.

Two elderly sisters decided to put a bit of spice into their spinsters' life by attending a skin flick. Groping cautiously through the darkened theater, they sat down beside a biker. A few minutes later the one seated next to the biker nudged her sister urgently.

"What's wrong?" whispered Tisha.

"This man beside me," hissed Lisha, "is jacking off!"

"Just ignore him," advised Tisha.

"I can't!" whispered Lisha. "He's using **my** hand!"

—Rex A. Bloom
Saginaw, Michigan

Then there's the righteously stoned biker who went hunting in the hills, found some tracks, followed them for five miles, and shot a freight train.

—Bigfoot
Carson City, Nevada

Dipshit: "You hear about that dude up the street who dumped a gallon of gas up his dog's ass?"

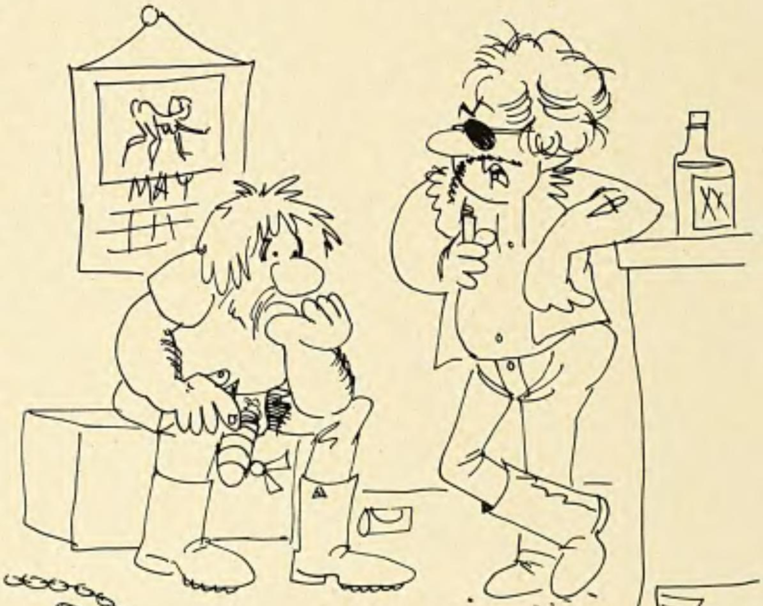
Numbnuts: "What happened?"

Dipshit: "After he took the funnel out, the dog spun about thirty frantic doughnuts — then dropped."

Numbnuts: "Died, huh?"

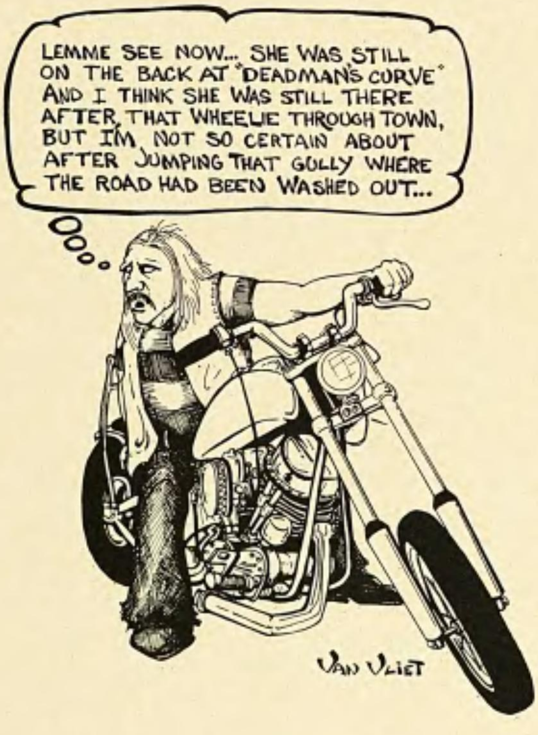
Dipshit: "Naw. Ran outa gas."

—Sunshine
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"Nobody gets that wasted—and ya had to do it to the exhaust pipe on my scoot too!"

"Oh . . . I guess we've come about 15 hunnert miles, why?"



This dude went to the local whorehouse, paid the price, took the whore to her room, and after she stripped and lay down on the bed, he jumped up and squatted on top of her and shit on her chest.

He did this for six nights straight —paid the price, took the same whore.

On the seventh night he went through the same routine, but this time he only farted.

The whore, wondering what was wrong, asked, "What's the matter, sweetie, don't you love me any more?"

—Robert Roesch
Frenchtown, N.J.

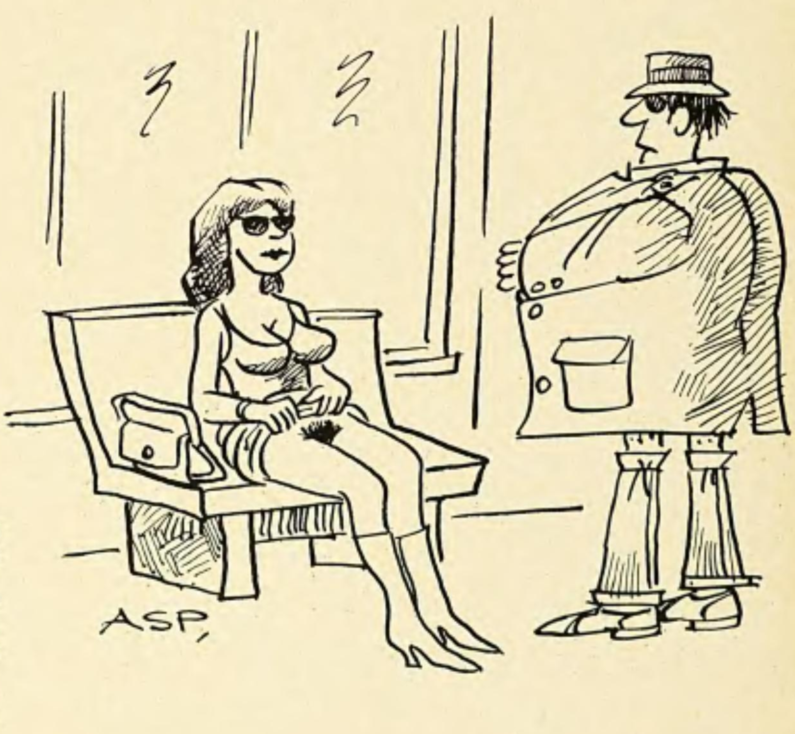
1st Mama: "Do you smoke after ballin' with club members?"

2nd Mama: "I dunno. I never looked."

—Davie Dime
Tucson, Arizona

And then there's the mama who begged her ol' man to kiss her where it stinks — so he took her to Texas.

—Frenchy
Norfolk, Nebraska



PROSPECT'S HANDBOOK

by J. J. Solari

We been gettin' letters in this office from Prospects like Mutha gets biology awards for discoverin' new bacteria from pharmacists, all of 'em askin' "Say; just what the fuck **is** this 'jizzing-for-distance' bullshit! I've gotta do this once, maybe twice a week, an' so far I ain't splotched anywhere **nears** whatever fuckin' 'minimum distance' is considered 'adequate.' Fuck, ya squirt so far an' that's it, ain't it? What I gotta do, use magnets? What the fuck?"

Man, it's jerks like these that downgrade the long history of prideful standards set by pioneer clubs so many years ago. Time was this kind of question would result in a club applicant's disappearance over the horizon—in mid-air—the imprint of nineteen different boot sizes emblazoned on his empty butt.

Oh well, I guess the disease of tolerance has filtered even into our own once-pure ranks, so I'll try and straighten these pimply wimps out as best I can, and as patiently. Though I doubt it will do any good. Fuck, you either know this stuff instinctively or you don't . . . fuck it. Just try and absorb some a this.

Ok, now look: when you're gonna "go for it," as some of the new bonehead jock types have been callin' what used to be known as "hurlin' yer dog forebears," use a runnin' start, man! Don't just stand at the line hopin' the earth will tilt down in the direction of the arena! **Run** at it. And not with your pants bunched at your ankles, either. Either take them suckers off or leave 'em up and unzipped. How do you run, you say? Well, certainly not all doubled over, obviously. No, you get up on tiptoe, and thrusting your crotch out, you leap and lurch in momentum-gathering bounds, screamin' **"uuunnggghh"** in a high shriek, an' pumpin' that cocktail sausage just as hard as you can, and when you hit the line, you slap that fucker **forward** just as hard as you can, adding a centrifugal impetus to your linear momentum. Now if you're "early" in your ejaculation, you're gonna jizz yer own face, man, and . . . well, I don't have to tell you what kind of innuendo and overtone this is gonna have. I mean, guys are gonna start bunchin' up in small crowds and mutterin' and lookin' over in your direction every once in a while and makin' that motion with the hand, kinda wavin' it sideways, ya know? You follow my meaning pal? Ok.

Now then, another way is to just stand at the line, but have yer bimbo pull yer balls backward while pinchin' 'em. This is a real good way. 'Course, she can't drape her tits out, or finger her cunt, or blow ya, or nuthin' that would add a **mental** stimulation that would increase your squirt over and above normal jackoff levels. I mean, this is a test of your gonads in a "bathroom" situation. Not even that, really, 'cause you don't get no magazine. I mean, this is to test your cock's operation of and by itself with no psychological stimulation. The part about the running and the crotchthrusts are merely a small concession to a Prospect's sense of timing and coordination — essential traits in biking, and therefore completely legitimate and cool. And if you can pull back and pinch your balls yourself, hey, so much the better.

But now, there is one difficult part about all of this . . . difficult to discuss, that is.

There is one new concession that has been allowed in recent years, which has caused a lot of controversy and set old-timer against present-dayer, and filled whole club ledgers and inter-club memos with billions of written words, pro and con.

This concerns the practice of, just at the jizz-rupture, inserting items into the asshole.

Man, I don't even want to **begin** discussin' the possible implications of this maneuver. If you **do** do it, and you show even a small crack of a **grin** . . . you're tagged. You've been fingered, man, and I don't mean by your pink hand either, Charlie.

Of course, the justifications for and the objections to this questionable practice are in both cases sound. Proponents say that it merely physically, and non-mentally, activates certain legitimate propulsion - increasing sequences, pointing out that infantrymen had Japanese and Korean bimbos ram knotted cords up their bungers and yank them out just at squirt, and while some branches of the Armed Forces have had their share of dubious suggestions about the number of male hormones present in their members' bloodstreams, dogfaces have for the most part been exempt from this, giving the procedure some solid weight. Others say, though, that titillating the

—Illustration by Fast Eddie

ol' bunger is just plain questionable, period. That if ya start advocatin' anal excitement even a little, it won't be long before guys'll be doin' arbabets and toorszhitays up to the line . . . whatever the fuck they are.

Anyway, since it's done, you might as well know the . . . fuck . . . ins and outs of it.

1. Your slut can't do it. She can't finger ya or tongue ya or ream ya with a . . . with whatever your perverted notions seem to favor. Ya gotta do it yourself.

2. Now then, runnin' to the line, crotch first, tryin' to jackoff with half your body wrenched around so's you can jam your thumb up your ass will slow your approach speed, and probably break your spine, so most . . . guys . . . ream themselves while standin' at the line.

3. A Coke bottle is a device generally free from a lot of implications. It's got sort of an aboveboard reputation, and is considered more or less non-implicating.

4. Now then . . . chrome-plated or smooth-metaled tubes, shaped curiously, and having "raised" knurls and ridges on 'em are . . . "tightrope" material, ya know, pal? "On the fence" time, ya follow me?

5. Anything made of rubber is . . . well, you might as well just hang a sign around your neck, Jack.

Ok. Jizz consistency.

There's a lot of crap that this depends on what you eat: that if you eat five pounds of horseradish the night before, your come will be like lead wads, or if you eat a ton of chocolate it will be all runny, or that a bunch of milk will make it sticky, like your spit.

Every sludgebrained nutritionist dying of rickets, shingles and pinworms in the world says that jizz changes with your diet. Every twaddleminded bimbo who can cross a T without dislocatin' her wrist from the strain of concentration and writes articles in every women's magazine dedicated to the proposition that women can read, says that "her man" develops rare and subtle essences of flavor and structure in his come, dependin' on whether he has Rothchild's Laffite Pinkay wine or anabaptist stew before dinner.

I'm tellin' ya now that there ain't no way your nuts is gonna care what you been eatin' any more than yer toenails is. Your nuts make jizz only one way, and they do it the same if you been eatin' hamburgers or your mom. Your nuts just don't give a fuck what you been eatin'. Only your dung does. And that's a whole different contest altogether.

However, there are a few things that can have an effect on the outcome.

Drinking: You jizz just as fai drunk as you do sober, but I'll be damned if you'll know whether or not you're gonna have to stroke that thing for five seconds or for five months before it gets to squirtin'. Whoever said that drinking "increases desire but decreases performance" was more interested in sentence structure than truth. You're liable to be whippin' that battered thing skinless before you jizz, so be forewarned. The time between erection and squirt is a factor in these things too, you know. The quicker the better, as any red-blooded male will tell you. Hell, you might have another slut lined up five minutes away at the next bar! You can't be loafin' inside some glassy-eyed trollop for too long at a session or you get a rep for bein' a faggot cavalier, or some damn thing.

Sneezing: Sneezing at the squirt does not help. It hurts. It hurts a **lot**.

Farting: Farting at the jizz time fouls up your brain. When you're supposed to be in a blue fit of intense anguish, suddenly this great wave of relief courses through you, and your fuckin' cock figures, "Why hell, I've **already** come," and it dribbles the sperm out, and two seconds later your nerves lock up in a frustrated urgency that will take another whole jackoff session to cool. Don't fuckin' fart before ya jizz! Use some common intelligence, will ya?

(. . . fuckin' loonies with their weird ideas . . .)

Well, anyway, that's the gist of it, you new guys. 'Course, there's other factors too, I suppose, like the wind . . . special techniques: like rubbin' the head of your dick real quick with sandpaper just before you jizz to excite them little white things underneath the rim, and shit, but hell, this ain't no fuckin' thesis, ya know? If ya still have questions, ask Mutha. She knows more about cocks than most guys anyway. ■

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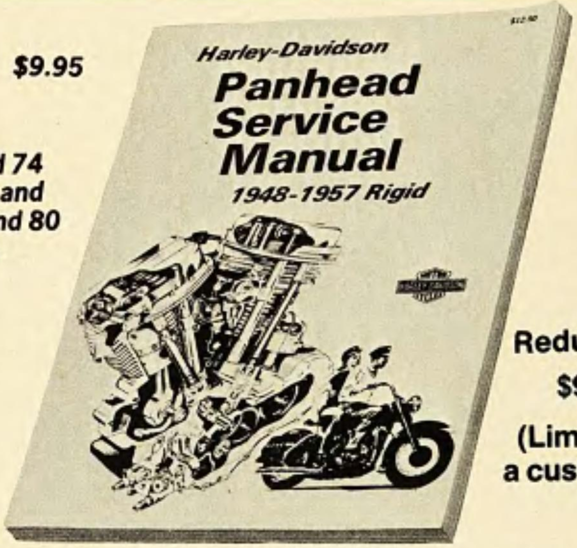

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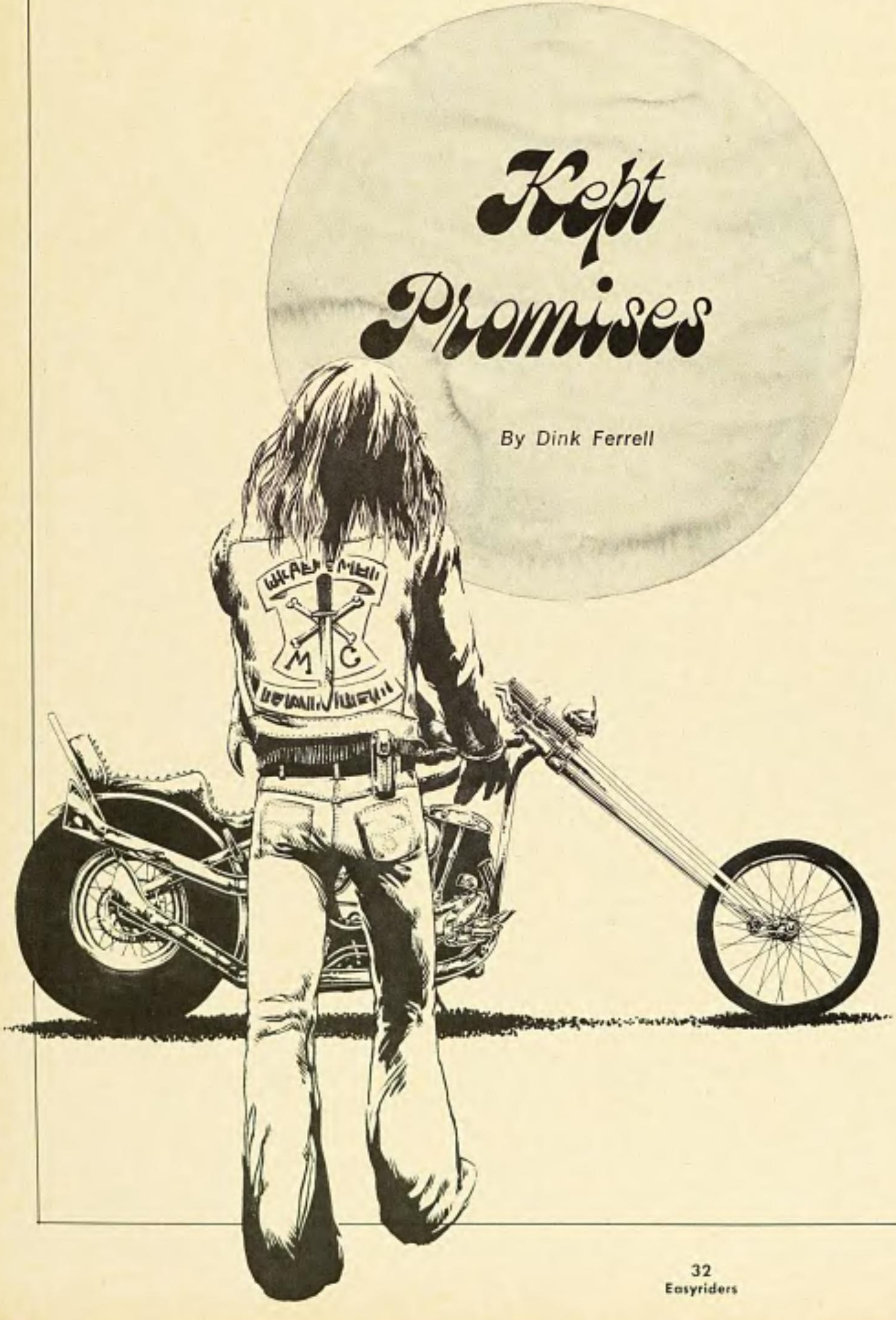
Kept Promises

By Dink Ferrell



"You can't do this!" she said from the doorway where she stood, her eyes reddened and swollen from the crying she had been doing for the past two hours.

"I'm doing it," he said calmly.

"It ain't right."

It's what I hafta do." Inside, he felt as calm as he sounded. The reds and whites, the beer and the lack of guilt accounted for it, he supposed. "After all, it ain't like I'm fuckin' you up."

"Oh, yeah?" She laughed harshly. "Well, what do you call walkin' out on me—your good deed for the day?"

"Aw, come off the abandoned-woman act." He finished folding the last pair of socks and tucking them into the battered road bag he had been filling with his favorite shirts and pants. "I'm givin' ya the car, all this stereo shit, the color TV, the furniture I paid for and almost a grand in cash. Besides all that, the goddam rent on this place is paid in advance for the next two months and there's enough chow in the refrigerator and on the shelves to feed you for months." He sat down on the edge of the rumpled bed, groping in a pocket of his faded denim vest and finding a toke. Lighting it, he smoked silently and stared at his boots.

"I never said ya were chintzy." Her tone was softer. She moved uncertainly to a chair, easing down into it without taking her eyes from him. "I just don't understand why ya gotta split. We're doin' great."

"**You're** doin' great," he corrected blandly. "Me, I hate this fuckin' way of life."

"Wh-why?"

"It jes' ain't right for me. Or I ain't right for it. I dunno." He held the glowing roach out to her but she shook her head, so he finished it. "Shit, I kept my promise. I agreed to try this scene for a year. Okay, it's been tried. I think it stinks. I miss the road. I crave the freedom of jes' ridin' and driftin'. That's it."

"God, I'm glad we never had kids," she said bitterly.

"That's why I was a bastard about you stayin' on the pill. No point in bringin' nosepickers into a fuckin' experiment."

"Oh, shit! You're all heart, ain't-cha?"

"Look, baby." He stood up, his face tightening as he bent over the road bag, zippering it shut. "We met a year ago and you were a shit-nothin' tip hustler, slingin' hash in a third-rate ptomaine joint. Now you got the office job you always wanted, makin' good bread. You got dependable wheels. The kinda pad you craved in a neighborhood that turns ya on. Yeah, I think I did you some good. I sure as hell didn't hurt ya."

"I'll—I'll be lost without ya." Her voice quavered.

He smiled bleakly at the road bag. "Bullshit. You'll have another dude lined up for this drill before I'm outa sight and rollin' in high gear. Be honest with yourself. It ain't **me** in particular you need. It's this straight lifestyle. That's what you really dig."

"Well, what's so bad about it?"

"It smothers me. Bores the livin' shit outa me." He hoisted the road bag from the bed with restrained violence, stood holding it and staring at her with an intense expression on his narrow, bearded face. "I'm sick an' tired of goin' to work every day, whether I feel like it or not. I never could dig the straight dipshits who live on this street—and I never will. Goddammit, why can't you understand that I'm a biker? That I need

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan

the free and easy life, jammin' with the wind in my face an'—"

"Stayin' juiced or stoned for days at a time," she interrupted scornfully.

"Yeah, that too," he agreed.

"And punchin' strange pussy," she added viciously.

He inhaled deeply, exhaling gently. "Hell, yes," he said softly. "I'm a **man,** not a fuckin' trainee for your mythical hereafter. Sure, I miss the excitement and pleasure of strange stuff. And the goddam day I'm ashamed of **that**, I hope they quietly bury me."

"You're a fuckin' loser!" she suddenly hissed, her face contorted with rage.

He grinned. "Then how lucky can you get to have me take a walk right out to that sled? Christ, you should be dancin' on the roof with relief, not hasslin' me with your miserable mouth!"

She dropped her face into her hands, sobbing noisily.

He walked past her, leaving the house by the back door and moving easily across the yard to the chopper gleaming brightly in the driveway. Her weeping floated out the bedroom window, subsiding gradually.

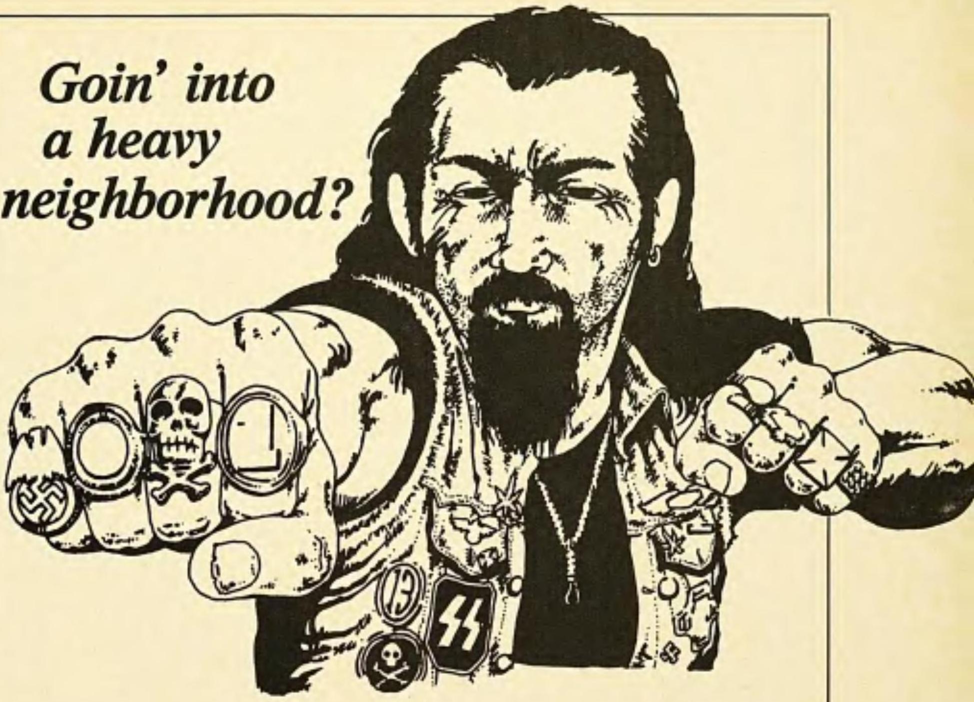
Lashing the road bag to the sissybar, he gazed around the neighborhood, noting the look-alike houses, the look-alike yards, and realizing that very soon now all those poor think-alike bastards would no longer be tolerating his presence which had made them—**and** him—so uneasy all the long months. Abruptly he threw back his shaggy-haired head and roared with laughter that rumbled up from his belly, relief and joy giving him the finest rush he'd felt in a long, long time.

Straddling the machine, he started it—sitting motionless as the engine warmed, loving the powerful rumbling sound of the cherished bike—knowing it would take him anywhere he wanted to go, for as long as he wanted to ride the elsewhere run.

"Okay," he whispered happily, easing the machine into gear and steering it out to the street, "I made the broad a heavy promise an' I **kept** it. Now I'm makin' **me** a promise to hunt my bros and live free—an' may the spool-eyed gods of the endless pavement spit up my ass until I highside into infinity if'n I fail to **keep** it!"

Bound only by this oath, he and the bike thundered down the street, their vibes mingling and blending. ■

Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?



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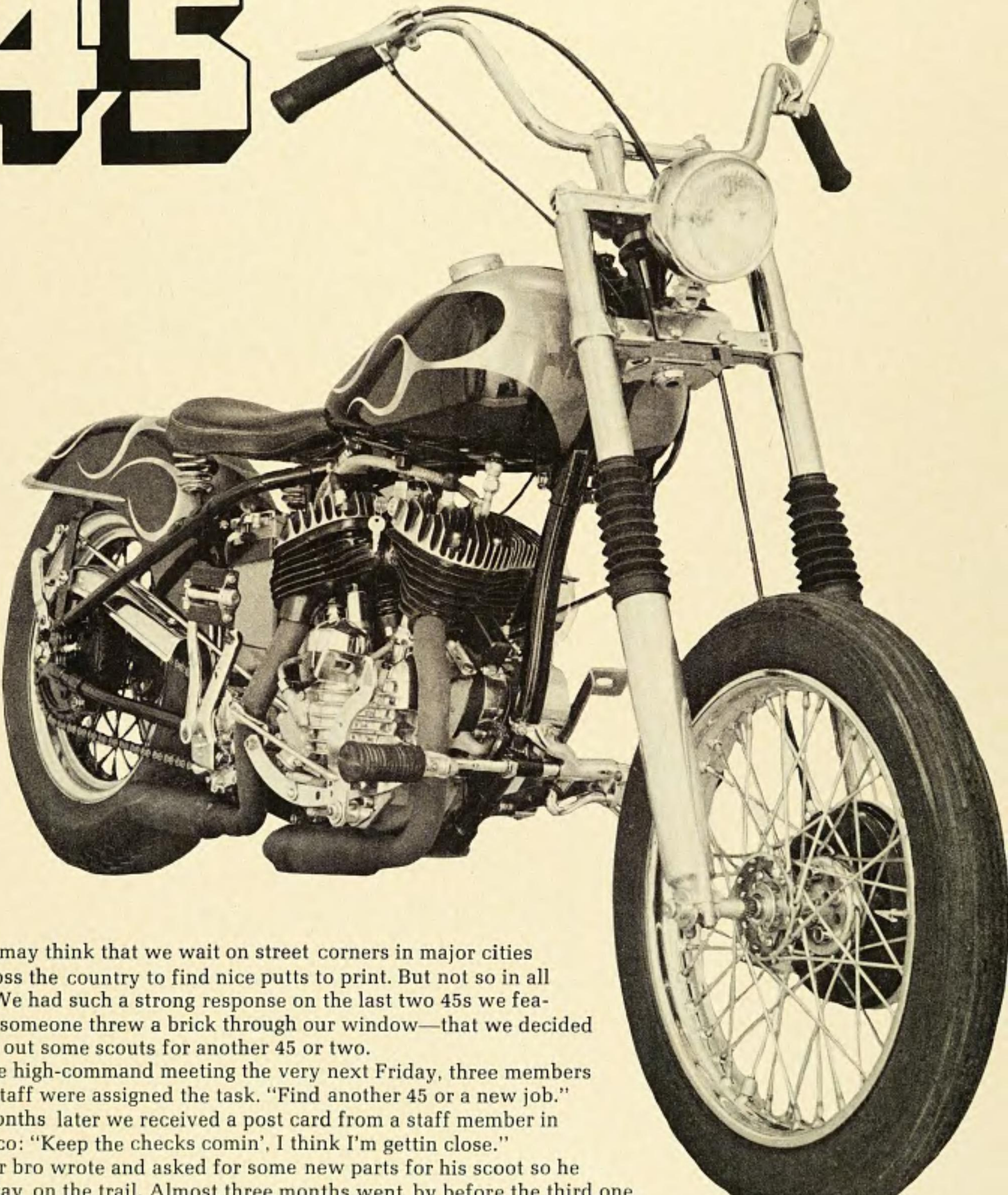
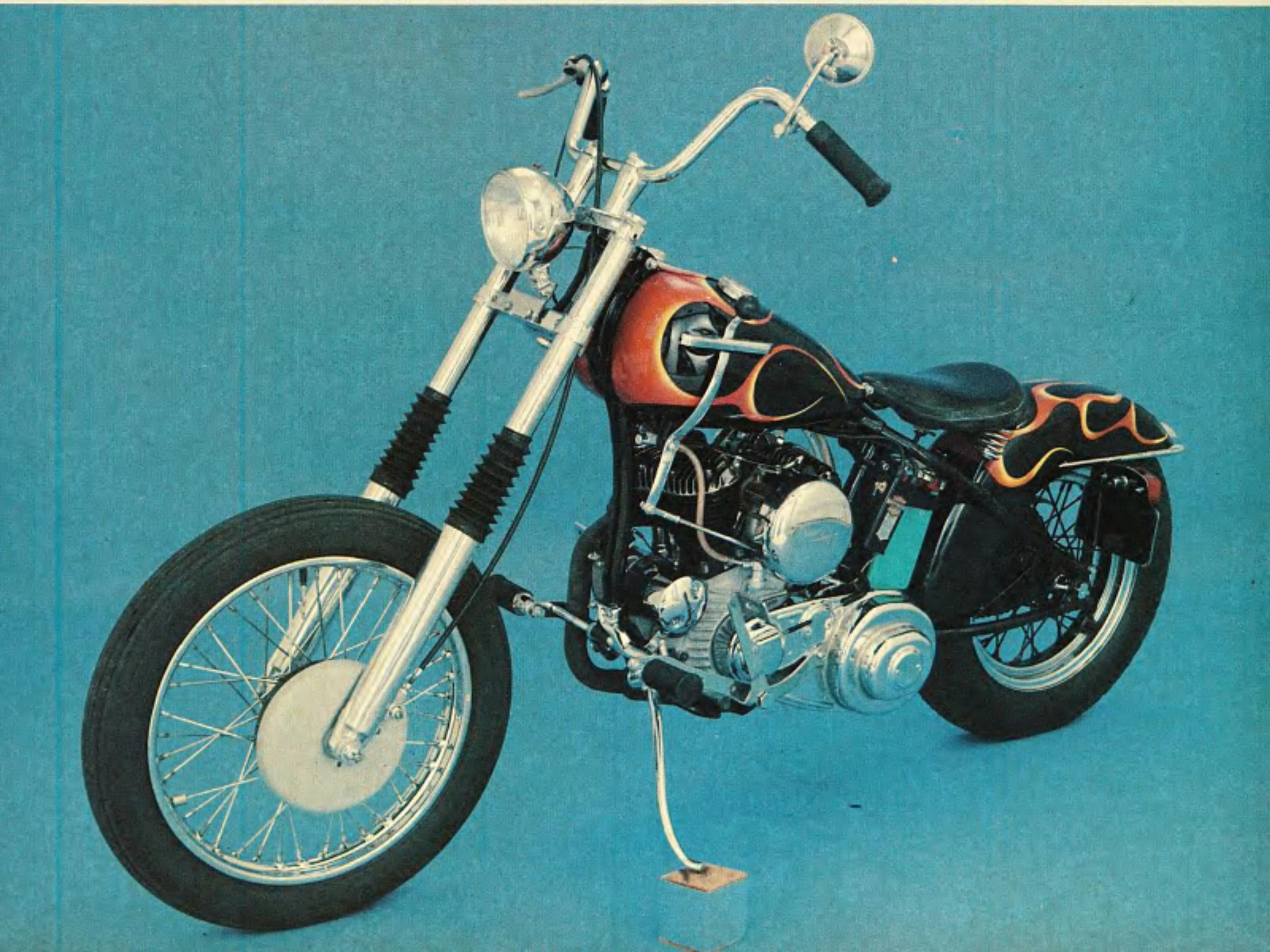
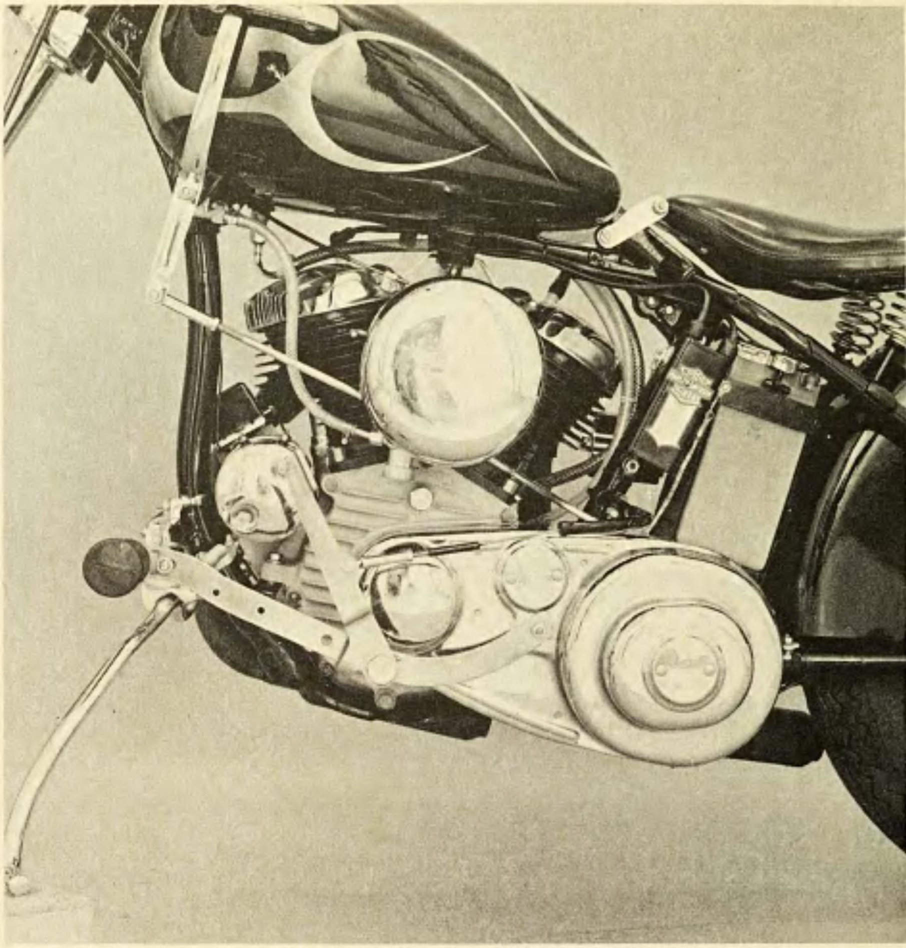
SPARE PARTS 45

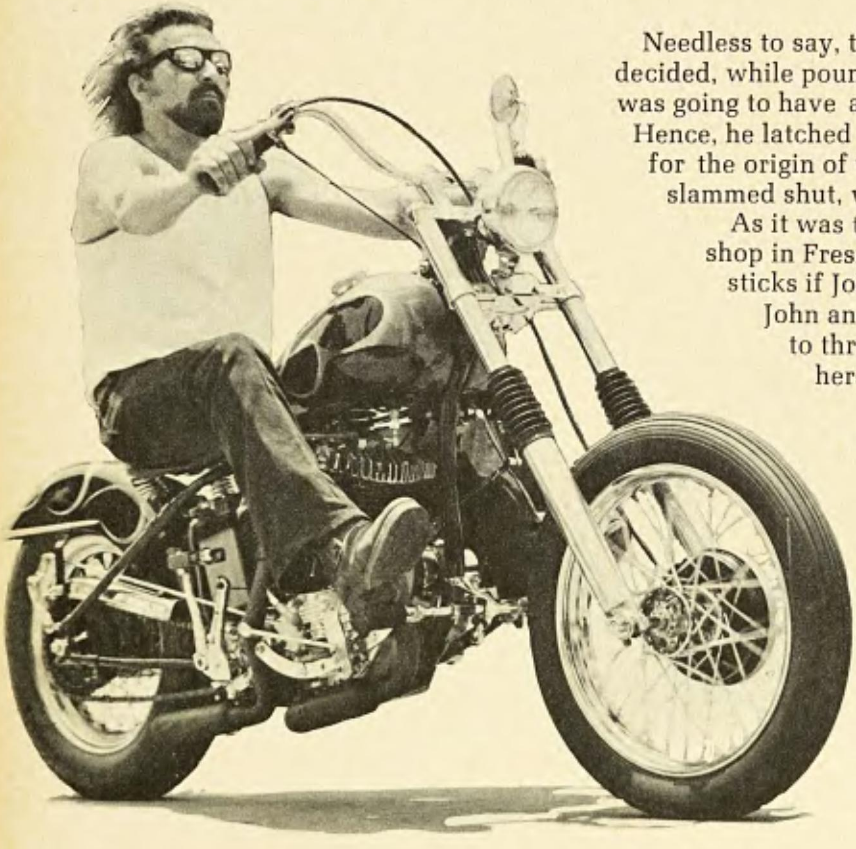


You may think that we wait on street corners in major cities across the country to find nice putts to print. But not so in all cases. We had such a strong response on the last two 45s we featured—someone threw a brick through our window—that we decided to send out some scouts for another 45 or two.

At the high-command meeting the very next Friday, three members of the staff were assigned the task. "Find another 45 or a new job." Two months later we received a post card from a staff member in Acapulco: "Keep the checks comin', I think I'm gettin close." Another bro wrote and asked for some new parts for his scoot so he could stay on the trail. Almost three months went by before the third one called from Florida, "I found a front end; send a bill and I'll have it shipped." (A bunch of girls giggled in the background.)







Needless to say, the head honcho in this dump got an attitude. He decided, while pounding the shit outta his house mouse, that if he was going to have another 45 feature he'd have to get it himself. Hence, he latched onto his shotgun and a box of shells and split for the origin of the last two flatheads. As soon as the door slammed shut, we proceeded to party.

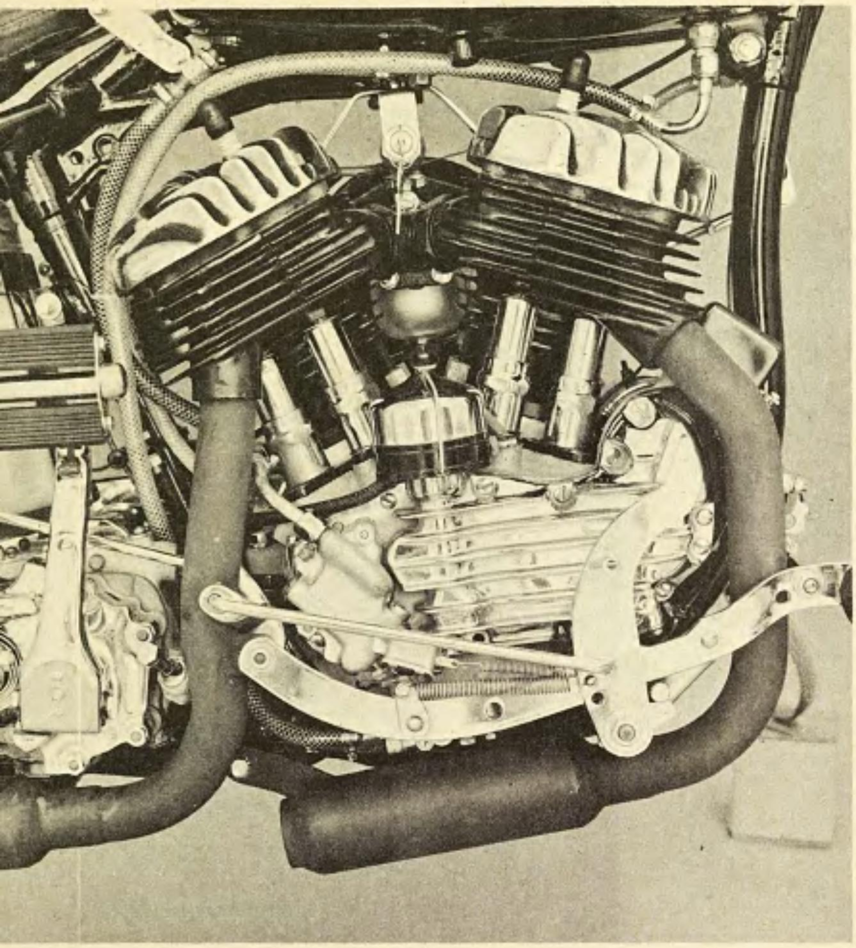
As it was told to me, the Man jammed to Custom John's shop in Fresno, and promised to blow the place into matchsticks if John didn't build another forty-five. Consequently, John and 45 Jerry, in a fit of self-preservation, proceeded to throw parts at each other until the bike you see here was created.

The end result was a 45 road machine, built beefy, with only the spare parts which were found within the buckshot-peppered walls of John's shop. John loves to build bikes, but when our asshole strapped his double barrel on the handlebars and took off for L.A., John got his people together and came after his creation.

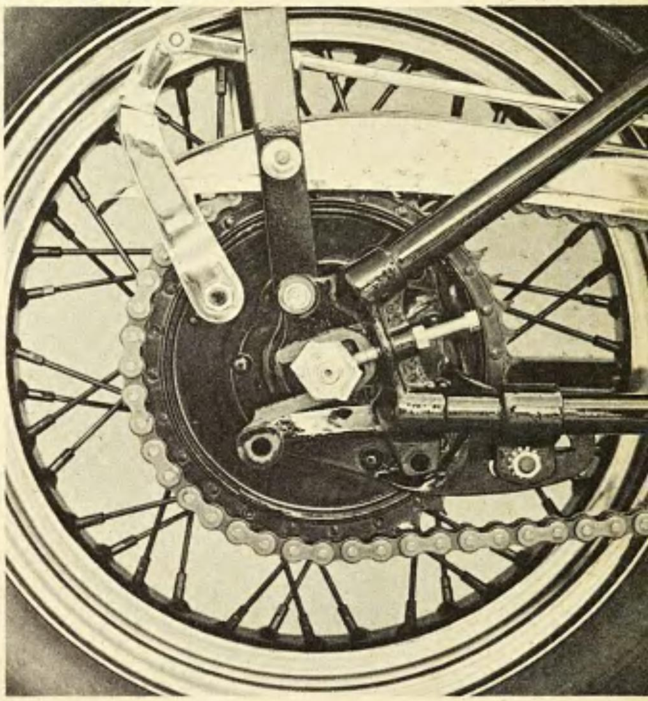
To make a long story short, John got his scoot back, and we got the feature. Oh, and we've got to have the window replaced again—but we had to take the bread outta our raisin pie fund.

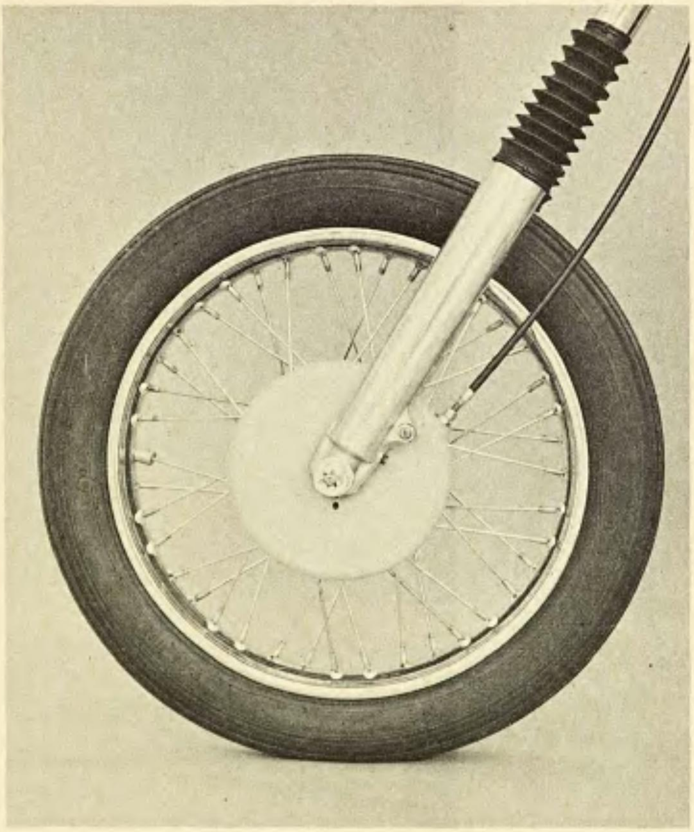
—Weed

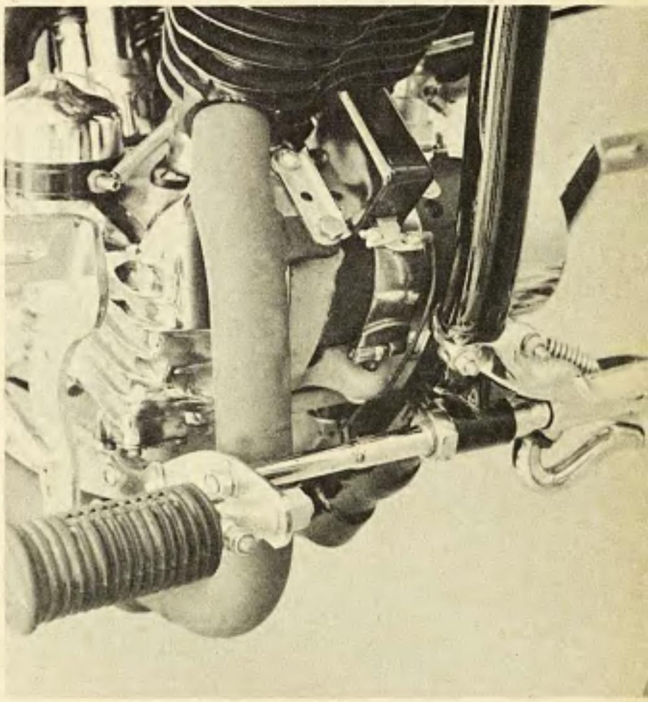
—Continued on next page

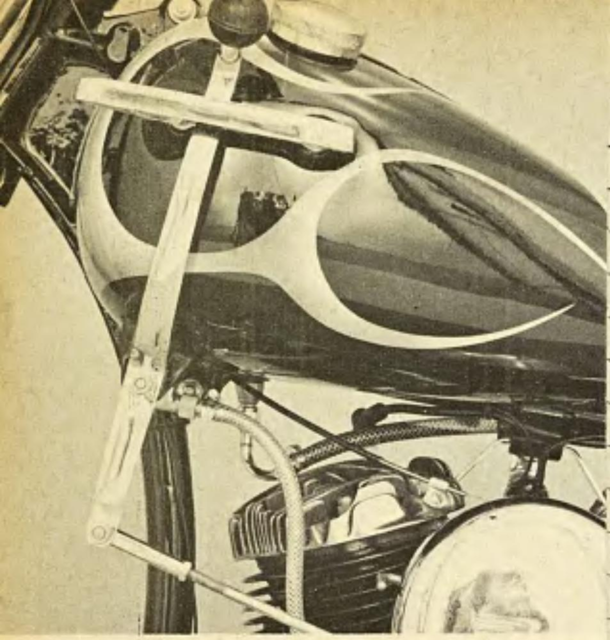


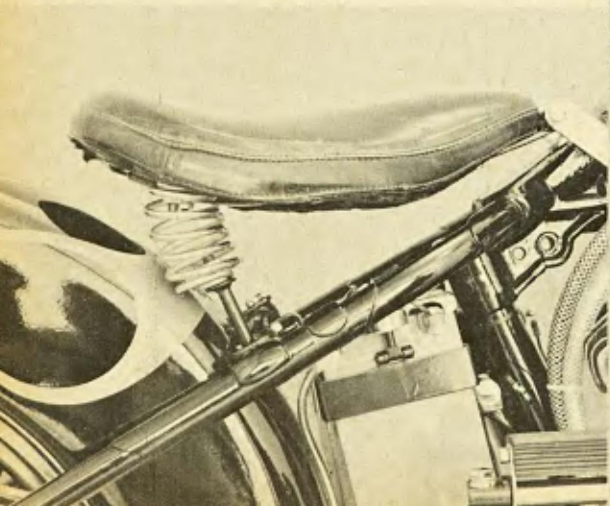
Photos by Pete Chiodo











Owners: 45 Jerry & Cudahy John	**City:** Fresno, California	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: 45 Jerry	Year: 1954	
Year and make: '54 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: 45	Type: rigid	
Value: $2,800	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: 45 Jerry	Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months	Other alterations:	
Chroming by: Meclel	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1954	Risers: H-D	
Model: 45	Fender(s): H-D Front	
Rebuilder: John's Customs	Headlight: Jap junk	
Ignition: coil, dist.	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 45 cu. in.	Speedo: gone	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: stock	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .030 over	Electrics: 3 brush, relay	
Cases: sandblasted	Gas tank: stock	
Heads: chrome	Oil tank: stock	
Cam: WC	Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid	Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): Linkert M-88	Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: stock	Sissy bar: none	
Pipes: 45 Jerry	Height:	
Muffler(s): backwards	Material:	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modiifcations: none	Type: glide	
Year: 1954	Extension: 6 inches	
Shifting: tank	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 29	Special features: tabs removed	
Trans sprocket: 17	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: stock	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: none	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: 45 Jerry	Rim width: WM 1	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black	Tire: 3.50	Tire: 5.00
Type: acrylic enamel	Brake: glide	Brake: stock
Special paint: flames by Jerry		
Other special modifications: Trans has reverse		

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Down Time

She looked at the ragged Kleenex in her hand, disintegrating from the moisture. She balled it up in her fist and let it fall. From where she sat, sunk down deep in the legless, butt-sprung couch, she could see nothing but gray sky and rain through the window. It was getting cold; it might snow later. She reached for the pack of cigarettes beside her and shook one out, putting it between her lips as she fished between the cushions for the lighter. She found it, clicked the top back and flicked the wheel. The flint struck sparks, but there was no flame.

"Damn," she said without feeling, more to hear her own voice than anything else. She turned it over and beat it against the palm of her hand and tried again. It made a weak blue flame. She took a couple of deep drags and exhaled, watching the flame go out before closing the cover.

Her hand curled around the lighter, gripping it tight as her thumb moved back and forth across the engraving. It felt good, the polished surface of it, the roughness of the letters, the hardness of it in her hand. She took another drag and stretched her legs out, propping them up on a crate. She watched the rain splatter against the window and thought about the way it ran in the gutter all muddy, thick and brown. The ground would be soggy and curdled like the dirt from a raw grave.

She flicked her ashes on the floor. There was a little gray line that ran along the edge of the couch from where she'd been sitting all afternoon. She stroked the lighter and opened her hand. "Ride to live, Live to ride" it said—in between the arched words was a winged wheel. It was a present. He had bought it for her last spring when they had gone to the big custom show. There was an old poop who had a booth where he sold tee shirts and engraved belt buckles and lighters. They went off for a couple of brews while the old man worked on the engraving. The couple of brews turned into about six apiece and in the heat they got so juiced that it took an hour of staggering and wrong turns to find the old man again. That day he bought a lighter for himself that said "Knuckleheads Rule" because knuckles were his favorite motor. She had looked all over the house for his lighter but couldn't find it. She guessed that maybe it had fallen in the street. Maybe some kid picked it up and had it now.

She heard a car door slam in the parking lot beside the house. She waited, listening to see if it was for her. Another slam, and the steps to the front porch creaked. She looked at the door. The window panes behind the curtain rattled loosely at the knock.

"It's open. Come on in." It was her parents. They came in, her father looking embarrassed, her mother looking mad like she'd been fighting with him.

"We just stopped by to see how you were doing," he said. "We thought maybe there was something you might need."

"I'm doing pretty good, pop. Come on in and sit down." She pulled her legs back and stubbed her cigarette out in a dented air cleaner cover running over with butts. She stood up and slipped the lighter into the pocket of her jeans and sat back down. Her father crossed the room and lowered himself onto the couch like an old man. He's lookin' old, she thought, but then I guess I am, too.

Her mother clacked across the scarred floor in her high heels and perched on the edge of an armchair. Her eyes darted around like she was speeding, but it was just nerves. She was always flickering onto something to complain about. Her eyes stopped at the air cleaner cover full of butts and the flattened cigarettes and gray droppings on the floor. She frowned and pulled her coat tight around her like she was afraid of getting dirty.

Her father dug in the pocket of his raincoat and pulled out two packs of cigarettes. "Here, Angie, I thought you might need these and not want to get out in this rain."

She smiled at him. He was old fashioned; he didn't like for her to smoke. "Thanks, pop, I appreciate it." It was nice of him to think of her. She tried to perk up and be a little cheerful. "What have you all been doin' lately?"

"Nothing much. Just working—trying to hang on till Thanksgiving. We get two extra days off at the plant this year." Her father ran his hand over his face a couple of times and looked hard at his shoes. She knew something was up, but right then she didn't care enough to go asking. She thought she'd wait and see.

"It doesn't look like *you've* been doing too well." Angie never had to

—*Continued on page 78*

By Rosemary Kast

—*Illustration by Fast Eddie*

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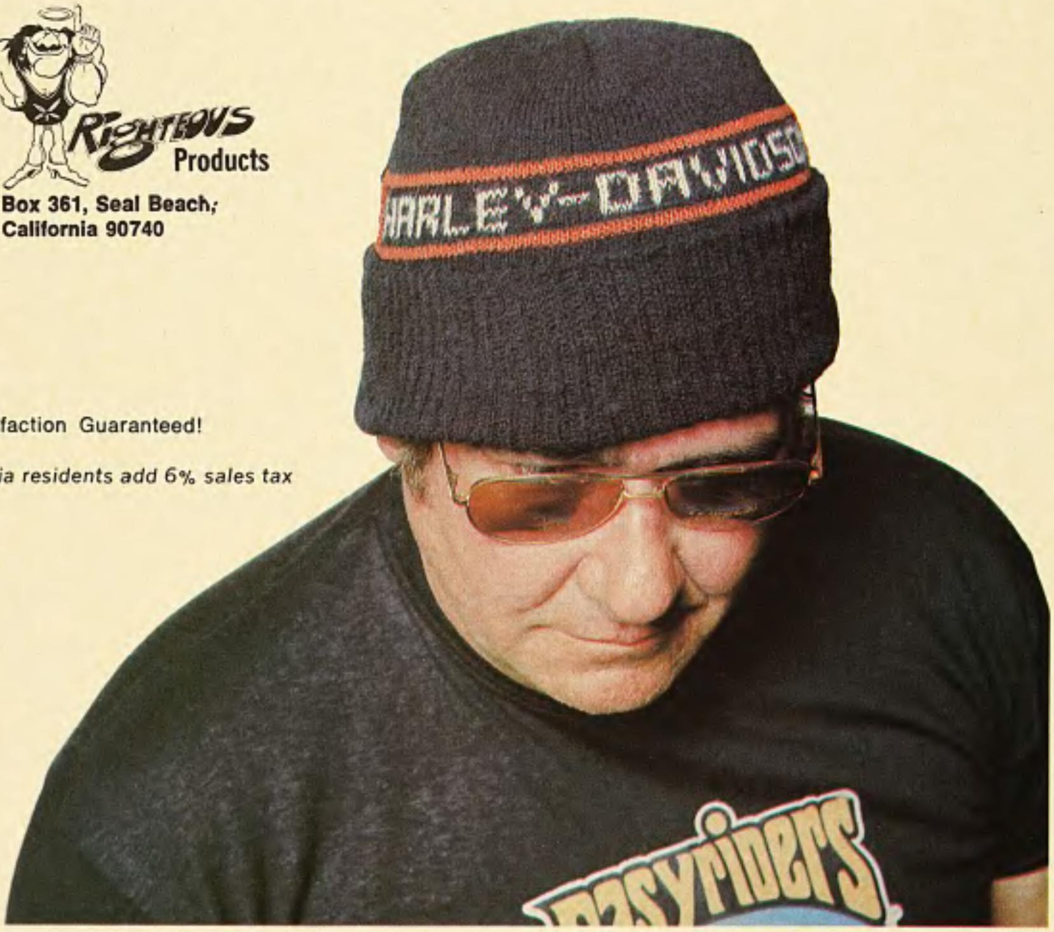
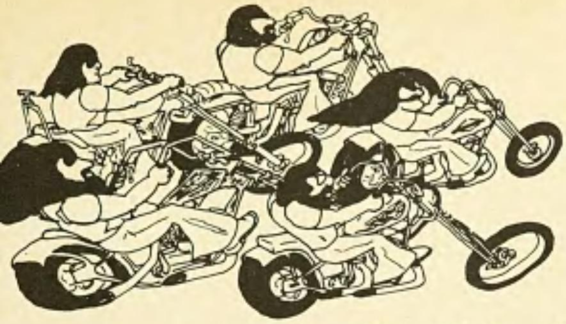
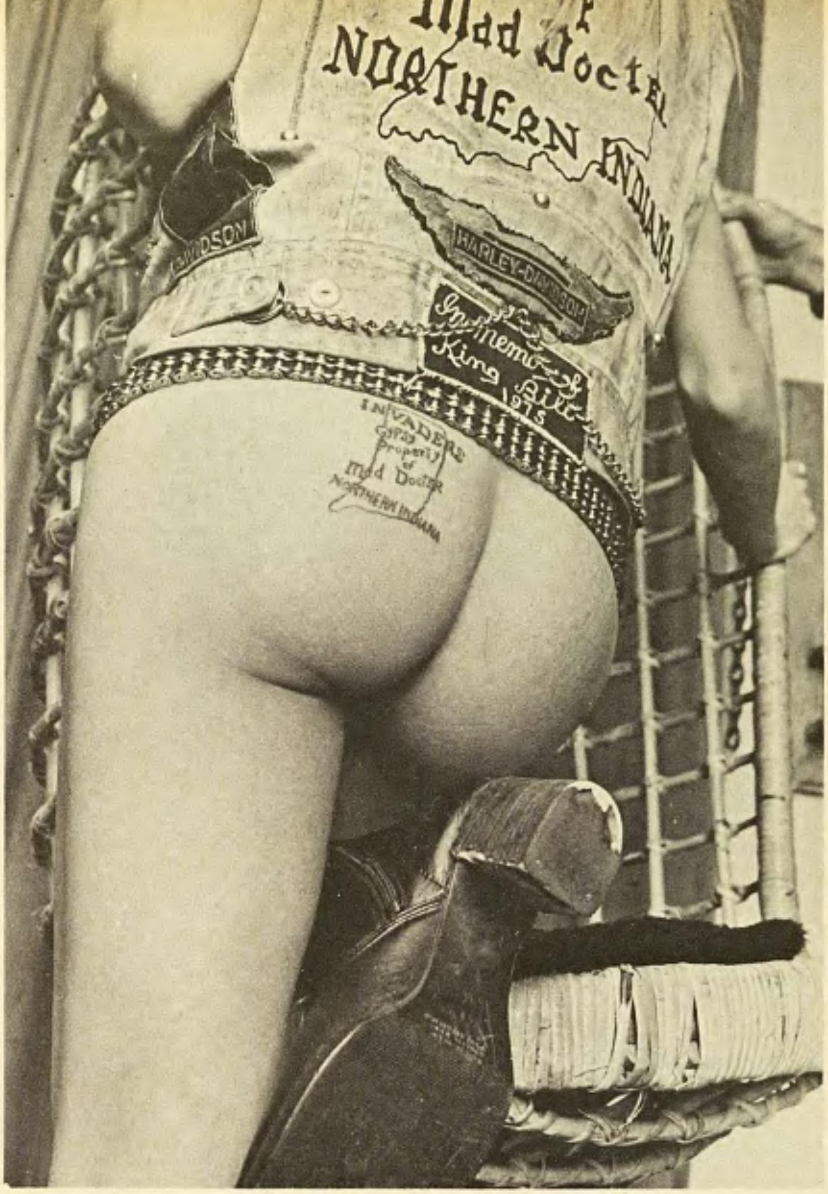




In the Wind

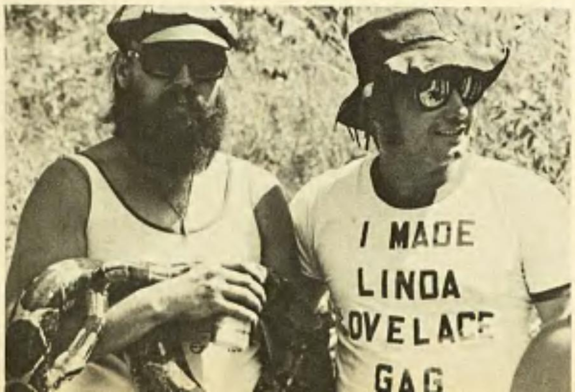
As you can see, our readers are really getting with it and are sending us some good usable stuff. We also receive a lot of good color prints and color negatives, but we cannot use *them. We can use* only black and white prints (any size), and transparencies (either 35mm or $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$)—nothing else. *As we've said in previous issues, we feel the photos shown here typify the exhilaration and feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers everywhere. Nothing illustrates this freedom—This leaving all your problems and cares behind you, this letting it all hang out groove—better than the sight of a guy kicked back, feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with their hair blowing in all directions.*



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Indiana

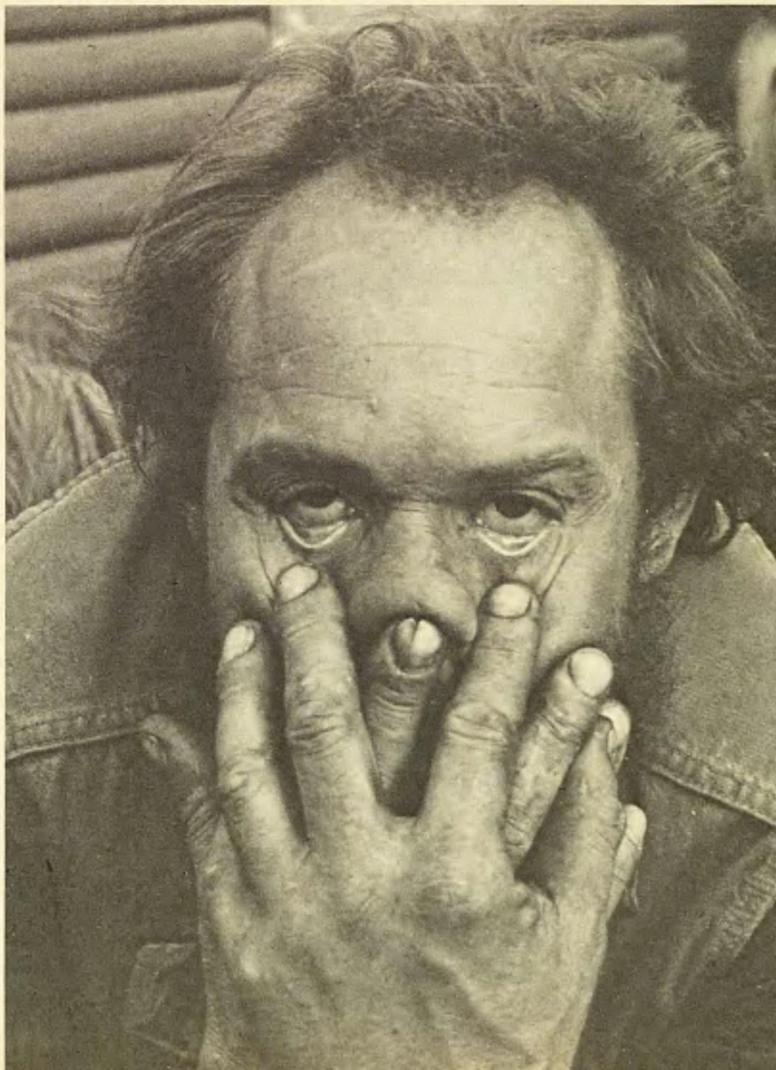
—from Kathleen Varnum, Lancaster, California

—from Pete Chiodo



—from Fred Fernandez, Denver, Colorado

—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California



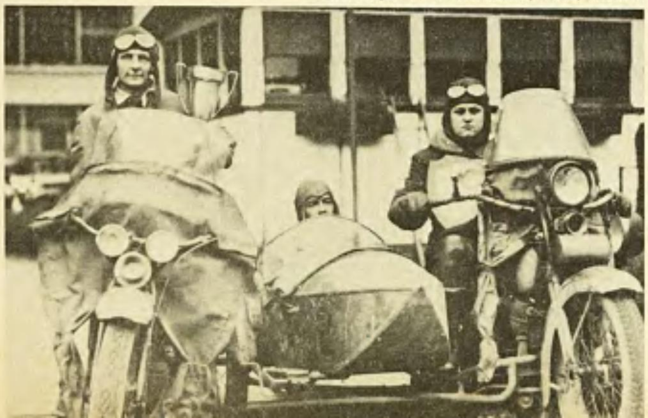
—from Tom Ryan, La Grange, Illinois

—from Phil La Rose, West Haven, Connecticut

—from J. Moser, North Reading, Massachusetts

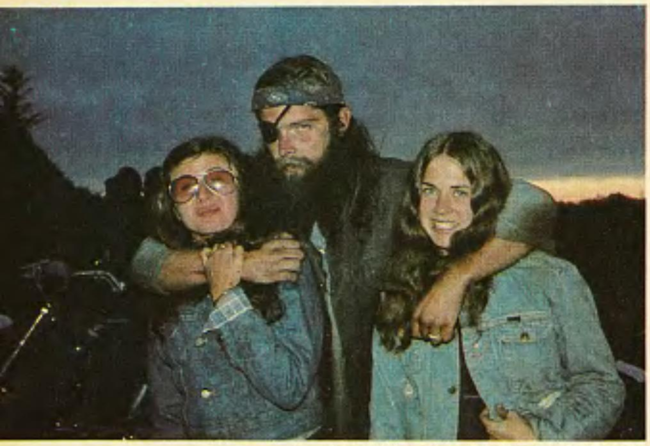
—from Rick McKenzie, Victoria, Australia

—from Capt. J. R. Williams, Aiea, Hawaii



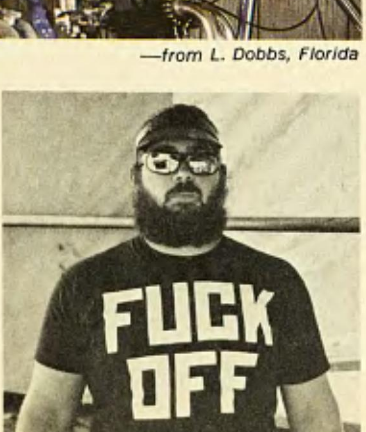
—from Fritz Zanker, Sunnyvale, California

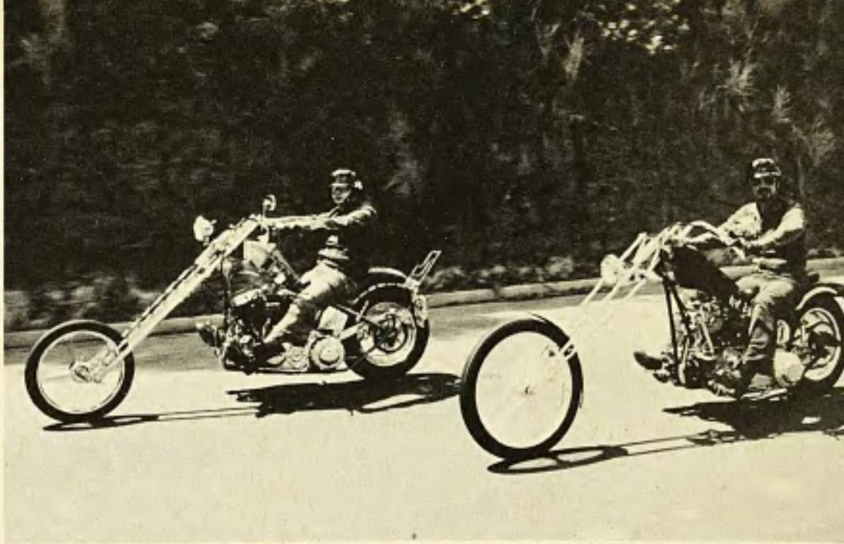
—from L. R. Starner, Garnders, Pennsylvania



—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California

—from L. Dobbs, Florida



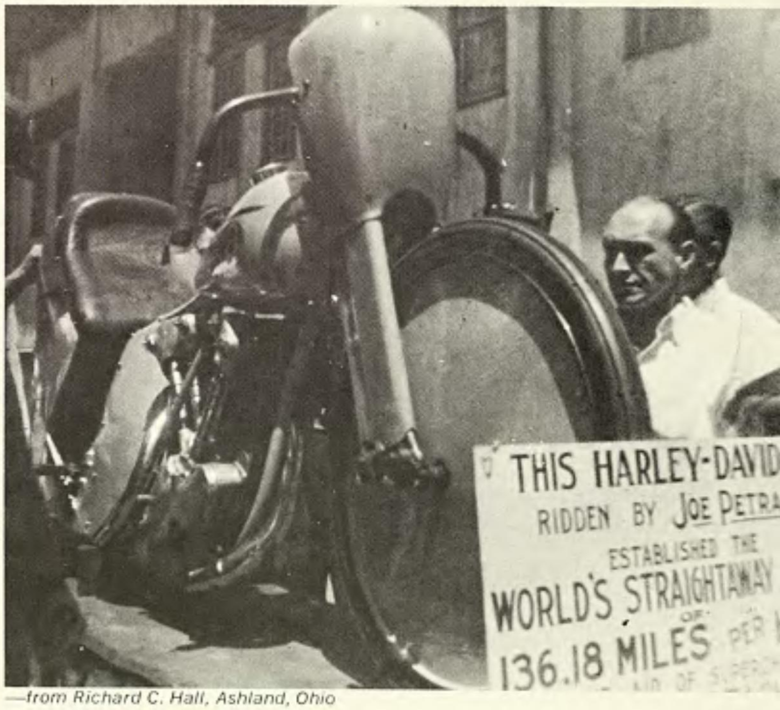


—from Wino Joe, Monterey, California

—from Robert Handley, Bloomington, Illinois

—from Jim Ruymen, St. Petersburg, Florida

—from Rita Hartman, Baltimore, Maryland



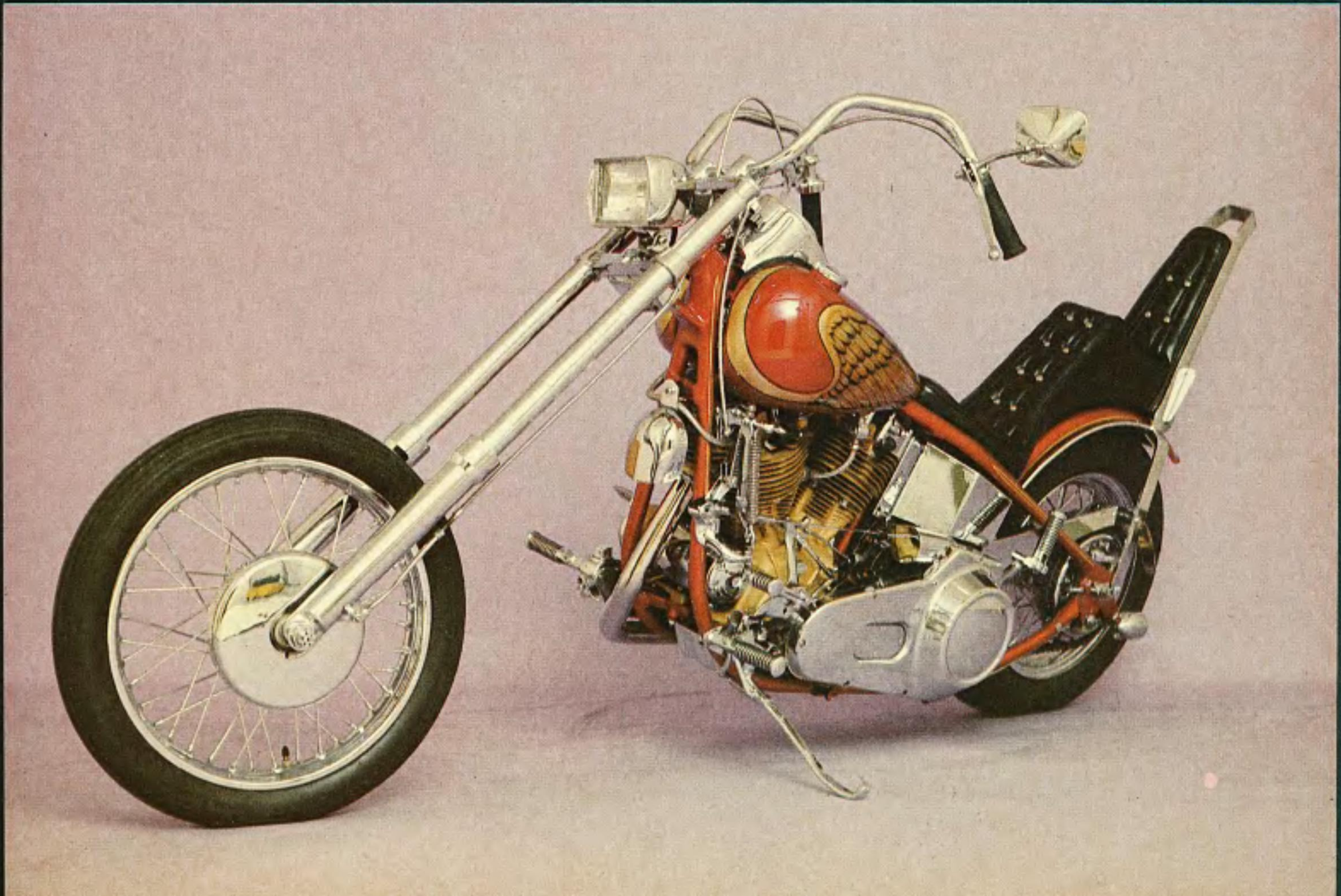
—from Richard C. Hall, Ashland, Ohio

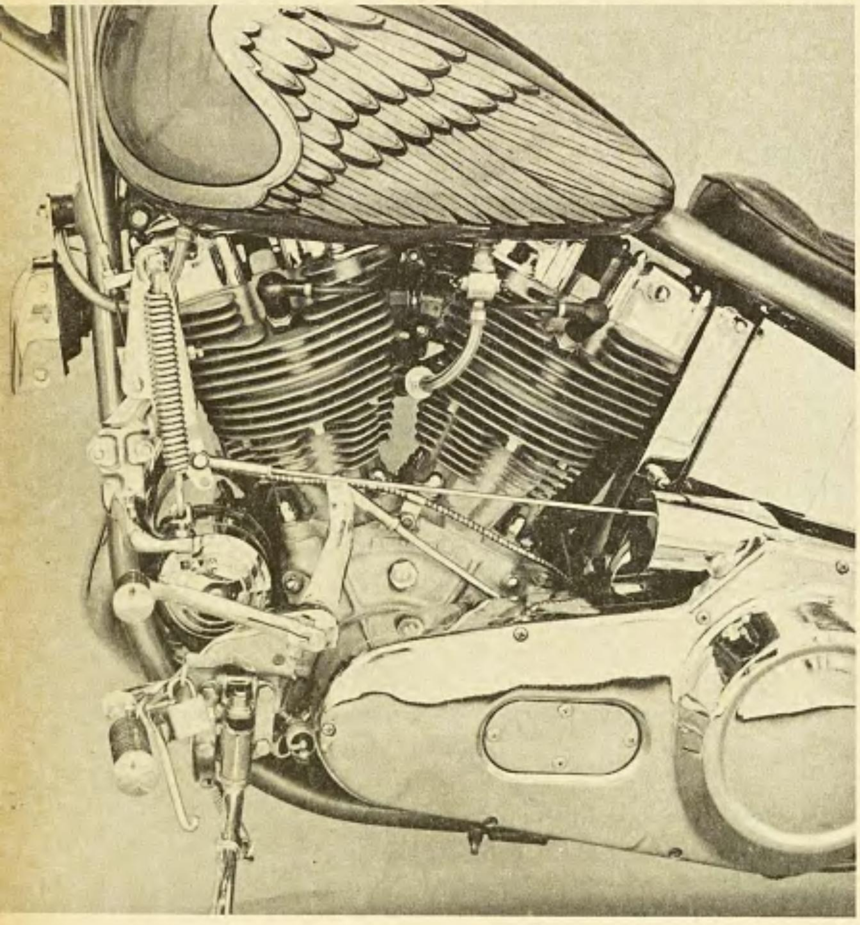
MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES
S.Q.
BERDOO
Easyriders Magazine

The Perfect Feature

–or at least we try

In all seriousness, people, we've been spending a bunch of time and effort to bring you the finest possible features. We also want you to see some of the most unique, detailed bikes on the streets, although, for one unavoidable reason or another, we're not always successful, and that displeases the picky muthas who run this rag. None of this has anything to do with the bike in the feature, but since I drank a lotta whisky last night, an' got into a fist fight, I feel like complainin'. It's

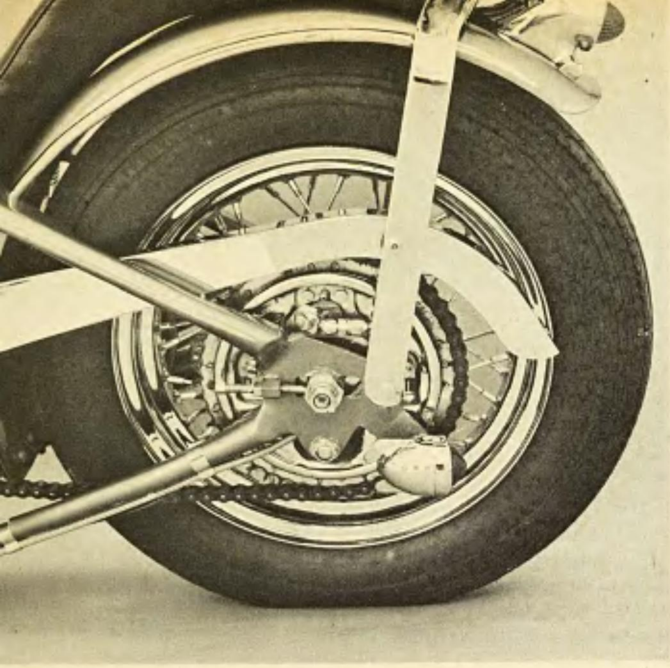


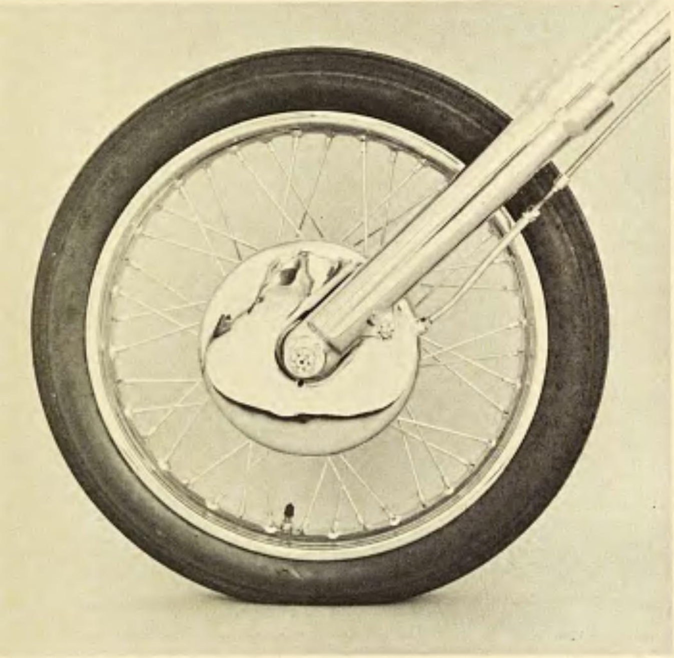


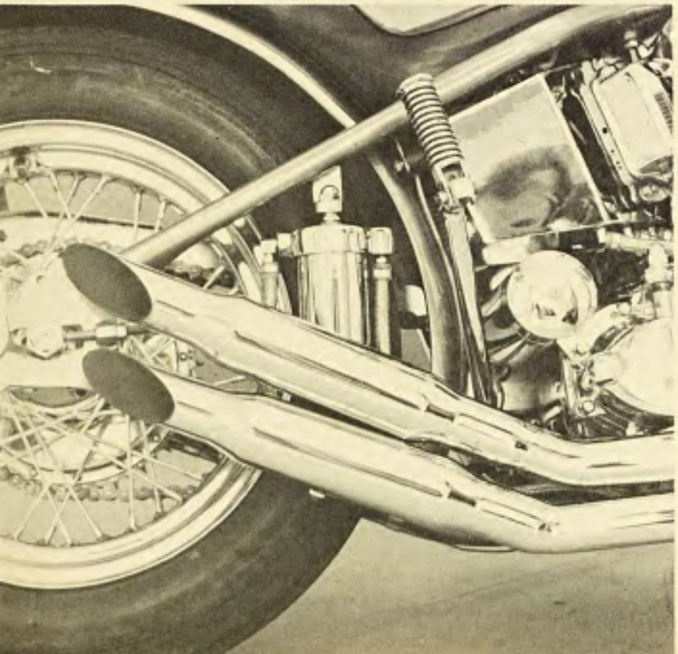
tougher working here than you might think. Now I'm halfway through a joint, I can smell link sausages an' coffee on the butane stove, in the garage where I live, an' I know if I open my eyes I'll see my ol' lady fixin' breakfast. I'm startin to feel better.

Anyway, I better put the joint down and shoot a couple of words to the paper, 'cause sure enough I'll start sinking into the tunes my speakers are vibrating at me, if I don't. About the time I get kicked back and comfortable, I'll hear the editor's scoot come shootin' up the alley. And just as the rear wheel locks up, and his knuckle crosses up in the dusty cement, I'll hear his gravelly voice shoutin', "Shit-head—it better be ready!" If the aimless article isn't typed and hanging in our pony express bag, outside the garage, I've either got to split quick or fire up the pan that's sitting next to my bed and race him down the alley.

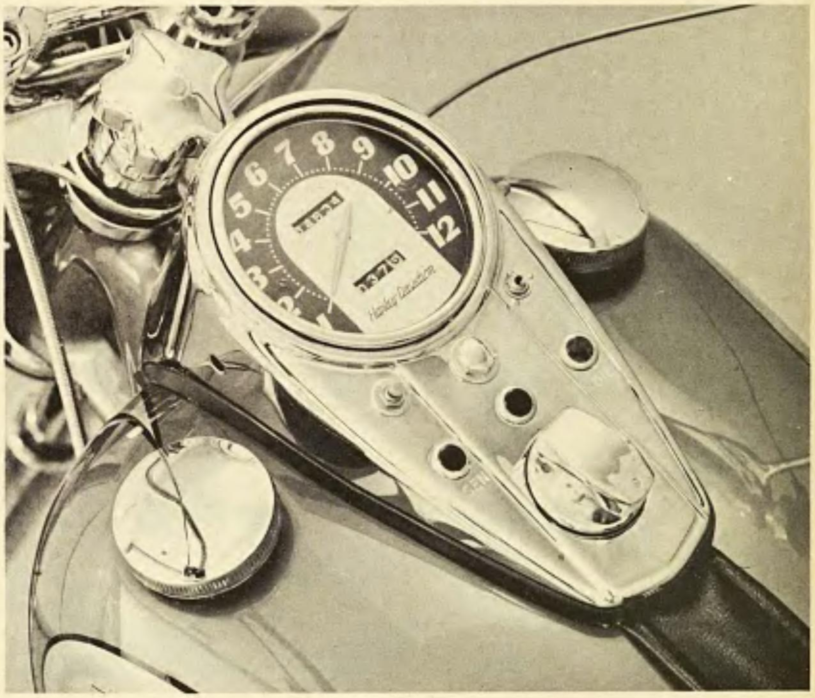
Now, back to this feature. Are you hip to this bike? It ain't the best we've ever seen, but at least we got it while it was fresh, and we took our best shot at it. Then, outta the blue—like havin' my gas tank pop loose and smack me in the face —the owner wouldn't pose with his own bike. No, he hadn't violated parole, he





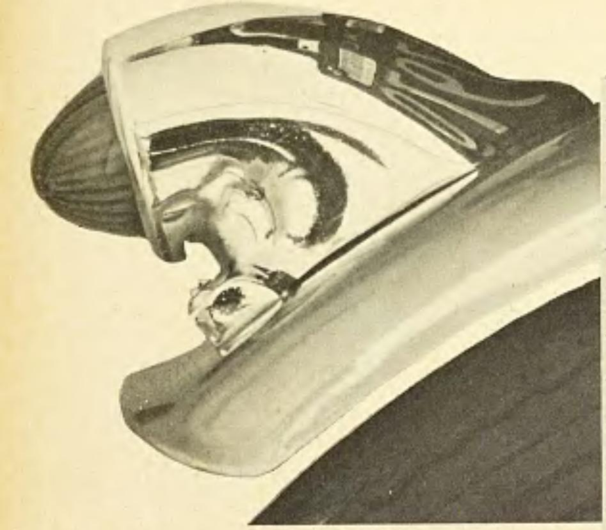


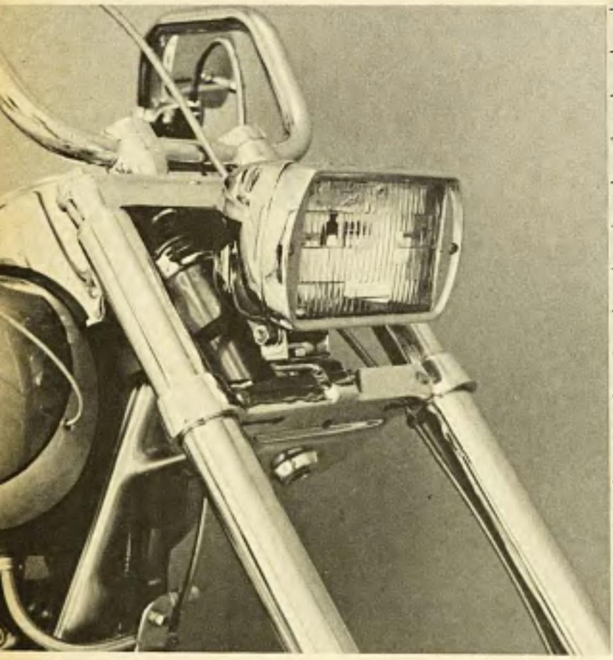
Photos by Pete Chiodo



wasn't the biggest dealer in town, a narc, or on the FBI's ten most wanted list. He's not even an outlaw biker travelin' incognito, there ain't no hot ol' ladies chasin' him, and he's not runnin' from outstanding warrants. He just wouldn't pose—and that was that. He didn't give a reason—so as I mentioned at the beginning of this dandy dribble of do-little dubbings, we try, but every feature ain't perfect.

—Nuts





Owner: Hedge Hog	**City:** Lomita, California	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1967	
Year and make: 1967 H-D	Builder: Lonnie C.F.M.C.	
Model: FLH	Type: rigid	
Value: $5,000	Rake: 1 inch	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year	Other alterations: hardtail	
Chroming by: Supreme	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: 6 bend	
Year: 1967	Risers: 3-inch	
Model: FLH	Fender(s): 6-inch flat, flared	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: Night Stalker	
Ignition: CZ	Taillight: H-D Army issue	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: better than nothin'	
Lower end: new	Front pegs: of course	
Balancing: whatever	Rear pegs: got them too	
Pistons: 9.1	Electrics: 12 V. battery, gen.	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: $3\frac{1}{2}$ gal. Fatbob	
Heads: stock	Oil tank: modified guzzler	
Cam: Sifton 475	Oil system: all braided	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: shaved	
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni	Seat: Leo's, L.A.	
Air cleaner: Branch	Sissy bar: Lonnie C.F.M.C.	
Pipes: Extractor	Height: 20 inches	
Muffler(s): Glass Pak	Material: $\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$-inch bar	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: shaved 2nd gear	Type: glide	
Year: 1967	Extension: 12 inches	
Shifting: ratchet top	Builder: owner, H.D.	
Engine sprocket: 22	Special features: legs turned	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Bill Huffman	Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Bruce Banson	Rim width: $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy red	Tire: 2.75	Tire: 5.10
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: stock	Brake: juice
Special paint: gold wings and pinstriping		
Other special modifications: Oil tank rubber mounted, throttle cable routed through tank		

Gun Nut Report

—Continued from page 21

the soldier can carry more ammo, the weapons designed for the round can be lighter and with less recoil they tend to be more stable and accurate at high rates of fire. German studies showed that in European-type land warfare most small-arms action takes place at ranges of 50 to 300 meters—so the light-weight, high-firepower, intermediate-cartridge assault rifle was born.

Well, the Russkis couldn't get it together until 1946 to actually go into production with a weapon for their new ammo (the war was over, they tell me, by 1945) but the SKS carbine was to be the Russian equivalent of the Sturmgewehr. The SKS was good but it was semi-auto only, had a 10-round fixed magazine, and at over eight pounds was a lot heavier than it should have been.

At the same time the SKS was being rushed through design into production, Comrade M. T. Kalashnikov was working on another rifle to fire the new intermediate cartridge. Kalashnikov wisely respected the design logic behind the Kurz Karbiner Sturmgewehr, and he was determined that his rifle would take advantage of all its good points—semi/full auto selection, high-capacity staggered box magazine, compact size, and sturdy internal design that would be easy to manufacture and remain trouble-free under adverse combat conditions. His rifle, "Avtomat Kalashnikov Obrazets 1947G," was extensively tested by 1947 and released that same year for service with Soviet tank crews and paratroopers with the Schmeisser MP 38/40 folding stock that the Russians ripped off.

On the outside the AK47 seems to be a close copy of the Kurz Karbiner, but the internal differences are obvious—changes being made for simplicity of manufacture and extreme reliability. In some ways a superior weapon, the AK has serious defects—releasing the safety makes a sound about as loud as popping the tab top on a hot beer (very embarrassing in a beautiful moonlight ambush), also, after the last round is fired the bolt stays closed on an empty chamber. Most automatic weapons lock in an open position, reminding you that you need to feed it more ammo—the AK can leave you eye to eye with your target and nothing to blow him away with except excuses. You couldn't even use your bayonet, 'cause the early models (like the Kurz) didn't have one. Surprise!

In spite of these small problems, the AK was almost immediately recognized as being superior to the SKS and the PPSH submachineguns and quickly replaced them in general issue. Today the Russian forces are issued the AKM, a slightly modified AK. For some strange reason they didn't get around to correcting the potentially lethal (to the user) problems I mentioned earlier, but at least you get a bayonet now. If nothing else you can use it to open your C-rations. A lotta commies musta died tryin' to get their cans of stroganoff open by beating them with the butts of their AKs. A bayonet is a necessity—how else do you pick the cheese out of your toenails or threaten your dumbassed platoon leader?

The basic design of the AK is so good that a whole family of Soviet infantry weapons is based on it. Their submachinegun is a shortened version. Their RPK squad automatic weapon is a heavy-barreled AK with a 75-round drum magazine and a bipod. Even their sniper rifle (the Dragunov) is a long-barreled AKM chambered for the standard full-size 7.62-mm rifle and machinegun cartridge.

The AK is the Big Mac of the communist world, with over 35 million of them served—more than any other modern military weapon! Don't fuck with a good thing—they are made in every communist-controlled country in a variety of shapes and sizes but the basic package remains the same. The results are always accuracy, reliability, and firepower—what else do you think you need?

Getting down to the specifics of the weapon itself, the technical books usually list the cyclic rate of the AK at 600rpm on full auto fire, but our test model (a Vietnamese era AK) seemed to consistently empty its 30-round magazine in less than 2.5 seconds, so the rate must be more like 750-800rpm. One of the improvements on the AKM is a rate reducer so that may bring it down to a more manageable speed.

We found that it isn't hard to get a 6-inch group at 100 meters semi-auto, but full auto is a disaster. Even though it is still more accurate flat out than any production submachinegun in the world, the full-auto mode is definitely good only for short bursts at 100-300 meters or spraying slugs at 50 meters in the final assault on vengeance-crazed suicide shock troops or insurance salesmen. I have always found that a good flamethrower artist is an invaluable member of any first-wave assault team, but with the price of gas going up, the AK is probably cheaper to operate in the long run. The effective range is said to be 800-1000 meters but you are kidding yourself if you think that you can consistently hit a man-sized target at more than 500 meters.

Now dust off Crazy Joe's war surplus AK and let's go over a few of the operating features. To load the AK, take the magazine and insert it front edge first into the obvious hole in the bottom of the receiver and then pull back until the rear edge clicks into the locking lugs. Push the safety/selector switch all the way to the top and then pull back on the operating handle until it stops before letting it spring forward on its own—picking up a cartridge from the magagine and seating it in the chamber. To fire full-auto, move the selector/safety lever down from safe to the middle position marked "AB". Get a good grip on the fucker and when you are sure of your target let 'er rip!

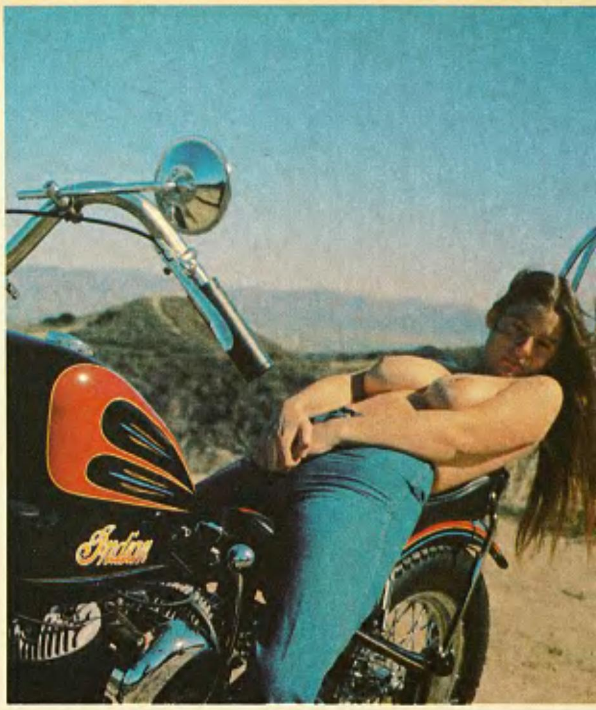
There's nothing I would rather do (that isn't X-rated) than tear up a bunch of shit with a machinegun. Something happens when you are pumping out a wall of hot slugs—giving you the kind of rush that only crystal meth can match for intensity and short duration. Like a typical crank freak, the machinegun addict has to load up another magazine and do it again and again until his supply of ammo is exhausted or the overheated barrel droops to the ground like an old man's pecker. The only thing that comes even close is maybe the first time you ever cranked your chopper and hit the road with a hot fox snugglin' against yer back and whisperin' in yer ear. . . . When you run low on ammo or somebody else wants a turn, switch the selector all the way down to semi-auto. This is the ticket to maximum accuracy and long barrel life.

Well, comrade, that's about all I have to say about AKs—a damn good weapon, and they will be with us for a long long time so you might as well get used to the idea right now. For those of you who have a real live AK or a Valmet, may I wish you happy shooting! The rest of us poor slobs will just have to content ourselves with our homemade M2 carbines and such for our full-auto thrills. ■

Photos by Mike Henderson

MOUNTAIN MAMA

We didn't believe Curly when he ran this tale down to us, until he showed us these flicks. He told us that one day, while cruisin' 'round the local grassy hills, he ended up puttin' casually upon a pothole-scattered dirt road. Above the time his teeth began to rattle his skull loose, he decided to stop, kick his heavy, Indian side stand down, and smoke a joint. Like a good wet dream beginning to form, as Curly got loaded he saw what looked like an illusion of a woman hiking up the hill. Curly smacked the side of his head, making a reality effort, but, sure as when out of gas the engine will quit, she was as real as high prices.



Everyone to his own fetishes, but this chick strolled up to his scoot and started looking it over—and not the way most foxes check out a man's putt. This one began to fondle the shiny Indian, running her hand over the smooth chrome.

Ol' Curly was baffled. All he could do was wind the film in his handy pocket camera, as she began to disrobe and work out on the steel phallic symbol. But Curly wasn't to be left out. 'Bout the time she got like a tea kettle ready to whistle, she turned to Curly. The metal vibrator was forgotten as she went after the real thing. Well, Curly's story and photos are neat, but I've been up in those hills some ten or twelve times this week, and the Mountain Mama ain't to be found. Do ya suppose he kept her?

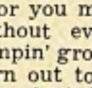
—Snake

Asstrology

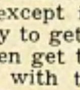
By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Taurus (April 21—May 20)
Pull in your horns, pull up your drawers, and don't let your tongue get loose. Someone with no class is out to fry your ass! Maybe ya been crotch hoppin' in the wrong hole and got caught? If that's the problem, find another pussy to putt with or start wearing a disguise to the crater cunt's crib. Remember, if ya scooze, ya lose!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)
Sometimes you're game for anything, especially if it's something new. Be careful now or you may take a trip, without ever leavin' your stompin' grounds. This could turn out to be a bad trip, if you don't know your drug source. Watch what ya drop or you'll end up with your dick in the dirt.



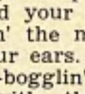
Cancer (June 21—July 21)
You Cancers never cease to amaze me! You can get yourselves into more weird shit. This month is no exception, except it may not be as easy to get out of. Ya might even get toasted and wake up with the Gettysburg Address tattooed on your ass cheeks or, if it will fit, on the head of your dick!



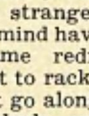
Leo (July 22—August 21)
Be on the lookout for some dynamite deals that should come your way. One of your tight (or loose) partners should turn you on to more than just a few good numbers now. It could turn out to be the chance of a lifetime. That isn't the only thing coming—by the end of the month you'll be drained dry!

Virgo (August 22—September 21)
Better turn down any turn-outs now or you'll end up with a lot more than fungus on the ol' bum. Keep your crank oiled up at the pad—it's better to be safe than sorry. Besides, ya might get your dog trampled on in the rush. Busy yourself with some shrewd dealin' and plenty of wheelin'!

Libra (September 22—October 22)
Now that the strain is gone from your gonads it's time to lighten up on throwin' around your meat and start usin' the muscle between your ears. Jot down any mind-bogglin' ideas you come up with—they'll come in handy next month. Go ahead and party hardy—just don't bang your balls off!



Scorpio (October 23—November 21)
If you're into some heavy-money-makin' deal that's not completely legal, be careful! This is definitely not the time to take chances or trust strangers. Unless ya don't mind having to face some lame redneck jury that's out to rack your balls up. Don't go along with any strange deals, only strange pieces of poontang!

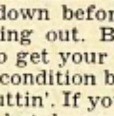


Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)
Except for a few cheap asses tryin' to sponge off ya and some bung breath tryin' to pack peanuts in your poop chute (for free), or maybe several sweat hogs hangin' on your horse cock, it's a laid-back month. But then if it weren't bizarre, you'd be bored and try to stir up some crazy shit.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)
Holy fuck! You're on a winning streak right now. Maybe you'll win a weekend at a hooker convention along with fifty coupons for free fucks. Or how about a year's supply of Colombian? Would you believe Miraculous Mutha for one night (any more would give you a strain)? It's gonna be a mean month for ya, so enjoy!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)
Seems a few of your bros are givin' ya some advice—like shove it up your ass sideways or go fuck yourself. Perhaps what ya thought was a buzz was really a blackout. If you'd cut loose a few of your stumblers instead of eatin' 'em all yourself, you wouldn't be on the shit list.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)
If ya can't get that fishy smell off your fingers, maybe it's because you've been doin' too much homework. Slow down before ya wear the thing out. Besides, it's time to get your scoot back in top condition before summer puttin'. If you're low on bucks but heavy on fucks, do less reamin' and more schemin'.



Aries (March 21—April 20)
Poor you, your ego could be about as flat as a summer nut sack. Everything ya do seems to fuck up. About the only thing you'll pick right will be your nose. You'll probably even drop your stash in the shitter and then take a crap on it. But by next month you'll be as cocksure as ever, so hang in there! ■

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DOWN-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

BY ZOM

SOUNDS

LASSO FROM EL PASO/ KINKY FRIEDMAN & THE TEXAS JEWBOYS: "Ole Ben Lucas had a lot of mucous, running right out of his nose." So sings Kinky Friedman, who then goes on to add: "When it's cotton-pickin' time in Texas, boys, it's bugger-pickin' time for Ben."

Very funny, but who the fuck is Kinky Friedman, right? In case you haven't already run across (or over) this varmint from Palestine, Texas (I swear), he's some sort of local hero down Texas way now making waves nationally. The above snot song is from his third album, titled "Lasso From El Paso" and formerly titled "Asshole From El Paso."

Not all the cuts on the album are crazy. There's some reggae mixed up in "Bananas And Cream" and it's balladsville on numbers like a long saddle about "drunken Ira Hayes," and "Dear Abby." But essentially this is a funny, funky album from a complete lunatic who's already hot nuts in the music hierarchy. Appearing on this album with him, somewhere back in the chorus and/or band are Eric Clapton, Ron Wood, Ringo Starr, most of The Band, Dr. John and Roger McGuinn.

The album cover itself is a gas, designed to look like a pack of Camels, and here's a little bit more of what lurks inside. The "Sold American" cut was recorded live on Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review, but it isn't as good as "Kinky," which proclaims "when it's getting too kinky for the rest of the world it's getting just right for me." (Amen.) "Men's Room In L.A." is liable to make you shit laughing, but my favorite is the "Waitret" song about a guy with a speech impediment in Dallat who wants the waitret to please sit on his fate. All right!

LEO KOTTKE/DID YOU HEAR ME?: Leo Kottke doesn't sing much. He once said in the liner notes on one of his past albums that his voice sounds like "geese farts in the wind." Now, Leo's from Minnesota and those cold ol' boys admittedly know all about geese farts, but he doesn't know shit about voices. His is fine, no it's better than fine, and for sure a lot better than most of the singers who think they can sing. Check out his rendition of Tom T. Hall's "Pamela Brown," for instance, one of the few vocals on this album.

But voice really isn't his instrument. What Leo really plays the fuck out of is the guitar. In fact, he's considered the best acoustic guitarist playing in America today. Very much an underground hit for a while, his concerts have started selling out, his records selling out, too.

If you like acoustic guitar, don't pass up this album, or his others. This contains 14 of Kottke's best performances from the years 1971-76, six of which he re-mixed for this album because the old versions bugged him. For those who really know about gittar pickin', he plays everything from a Bozo, to a Martin #28 to a Lo Prinzi on this album, not to mention a Baldwin 12-string and a Gibson Gospel. Huh?

JOE ELY: You don't have to be a shit-kicker to dig this first album (on that label anyway) by a tough-voiced bro from West Texas. Lotsa songs about bars and highways. I especially liked the cut called "Suckin' A Big Bottle Of Gin." And I would.

THE BEST OF STEPHEN STILLS: Well, kiss my ass. The best of Stephen (Jesus, Steve would have been a little less obnoxious) Stills woudn't fill an eye-cup, much less an entire album. For a person who can't sing, can't play an instrument, can't write music or perform it, this cat's made a lotta long green. If you wonder how this can happen, especially when he left a good group like the Buffalo Springfield to join forces with the likes of David Crosby and that rock and roll joke, Neil Young, it's because people's taste is in their bowels. Known in the industry as Blind Steve, he can see but he can't do much else, as this album proves beyond a reasonable doubt.

LITTLE RIVER BAND: I just found out why people have been nagging at me to listen to a group called Little River Band. I listened. They're terrific. I've been hearing about them ever since this album came out. Not much happened with it at first, probably because one of the best songs on the album was nearly nine minutes long and that's a no-no to programers, even FM. So they chopped several minutes off, and it became a hit single. Maybe you've heard it; the title is "It's A Long Way There."

Since then, the album's wafted around, a hit here, and a hit there, on the charts, off the charts. But for a first album, especially for a group from outside the country (Australia already!), it's a sensational effort and a good showing. There's another album due out in a few months, but if you like fine music, I'd hunt this one up.

Hey, what's happenin'? I was so enthusiastic, I wrote a whole record review without one single foul utterance! My God! Quick! Get back to normal! Okay, okay, how's this? There was a young chickie named Alice/ who used dynamite sticks for a phallus/ they found her vagina in North Carolina/and part of her anus in Dallas. Whew. That was close.

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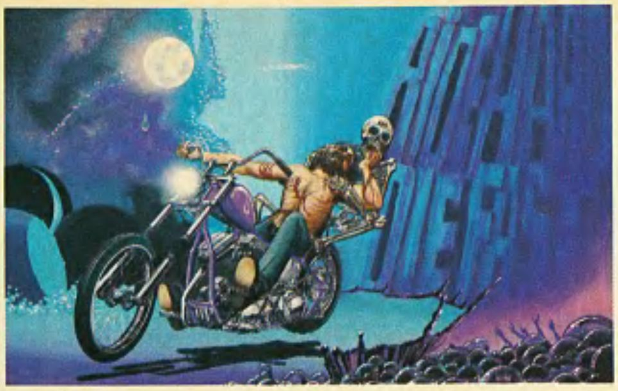
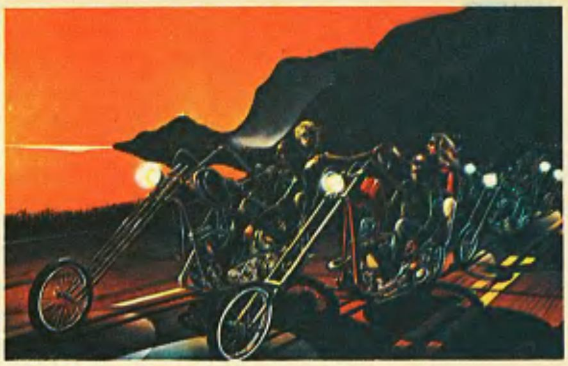
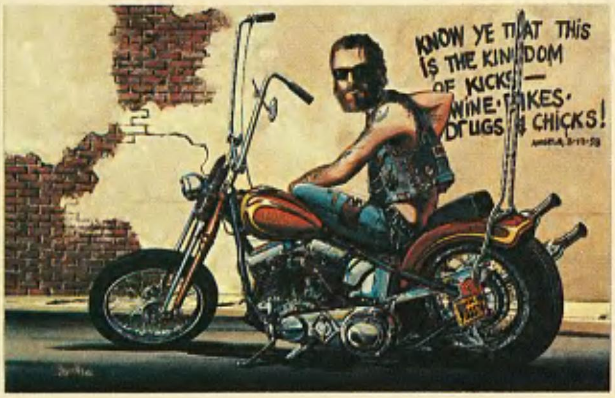


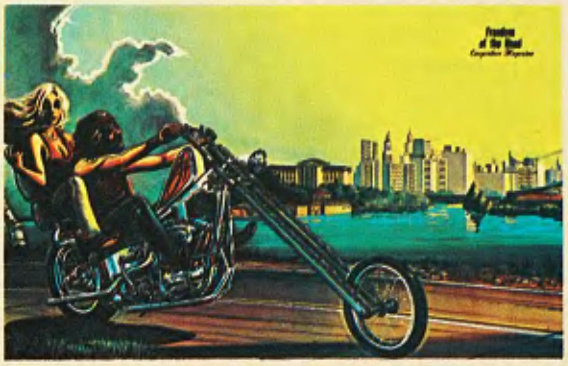
M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"

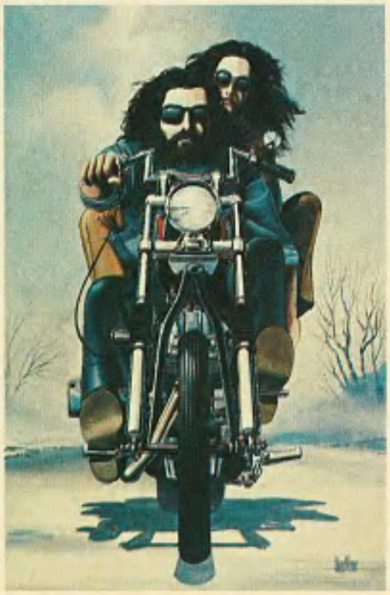


M-2 "Freedom of the Road"

M-3 "Night Run"

M-7
"Run Heat"

M-4 "One for the Road"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"

M-9 "Hollyweed"

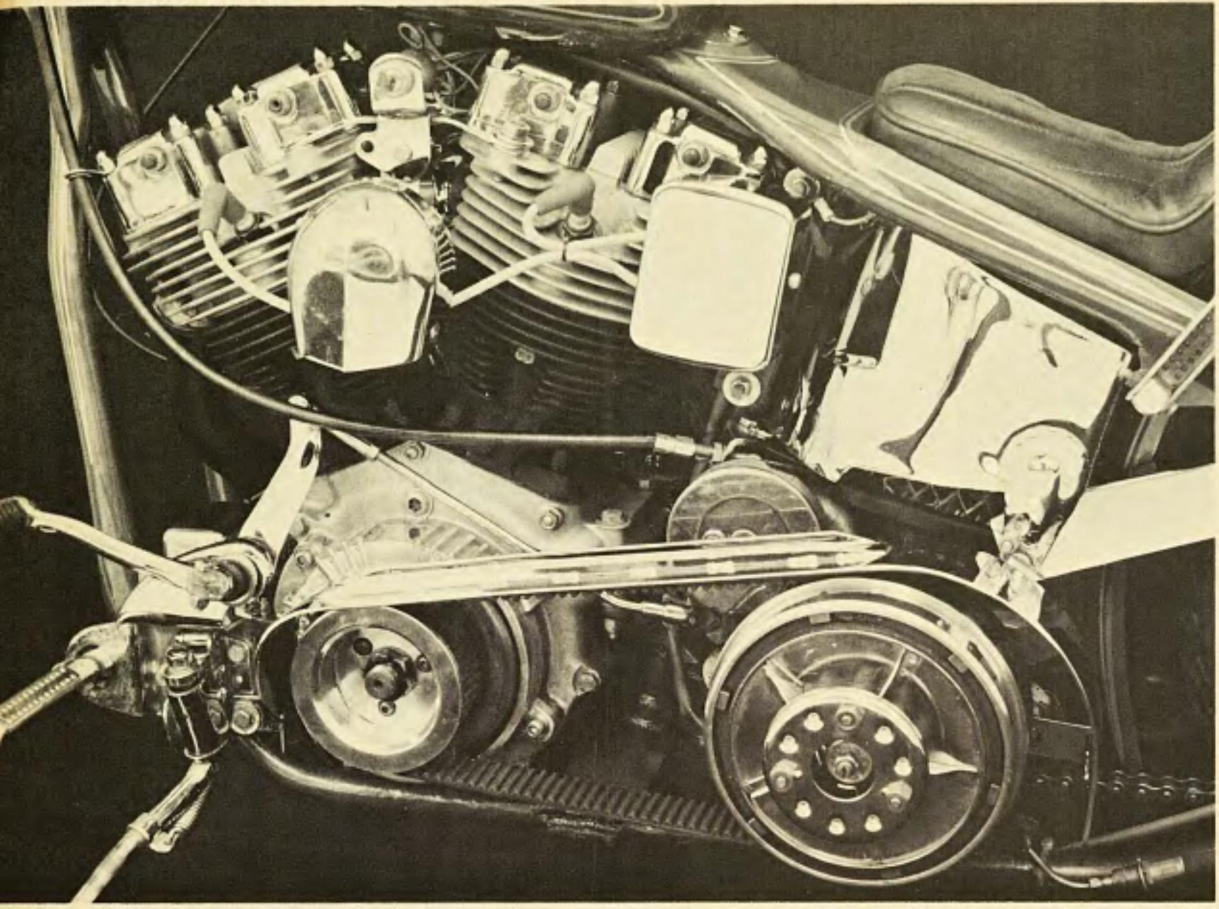
SHOP OWNER SHOVEL

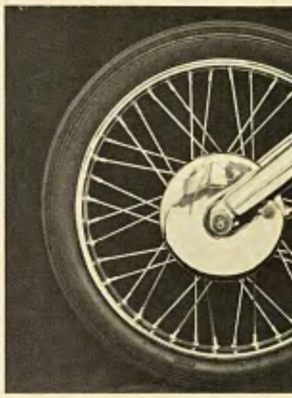
That statement may sound strange. But get a job in a shop and see if you'll ever have time to even adjust your chains. Shit, the joint may have every special Harley-Davidson tool imaginable nailed to the wall, but your bike will barely hang together—never receiving needed repairs.

The owner of this bike owns a small shop and this is the first bike he's been able to build for himself in many, many moons. He's built bikes for his brothers, customers, sidewalk commandos, you name it. But by the time he was ready to change the oil in **his** rat, it would be crap-out time, or he was so sick and tired of looking at V-twins he'd rather get bombed and watch the boob tube.

When it came time to go on a run, he became the man to check out every-

Photos by Pete Chiodo



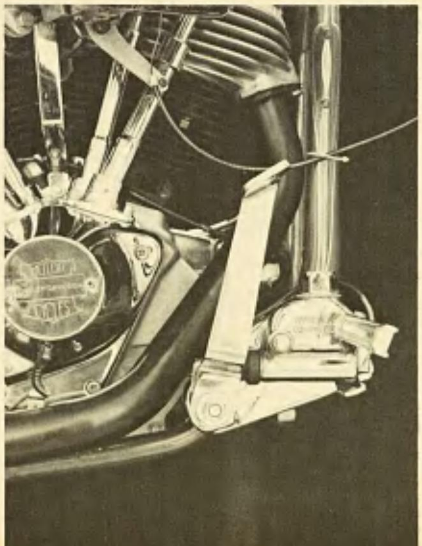


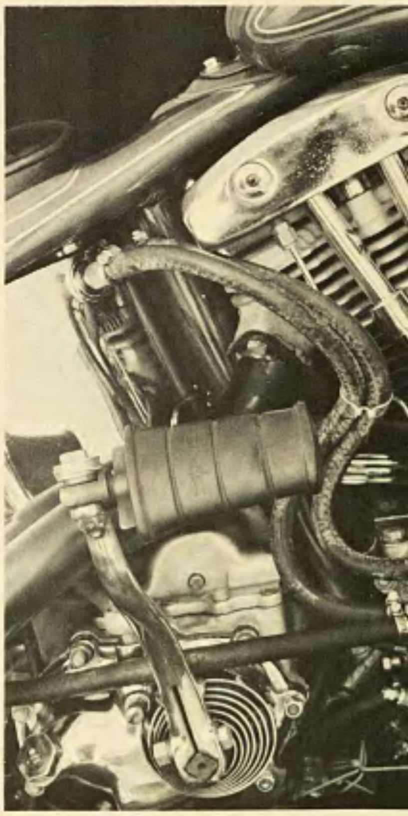
one's bike but his own. And, while on the road, if someone broke down, he was the one-man rescue squad. Of course, if **he** broke down the pack would just seem to leave him alongside the road in a cloud of oil smoke—he was the expert, so he could fix it.

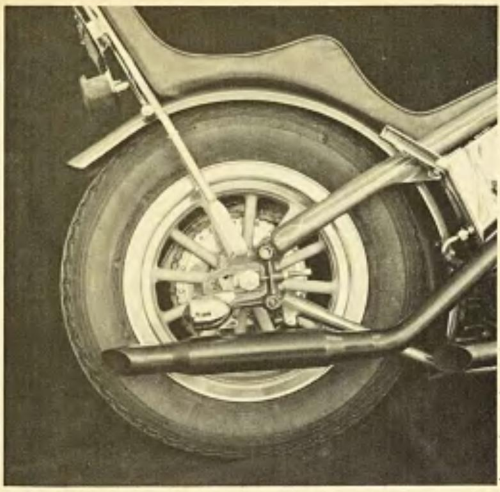
Ben finally decided it was time to build himself a scoot that would hold up through the timeless torture of no maintenance. To do the job he needed a little hour glass of his own. About the only way around his predicament was to close down the shop and tell everyone that he was leaving town to visit a sick granny. Then, in the middle of the night, he'd sneak back to the shop with enough provisions for a month and begin to work on his creation, never seeing the light of day until the bike was complete.

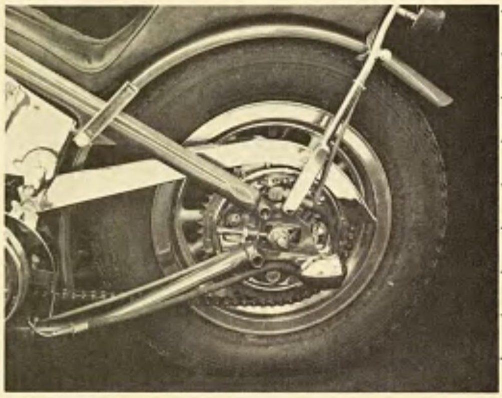
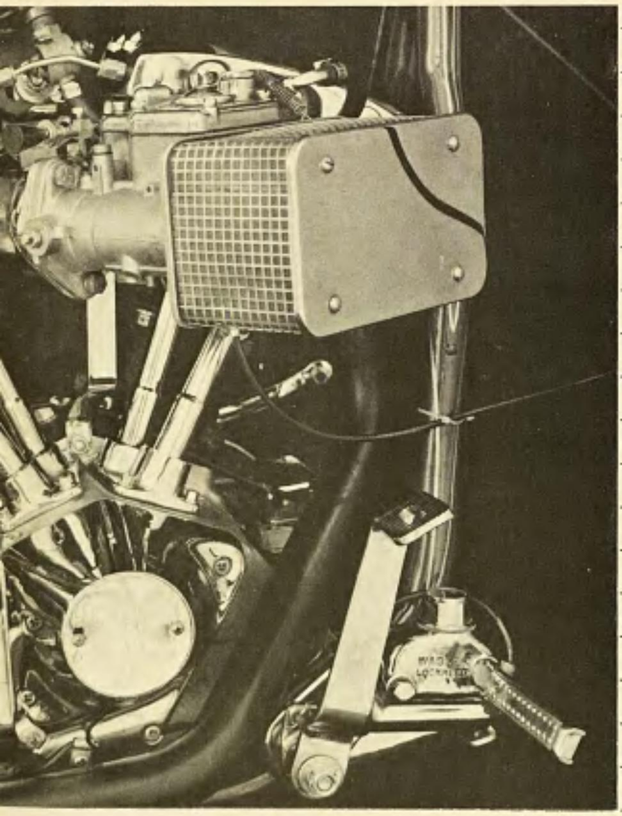
Well, he did it, and the bike is on the streets. Let's just hope the styles don't change in the putter world for the next five years—'cause Ben won't get a chance to change his plugs for at least three.

—Bandit







Owner: Ben Pinton

City: San Fernando , California

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year and make: 1974 H-D
- Model: FX
- Value: $4,500
- Assembly by: Ben's Cycle Works
- Time: 40 days
- Chroming by: Dan's

Engine

- Year: 1974
- Model: FX
- Rebuilder: Turk
- Ignition: stock
- Displacement: 86 cu. in.
- Lower end: 4 ½-in. stroke
- Balancing: S & S
- Pistons: .040 TRW
- Cases: wirebrushed
- Heads: hand polished
- Cam: B-grind Andrews
- Lifters: Sifton solids
- Carb(s): 40 DCOE Weber
- Air cleaner: MPD turn-out manif.
- Pipes: Paughco
- Muffler(s): Paughco

Transmission

- Modifications: none
- Year: 1974
- Shifting: ratchet
- Engine sprocket: 24
- Trans sprocket: 25
- Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

- Molding: owner
- Painter: S.B. Paints
- Color: berry red
- Type: Imron enamel
- Special paint: Walt's Striping

Frame

- Year: 1954
- Builder: H-D
- Type: cradle
- Rake: 1 inch
- Stretch: none
- Alterations: stress bar removed

Accessories

- Bars: Flanders #2
- Risers: 4-inch
- Fender(s): 5-inch flat
- Headlight: Bates
- Taillight: M.C.
- Speedo: none
- Front pegs: owner
- Rear pegs: owner
- Electrics: Ben's Cycle Works
- Gas tank: 3-gal. E.M.E.
- Oil tank: early horseshoe
- Oil system: Neoprene Lines
- Primary cover: Phase III/owner
- Seat: So. Cal. Seats
- Sissy bar: owner
  - Height: 24 inches
  - Material: round stock

Forks

- Type: glide
- Extension: 12 inches
- Builder: H-D & owner
- Special features:

Wheels

Front	Rear
Size: 21 in.	Size: 15
Hub: stock	Hub: U.S. Mag
Rim width: 2 ½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 3.00	Tire: Veloce
Brake: stock	Brake: juice

FREE EASYRIDERS!

That's right—a free copy of **Easyriders** is yours, when you make a measly $10.00 purchase from any of the chopper shops listed here.

ALABAMA

East Shore Cycle Center P.O. Box 777, Daphne (Mobile)
Riders Bike Shop 1334 Tuscaloosa Ave. S.W., Birmingham

ALASKA

Barrys Custom Cycle 1204 Chugach Wy., Anchorage

ARIZONA

The Scooter Shop 4380 E. Speedway, Tucson, Az.
Mac's Scooter Shop 310 E. Sixth St., Tucson

Ocean Side HD 12815 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix, Az.
Cosmic Choppers & Parts Unlimited 4127 W. 19th Ave., Phoenix
Performance HD 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson

CALIFORNIA

Lee's Scooter Shop 4059-A Beloveria Ct., Fremont
Setting Sun Choppers 118 N. "I", Lompoc
The Other Place 15052 Red Hill St., Tustin
Custom Leathers 1837 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
Frisco Choppers Inc. 375 Valencia St., San Francisco
American Cycle Works 435 S. Palm St., Ventura
B & J's MC Parts 1010 N. Court, Visalia
D&G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
The Custom Hut 226½ B St., Yuba City
Crazy Daves 7880 Old Redwood Hwy., Cotati
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland
House of Motorcycle Parts 291-A El Camino Real, San Bruno
Rawlings Motor Maniacs 3755 E. Belmont Ave., Fresno
Joe Scarber Custom Cycles 21426 Sherman Wy., Canoga Park
HD West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey, Ca.
Johns Custom Bikes 4555 E. Belmont, Fresno
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 353 Shell Beach Rd., Shell Beach
Discount Chopper Parts 2610 Orangethrope, Fullerton
Donald Myers MC Acc. & Parts 3995 San Leandro St., Oakland, Ca.
Santa Maria Cycle Parts 2160 W. Lomita Blvd., Lomita, Ca.
Drag Bike Eng. 2219 Artesia Blvd., Redondo Beach
Vicker's Honda Custom Chop 3500 Fulton Ave., Sacramento, Ca.
Whitley's Fabrication 5385 Franklin Blvd., Sacramento
Lee's Scooter Shop 4059-A Beloveria Ct., Fremont
B & B MC 7412 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach
Just Leather 2370 Stevens Creek Blvd., San Jose
The Shop—Indian and HD 6541 Ventura Blvd., Ventura
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Maclay St., San Fernando
Setting Sun MC Acc. 5859 Hollister, Goleta
Motorcycle Emporium 712 E. Alosta Ave., Glendora
Mikes Cycle Spec. 21412 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
Jammer Cycle Products 800 S. San Fernando, Burbank
Michael's Motorcycle Works 2311 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica
Merced Harley Davidson 1745 Yosemite Pky., Merced
Uncle Sams West 45825 Warm Springs Blvd. Fremont, Ca.
Ben's Cycle Works 1432 San Fernando Rd., San Fernando
Chopper Acc 5909 Atlantic Blvd., Maywood
Cycle Boutique 3520 Crenshaw, Los Angeles
Cycle Odyssey 6524 Mission St., Daly City
Flokunhimers Machine Works 15196 Westgate, Westminster
Sacramento Cycle Center 535 Fulton Ave., Sacramento
Two Broke Tramps 701 No. Mclay, San Fernando
Zaidels New & Used HD Parts 4076 University, San Diego

CANADA

Al's Choppers 1119 Main St., Hamilton Ontario
Lakeshore Cycle Works Hwy 21 North, Kincardine, Ontario
Toronto Custom MC Supply 2248 Kingston Rd., Scarborough, Ontario

COLORADO

Brown & Sons 601 W. Churchamas, Colorado Springs
High Country Choppers 11 S. Federal Blvd., Denver
74th Dimension 2020 S. Prairie, Pueblo
A & B Cycle Exchange 2985 Columbine Rd., Denver
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises P.O. Box 2991, Grand Junction
Denver Custom Cycle 6894 Hwy. 2, Commerce City
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
Harley Davidson of Colorado Springs 1005 Fountain Creek Blvd., Colorado Springs

CONNECTICUT

Fine Line Speed & Cycle 37 Main St., Danielson
Custom Cycle Acc. U.S. Rte. 7, Brookfield, Ct.
JD Cycle Shop 1859 Wilbur Cross Pkwy., Berlin
K&P Cycles 1802 Stratford Ave., Stratford
Bill's Harley-Davidson 103 W. Main St., Clinton

DELAWARE

Hall Cycles 414 Maryland Ave., Wilmington

FLORIDA

Unauthorized HD 7200 Park Blvd., Pinellas Park
Biker's Stash 207 Racetrack Rd., Ft. Walton Beach
Florida Cycle Parts Inc. 1120 E. Colonial Dr., Orlando
Harley Davidson of Palm Beach 1331 N. Military Trail, West Palm Beach
Medford Joe's MC Repairs 5955 Lee St., Hollywood
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson Sales 509 Seminole Blvd., Largo
Michael Cycle Service 3232 San Pablo, Jacksonville
Cycle Boutique 515 24th Ave. N., Lake Worth, Fla.
L&K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 NE 44th St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
B & D Chopper Shop RR 13 BX 94-A, Ocala, Fla.
Larrys Scooter Depot 17300 US 41, Lutz
Pompano Pete's 900 N. Dixie Hwy., Pompano Beach
C.C. Cycle 516 S. Dixie Hwy., W., Pompano Bch.
Florida MC Rebuilding 1204 Dixie Hwy., Hollywood
Trojan Cycle Works 20 Warehouse Rd., Latona
Cycle Mania 523 Volusia Ave., Daytona Beach

GEORGIA

The Pit Stop 3123 Victory Dr., Columbus
GT MC Supply 5155 Buford Hwy., Doraville
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1731 S. Cobb Dr., Marietta
Fat Alberts Custom Choppers 3952 E. Ponce De Leon Ave. Clarkston
The Motorcycle Palace 490 Flowing Wells Rd., Martinez

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamaile St., Honolulu
Iron Horse Den 570 Auahi St., Bldg. #4, Honolulu

IDAHO

C & C Harley-Davidson 1145 N. Haskett, Mtn. Home
Pit Stop 250 Yellowstone, Pocatello

ILLINOIS

Midwest Triumph 3650 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago
Big M Cycle 1749 W. 35th St., Chicago
Motorcycle & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
Cycle Jammer Shop 31259 23 Ave., Moline
Dales Cycle Engineering 424 Hill Ave., Aurora
Chicago Roy's 5730 W. 87th St., Burbank, Ill.
Motorcycles & Supplies 805 E. Locust St., Fairbury
Midwest Triumph 1250 S. Lake, Mundelein
Garden Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet, Ill.
Chopper Parts & Stuff 818 W. Dennison, Champaign, Champaign, Ill.
House of Cycles 11109 S. Western, Chicago
R & H Choppers 1108 Mill St., Plainfield, Ill.
Friese Harley-Davidson 600 M. L. King Drive, East St. Lo
Kegel Motorcycle Co. 5833 Auburn St., Rockford
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Triangle MC Service 4344 W. Armitage Ave., Chicago
Villa Park HD 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park

INDIANA

The Cycle Shop 3409 S. Western Ave., Marion
Midwest Chopper Center 75 East 73rd Ave., Merrillville
Brandt's HD Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash, Ind.
J.M.E. Chopper Spec. 2832 169th St., Hammond,
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
HD of Michigan City 1804 Franklin St., Michigan City
Head Hunters Customs 210 E. Main St., New Albany
Thoxtons Cycle Sales 7950 Pendleton Pike, Indianapolis

IOWA

Custom Cycle Design 900 1st Ave., Coralville
Custom Sport & Service Hwy. 169, Humbolt
Waterloo Custom Cycle 821 Franklin, Waterloo
Cedar City Cycle 1516 Lincoln St., Cedar Falls

KANSAS

Cycleparts of Manhattan 210 Poyntz, Manhattan
Free Wheeling 3304 W. 6th St., Topeka
S & E Motorcycle Acc. 724 N. Main St., Russell
Cycle Acc. 515 N. Main, Hutchinson
Jerry's Custom Cycle & Acc. 1128 Main, Parsons, Ks.
Blackwater Van & Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Kay Cee Auto & Chop Sales 2845 Indiana, Topeka

LOUISIANA

Custom Chopper Shop, Inc. 12619 Fla. Blvd., Baton Rouge
Bills Custom Cycle 13408 Morvant, Baker
Cyclone Cycles, Inc. Corner Huey & 15th St., Gretna

MAINE

Stone Choppers 220 Main St., Rockland

MARYLAND

Aberdeen Custom Cycles 215 S. Phila. Blvd. Rt. 40, Aberdeen
Custom Cycle Company 7 H Aylesbury Rd., Timonium
Routt's Cycle Center, Inc. 4633 42nd Pl., Hyattsville
R & R Speed & Cycle 4804 Stamp Rd., Temple Hills,
John Spicer & Sons Box 3 Rd 1, Bel Air, Md.
Tri State HD Inc. Rt. 273 E., Rising Sun
Hide-A-Way Leather Co. 7214 Holabird Ave., Dundalk
Kim's Custom Painting 10025 Harford Rd., Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

Calif. Chopper Specialties 405 Coggeshall St., New Bedford
D'C. Ent. 107 Union St., Easthampton, Mass.
Cape Cod Choppers & Custom Bikes Inc. 2476 Cranberry Hwy., P.O. Box 624, Wareham, Mass.
Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Cycle Parts Center of Boston 156 Brighton Ave., Allston
East Coast Acc 184 Worchester St., Wellesley Hills
J & R Cycles 42 Payne St., Lowell
Chopping Block 595½ Broadway Rt. 28, Lawrence
East Coast Acc. 60 Brighton Ave., Allston

MICHIGAN

United MC Chrome Exchange 1905 Lake St., Kalamazoo
Moe's Cycle Shop 2161 S. Meridan Rd., Midland
Dirt & Chrome Shop 800 E. Columbia Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.
H&D Kustom Cycles 1322 Shakespeare, Kalamazoo,
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack
Carlini Cycle Creations 25245 Ford Rd., Dearborn,
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Creative Cycle Sales 9039 Davison Rd., Davison
Hinman Custom Bikes Box 331 Railroad St., Rudyard
Michigan MC Acc 3227 28th St., Grandville, Mich.
R & R Productions 1018 Emmet St., Petoskey
Jacks Cycle World 10489 E. Grand River, Brighton
Norms Chop Shop 10665 S. Dehmel, Birch Run
P & P Cycle Prod. 2285 W. Maple Rd., Walled Lake
Sovereign Scooter Kingdom 4569 E. Gordonville Rd., Freeland
Sulky Ent. 12809 Gratiot, Detroit
The Pit 2411 Genesee, Saginaw
J & M Cycles 114 Hollis St., Jackson

MINNESOTA

Norther Leisur Corp 23 N Benton Dr., Sauk Rapids,
Jammer Cycle Products 858 Decatur Ave. N. Minneapolis
Northeast Chopper Supply 1854 Central Ave., NE, Minneapolis, Minn.
Marv Jorgensons Chopper City 3126 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis
B & J Custom Cycle Old Hwy 53, Eveleth
Bowlands HD Box 501, Wadena
Smith Bros. & Fetrow, Inc. 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
U.S. Engineering Inc. 162nd St. & 35 W. So., Lakeville
Valley Enterprises 6439 Lyndale Ave. South, Richfield
Parts Plus Inc. 1900 University Ave., St. Paul
PJ's Everything MC 111 N. Broadway, Rochester

MISSISSIPPI

Ocean Springs Kustom Cycle Hwy. 90 E., Ocean Springs
Harley-Davidson Sales & Serv. 1309 Bailey Ave., Jackson

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 N. Lindbergh, Hazelwood,
Gary Moores Cycle World No. 10371 W. Florissant, St. Louis
Dougs Choppers 3209 Hwy 10, Avondale, Kansas City,
St. Joe HD 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cycle & Rider Acc. 4400 Truman Rd., Kansas City
Moose Custom Cycle Parts 203 N. 4th St., Leadwood
Trenton Cycle Center 211 W. 10th St., Trenton
Custom Cycle Parts 9806 St. Charles Rock Rd., St. Ann
D & P Motorcycle 911 S. Crysler, Independence

MONTANA

Quality Custom Cycle 2323 Belknap, Billings

NEBRASKA

Stevens Chopper Supply 2771 Fort St., Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bill's Motorcycle Gear Rte 11 RFD #4, Rochester
New England Chopper Corner Main St., Wilton
Bill's Choppers 1803 Riverside Dr., Berlin
D & S Custom Cycle Supply 505 Highway 3a, Bow-Concord

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Choppers Unlimited 256 Broadway, Elmwood Park
Highway 33 Sports Highway #33, Hightstown
GT Cycle Spec. #4 New Market St., Salem
The Bike Barn 275 River Rd., N. Arlington, N.J.
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Competition Cycle Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
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Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway

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J & D Cycle 1220 Vestal Ave., Binghamton
K & K Custom Street Cycle LTD 27 Main St., Kings Park
House of Chopper 257 Carlton Ave., E. Islip
Diamonds Custom Machine 101-04 101 Ave., Ozone Park, Queens, New York
KC Choppers 527 Halstead Ave., Mamaroneck
Custom Fabrication 901 William St., Buffalo, N.Y
J.A.R. Choppers 215-45 29th Ave., Bayside
The Shady Painter MC Corp. 271 Buffalo Ave., Medford
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St, Rome, N.Y.
Locomotion Choppers 144 E. Main St., E. Islip
Cycle City, Inc. 111 Sunrise Hwy., Amityville
Urchin Custom Cycle 2325 Boston Post Rd., Larchmont
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt #22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
HD of New York 40-01 Northern, New York
Motor Mania Cycle Products 251 Lyell Ave., Rochester
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
The MC Supermarket 6695 S. Transit Rd., Lockport

NORTH CAROLINA

B&W Cycle Parts 713 Willow St., Mt. Airy
Bike World Box 142-C Rt. #3, Hubert
Don's Custom Cycle 1903 Skyway Ext., Monroe
T-Bird Cycle Shop Rt. 1 Kings Mtn. Hwy. Box 85, Gastonai
Mikes Hawg Repair 145 S. Sulsberry Ave., Granite Quarry
Et Jammin Supplies 1235 Thomas Ave., Charlotte
Littles Chop Shop 109 Chipaway Dr., Greenville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6503 Yadkin Rd., Fayetteville

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Foxes Fantastic Finishes R.R. 4 - Box 12C, Mandan

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Big Wheel Custom Cycles 4388 West St., Bx. 8, Homeworth
Cycle Kraft 129 N. Summit St., Akron
Beard's Chopper City 3309 E. Main St., Columbus
Bill's Cycle Shop 312 N. State St., Painesville
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Harley MC of Chillicothe Inc. 66 N. Walnut St., Chillicoth
High Desert Sounds 85 W. Washington, Burns
Cleveland MC Supply 4530 Pearl Rd., Cleveland,
Bikes & Trikes 509 Washington St., Coal Grove
Crazy Cycles 296 Chestnut Ridge Rd., Hubbard
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland
Lake Custom Cycle 1089 Lost Nation R., Willoughby
G & D Cycle Shop Rt. 2, Bryan
Toledo Choppers, Inc. 209 1st., Toledo, Oh.
Mt. Vernon Custom Cycle 305 S. Main, Mt.Vernon
Jammers Discount Cycles 4260 Pearl Rd., Cleveland
St. Angelos 76 2719 N. Ridge East, Ashtabula
Motorcycles, Inc. 11712 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio
Rick's Motorcycle Parts 6133 Acoma Dr., Toledo
Freedom Choppers 2350 E. Liberty, Vermilion
Iron Horse S. Main St., Geneva

OKLAHOMA

Sam's Custom Cycle House 6133 E. Admiral Pl., Tulsa

OREGON

Freedom Cycle Works, Inc. 1190 12th St. S.E., Salem

PENNSYLVANIA

V.D. Custom Van & Cycle Rd. #6, Box 112, Greensburg
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Best of Both Worlds Choppers 2524 Brownsville, Pittsburgh
The Bike Works 25 S. Easton Rd., Glenside
H. F. Hawkey Creations Rd. 2 Bx 511, Northhampton
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Cyclemates Inc. 158 Pennsylvania Ave., West Reading, Pa.
Kosmic Kolors Filbar St., Easton
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville, Pa.
Shunks Cycle Shop RR 2, Smithport, Pa.
H.F. Hawkey Creations Rd. 2 Box 511, Northhampton, Pa
R & S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood St., Minersville
D & M Glitter City 2677 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia
P.M.C. Custom Cycle 901 Market St., Marcus
The Cycle Shak 8 W. Main St., Clarion

RHODE ISLAND

Custom Eng. 222 Washington St., W. Warwick
OZ Performance MC 15 Gooding Ave., Bristol, RI.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 300 West Ave., N. Augusta,
Buck's HD 1804 W. Palmetto St., Florence
Smitties Custom Cycles 101 Swanson Dr., Summerville

SOUTH DAKOTA

Motion Unlimited Rt. 2 Box 654-M, Rapid City

TENNESSEE

Randys Cycle Sales 130 N. Tennessee Ave., Etowah
Bundys Chopper Shop US 11-W. Kingsport Hwy., Blountsville, Tn.
Custom Cycle Center Rt. #13, Box 439, Greenville
Poppys Custom Choppers Parts 205 Cherokee St., Kingsport

TEXAS

Andy's MC Sales 1408 E. Lancaster St., Ft. Worth
Chandlers Cycle 3138 E. Lancaster, Ft. Worth, TX.
Cycle Center 3320 NE Loop 286, Paris
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Vance Cycle Accessories Rt #1, Bx. #278 Bass Blvd., Harlingen
Gulfway Cycles 2720 Gulfway Dr., Pt. Arthur
J & J Choppers 2210 Grant, Wichita Falls

UTAH

S&J 311 24 St., Ogden
Ken's Custom Cycle 4195 S. 500 West #33, Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA

Cycles Unlimited 2817 Dorr Ave., Fair Fax
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond, Va.
Cycle & Head Boutique 348 Crater Rd., Petersburg
Hawg Wild Cycles 884 Virginia Beach Blvd., Virginia Beach
Lilly HD, Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Abingdon
Trophy Custom Paint & Cycle 2715 Peters Creek Rd., Roanoke
K & S Cycle Care Center 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
East Coast Cycle Salvage 4997-B Cleveland St., Virginia Beach
Departure Bike Work 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Hawgs 1½ South Vine St., Richmond

WASHINGTON

Bradford MC Specialty 3729 S. G St., Tacoma, Wa.
D & D Cycle 5321 N. Market, Spokane

W. VIRGINIA

B & W Choppers Rt. 3, Bx. 231-A, Hurricane
HD of Huntington 4903 Waverly Rd., Huntington, WVA.
Iron Horse Custom Cycles #19 21st St., Wheeling
Dennis Harley-Davidson Rt 5, Box 646 A, Charleston

WISCONSIN

Bazaar Cyclery 526 N. Main St., Fond du Lac
Barneys Choppers Inc. 105 N Parker Dr., Janesville,
Rich's Pit Stop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Bill's Cycle, Inc. Rt. 2, Box 132A, Racine
R & B Supercycles 1535 Douglas Ave., Racine
Wild Willy's Speed Emporium 1002 No. 11th St., Manitowoc
Tri State Cycle 3926W Burleigh St., Milwaukee

. . . To Dust

—Continued from page 13

Gronk smashed the bowl into tiny fragments, locked the doors to the bar and then threw a party that the patrons of Mother Pearl's would not soon forget. Music, booze and laughter filled the bar until sunrise when the party's survivors staggered out onto the streets.

The months flashed by, boozing and smoking, overhauling the scooters, jammin' on runs with local clubs, and evenings at Mother Pearl's, sharing the broads and the good times. Time was mellow.

Several times, No Name mentioned he ought to be moving on, but each time Gronk convinced him to stay a while longer. One more party. One more ride.

The chill of autumn was finally setting in. Gronk turned up the collar of his black leather jacket as he and No Name blasted down the 18th Street Expressway and over to Central Avenue on their way to Mother Pearl's.

Parking their 74s out front, they went into the back room and grabbed a table.

"Looks like we're early. The place is deserted."

"George is around here somewhere; he never leaves the bar unattended," replied Gronk. "Hey, George, get your ass in here; you got customers." The sound died away in the silent bar.

Mutely at first and then gradually becoming louder, the noise of shuffling boots came from the outer room. No Name turned to face the door.

Several hard-faced riders carrying chains, knives and clubs filled the doorway and fanned out into the back room, effectively cutting off any exit. Gronk and No Name waited.

A tall, wiry dude with a hate-filled face stepped forward with a blacksmith's hammer in his right hand. The overhead light flashed on the gleaming SS bayonet with the broken cross on its handle that he held in his left hand.

"We've come for ya."

"Time got away from me or you'd never caught me sitting still." A weird grin slowly became fixed on No Name's face.

"You're the only one we want, so tell your big friend to hook it."

"You know it was your brother that started that knife fight."

"That don't make any difference now."

—Continued on next page

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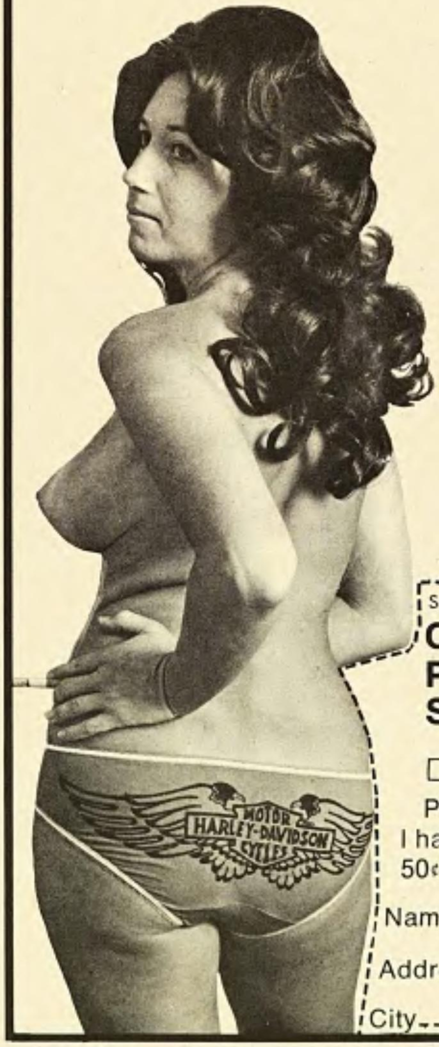

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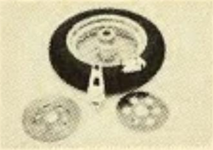

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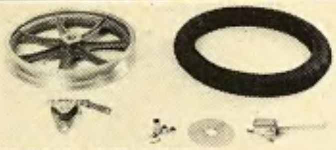

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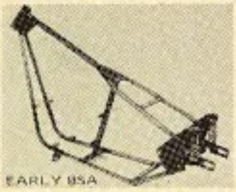

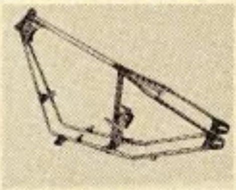

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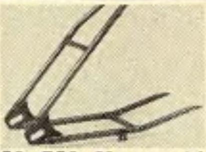

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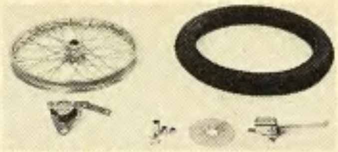

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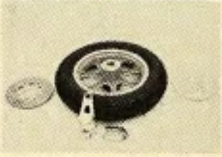

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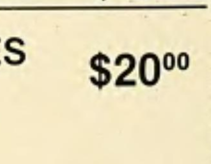

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Gronk sat at the table. He didn't own much but his Harley. He had a lot of friends but only one blood brother. This was his territory, small as it might be, and these outsiders were challenging his right to rule, and the safety of his blood. His face darkened. A black rage began to cloud his brain. Blood pounded through his temples. Teeth grated. Eyeballs glared. A low rumbling started in his chest. That's when the fury took him.

"Shit!"

Lifting a table over his head, Gronk heaved it into the riders. With a savage war cry he attacked, flailing left and right with a chair. Knives flashed. Bones cracked. A chain snaked through the air, shattering the remains of the chair and wrapping itself around Gronk's arm. Gronk yanked hard, pulling the chain's owner into fist range, where he sledgehammered his snarling face into a red pulp. As fast as one rider went down, another took his place.

Setting his back to the wall, Gronk swung the chain with both hands. A red mist swam before his eyes. Dimly, he could hear the sounds of a similar battle in a nearby corner filtering through, ending with an anguished cry of pain. "Gronk!"

Gronk looked for No Name but couldn't find him. Launching himself off the wall with a primal rage, he went for the corner. The chain hit deep into the side of a rider. Another rider thudded into the wall, groaning in pain. Gronk disappeared in a mass of bodies and was knocked to the floor. Boots smashed into his ribs, hands reached for his life. Gronk pulled one rider into a bear hug, using his body as a shield. The rider's thumbs crawled toward his eyes. Enraged, Gronk bit deeply into the rider's neck and was instantly covered with gore. A knife, driven with great force, stabbed Gronk in his upper arm and struck bone.

Then the fighting stopped as sirens wailed in the distance. Riders ran for the door.

"Move it, man!"

Gronk threw the rider's body to one side and struggled upright.

"No Name. Where are you? We gotta go."

No Name sagged against the wall, eyes closed, both hands clutching the bayonet that had been driven through his chest, pinning him to the wall.

Mindlessly howling his grief to the empty bar, Gronk wrenched out the bayonet. Catching No Name's body, he carried it over to the pool table and laid it out.

The sirens wailed closer and closer. Gronk locked the doors to the bar, then gathered up the broken tables and wooden chairs and heaped them around the pool table. Anything burnable went onto the growing heap. Several cans of cleaning fluid and solvents were poured over the pile of busted furniture. Screwing the lids back onto the empty cans, Gronk tossed them too onto the pile.

The sirens stopped. Fists pounded on the bar's front door.

"Police. Open the door."

Gronk picked up the dead rider and threw him at the bottom of the pyre at No Name's feet.

"Here's a dog to serve you in whatever hell you're going to, bro."

Laying the bayonet in No Name's right hand and a bottle of tequila in his left, Gronk struck a match.

Flames leaped across the table, sucking up the flammable liquid, eating at the wood. In the growing roar of fire Gronk thought he could almost see that weird grin on No Name's face again.

"So long, little brother. You were closer than my own flesh. Ride well. Till we meet again."

More pounding at the door.

"Hey, what's going on in there! Somebody go around and cover the back door."

Gronk opened the front door and roared. "A bomb. Run for your lives. There's a bomb in there."

The police and crowd of spectators stared at the bloody giant apparition standing in the smoky doorway. Then two of the large, sealed, cleaning fluid cans exploded. Police, spectators, dogs, everything ran for cover.

Gronk walked over to the two Harleys outside the door. Unscrewing the gas cap on No Name's bike, he knocked it over in the direction of the fire. Gasoline spilled over and ran down the sidewalk toward the flames.

Straddling his own scooter, Gronk kicked twice and it fired up. He sat for a moment more, wrapped in a black deepness, engine rumbling, while the fire cast a lurid bloody pallor on his features.

"Fuck it."

Opening the throttle, Gronk kicked it into gear and rode wounded into the night. ■

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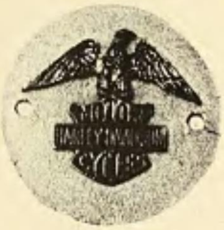

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Gonna Have a Party

—Continued from page 18

Red, well, he was something else. He easily topped six feet seven and weighed over three hundred pounds.

A girl Jason had not seen before was walking toward the three bikers. She wasn't really pretty, but there was something about her that radiated sex like no other woman he had ever met. Her dark brown hair fell past her shoulders in unkempt curls. Her dark eyes held a slightly mischievous look that almost challenged you to match your sexual ability against hers. And one glance told Jason she had a body to back up her challenge. She was a little too heavy, but it added to her sensuality rather than take away from it. She had on a halter top that jutted a good six inches straight out from the top of her chest and gently sloped down to the bottom of her ribcage. A soft line of black hair led invitingly from her exposed navel to the top of her skin-tight jeans. She had written in small white letters on the front of her jeans, "I've got it all."

Jason didn't doubt it in the least.

Her voice matched her body. "You handled that scene like a pro, man. I'm impressed."

Jason returned her compliment with a slight grin.

Red ignored the chick's remark. "Where you from, man?"

Jason leaned against the bar. "Tennessee."

Stud was next to speak. "Where you headed?"

Jason lit a Camel before answering. "Nowhere in particular."

Red asked, "What'cha called?"

"Black, Jason Black."

It was Stud's turn to speak again. "What you into, man?"

Jason was hesitant to answer. "I used to do a little writing."

Big Red and Stud looked at each other, momentarily dumbfounded.

Suddenly Big Red hollered with laughter. "Writing? You? You come on like you could have been Hermann Goering's right hand man, and you tellin' us you're a man of letters?"

Stud broke into a big grin. "I don't believe it, man, this dude's not for real."

Big Red shook his great hairy head. "For some fuckin' reason I think you're okay, man. I'll tell you what, letterman, we're gonna have a little party in a bit. A few of the boys here are goin' out in just a few minutes to

rip us off a pig and then we're gonna barbecue that mother. You're welcome to join us for some fine eats and some good socializin'."

Jason didn't hesitate. "Sounds good to me."

Thirty minutes later, eleven bikes, Jason's among them, pulled up into the yard of a run-down farmhouse. After much discussion as to who was to go get the pig, Big Red, Stud, Wildman, and a big, dumb-looking dude with nothing on but bib overalls all piled into the back of a beat-up van. Wildman brought a ten-pound sledge hammer and an axe. Big Red had a sawed-off shotgun.

After waiting for several minutes Big Red stuck his head out of the rear of the van and hollered toward the house.

"Come on, Moon—we ain't got all fuckin' night."

Before he got the words out of his mouth a chick weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred fifty pounds came charging out the back door cursing at Big Red. "You big ugly cocksucking one-eyed redheaded bastard, I ought to make you drive this fuckin' heap yourself."

Big Red grinned. "Aw, quit your bitchin' and let's go. It'll be light in another hour or so."

With a lot of huffing and wheezing Moon lifted her huge ass into the driver's seat. After more cussing and grumbling they headed down the gravel road, Moon driving and Big Red riding shotgun.

Wildman was getting restless in the back of the van. Occasionally he'd cut his eyes at Jason and mumble under his breath.

"How much goddam further, Red?"

Big Red laughed. "Keep your fuckin' pants on, you fucker, there ain't no need to get excited. This is one pig you ain't gonna fuck."

Stud turned to Jason and laughed. "That shithead will screw anything that moves. Be sure to sleep with your pants up and your ass on the ground."

Everybody broke up.

The twin headlights of a car could be seen coming in the distance. Moon motioned to Big Red. "Quick, Red, take the wheel." She was pulling herself out of the driver's seat.

"Aw shit, Moon, not now."

"Quick, goddam it, that fucker'll be by us in just a second."

Big Red got behind Moon and took the wheel.

In one fluid motion she turned her

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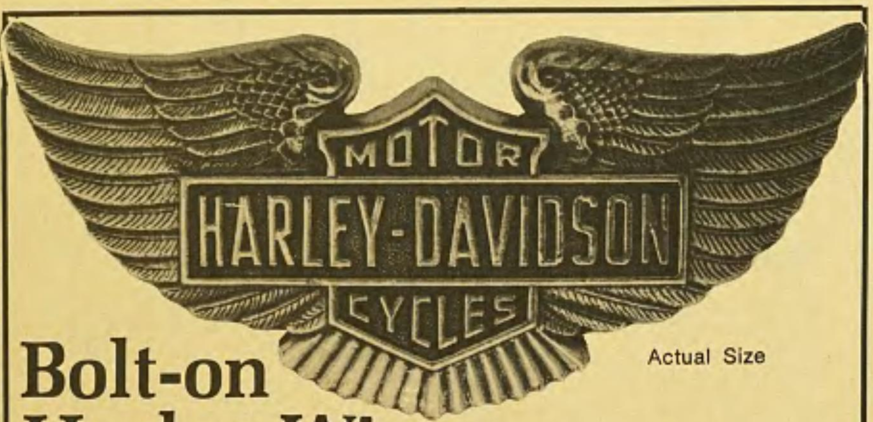
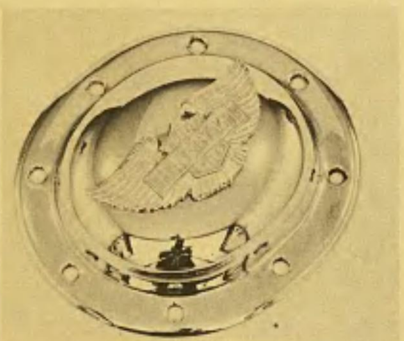
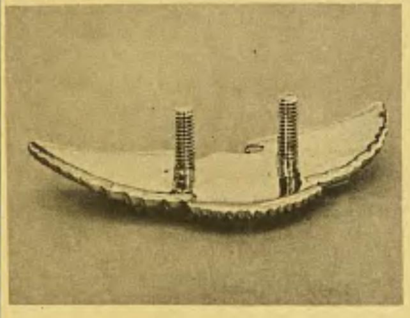


Bolt-on Harley Wings

Actual Size





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back to the oncoming car, bent over at the waist, pushed down her jeans and hollered to no one in particular, "I bet the fucker in that car will cream in his drawers when he sees my beautiful ass staring at him."

The man in the oncoming car was half asleep. The thing that caught his attention was that Big Red's van had only one headlight and it was slightly weaving from side to side. As he approached the van, it looked as if its windshield was covered by two huge white hams, drawn together in the middle by a brown belt. As he flashed by, it dawned on him what the two white hams and the brown belt actually were. He was so shocked that he lost control of his car and skidded sideways some fifty yards before he could straighten it out again. This brought a howl of laughter from everybody in the van, including Jason.

Ten minutes later Moon had backed the van up to a small barbed wire enclosure. Everybody piled out except Moon, who stayed behind the wheel. Big Red whispered instructions. He pointed to the big dumb biker with the bib overalls on.

"Garbage, you go with Wildman into the pen. After he kills the shit, you help him drag it over here to the edge of the fence. Then me and Stud will lift the fucker over the wire and drag his ass into the van."

He turned to Jason. "Letterman, you keep your eye on that shack over there. If you see any movement, let me know."

He motioned to Wildman and Garbage to get going. Big Red held the waist-high wire as Wildman stepped over it. He immediately sank to his knees. The smell was overwhelming. He looked back at Big Red. "Goddam, Red, this shit's two feet deep and stinks like a pair of Moon's drawers."

"Shut up you chickenshit sonofabitch and go waste that fuckin' hog!"

Mumbling under his breath Wildman hefted his hammer in his right hand and sloshed over toward a four-hundred-pound hog standing silently in the mud. He stopped in front of the unconcerned hog. He swung the hammer with both hands high above his head, bringing it down with all his power directly on top of the animal's head. The hog blinked, looked up at the Wildman, grunted once, then looked away as if nothing had happened. Wildman was dumfounded. The hog was supposed to fall over dead, but it didn't even act hurt. With renewed fury he hit it

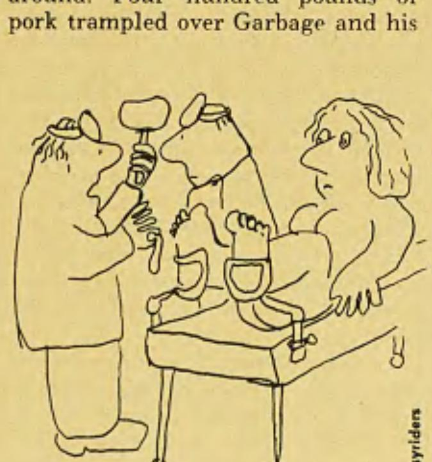
again. Still the hog just stood there. Wildman was about to blow his cool. He clubbed it twice more in rapid succession. The hog grunted contentedly and stood there with complete indifference. Wildman sloshed back over to the fence where Big Red was standing. "Do you believe that goddam motherfuckin' whore of a hog, Red? I beat the fuckin' hell out of him with this ten-pound hammer and the dumb bastard just stands there! Gimme that goddam axe—I bet I fix that cocksucker this time!"

With a gleam in his eye and the axe in his hand Wildman sloshed back over toward the silent hog. Cursing under his breath, he raised the axe and brought it down toward the animal's head.

The hog must have known the difference between the axe and a hammer, because just before the axe struck him he let out a squeal and jerked his head to the side. The blade of the axe struck him a glancing blow and bounced off the side of his head, cutting a long gash down his jowls and slicing off part of his sensitive snout.

The change of direction the heavy axe took as it bounced off at a right angle made Wildman lose his balance and he pitched forward head first into the mud. The enraged hog was squealing and running toward the fence. Wildman came up cursing and gasping for breath. The axe was lost somewhere under two feet of mud.

Garbage was standing halfway between the fence and Wildman when he realized the hog was charging directly at him. The animal was on him before he had a chance to turn around. Four hundred pounds of pork trampled over Garbage and his



"You coax him out with this piece of meat and I'll grab him by the tail and clobber 'im with this hammer."

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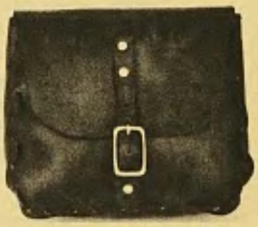

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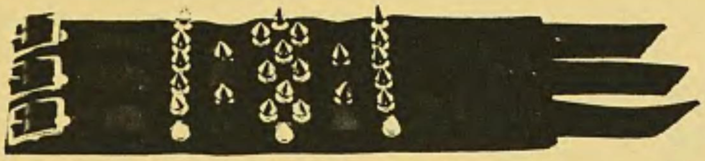

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bib overalls, momentarily submerging him beneath the mud. The hog never slowed down. Not even when he went through the barbed wire fence.

Big Red had backed up against the back of the van trying to get out of the way, but the hog was coming straight at him. The roar of a shotgun came from inside the van and the hog dropped at Big Red's feet.

Lights came on in the farmhouse. Wildman and Garbage had staggered to the fence and were halfway over it when they heard the blast. Jeans and overalls ripped as they tore over the fence. As if it had been planned, all five bikers grabbed the prostrate hog and slid into the rear of the van in one muddy mass. Moon was back behind the wheel and giving it gas as shotgun pellets struck the van. The farmer was cutting loose.

As their adrenalin subsided they became more aware of the godawful stench in the van. Moon was laughing so hard she could hardly drive. "You bunch of goddam amateurs—you couldn't even waste a fuckin' hog. If I hadn't shot the son of a bitch he would've eaten every one of you shitheads."

Both Garbage and Wildman were covered with the slimy brown mixture of mud and hogshit. Both bikers' hair was caked with it. It filled their boots. It lined the inside of Garbage's overalls. Garbage raised his leg and cut a tremendous fart. This heightened Moon's laughter.

Suddenly the hog let out a loud grunt and staggered to its feet. Its one good eye gleamed with fear and pain. Everybody froze. Moon's laughter abruptly stopped.

"The goddam whore's alive!" screamed Wildman. The hog was swaying from side to side as the van bounced along over the dirt road. Before anybody could move the van went around a curve and threw the hog off his feet and into the side of the van. For a precarious second the van leaned hard to one side. The only thing that saved them was that the hog fell to the passenger side. If it and Moon had been on the same side, it would have undoubtedly rolled over.

It was mass confusion. Everybody was trying to grab the hog at once, but the slippery mud made it impossible. The van was rocking so bad Moon could hardly hold it on the road. Stud managed to straddle the hog's broad back. Somehow he managed to unsheathe his bayonet and sink it into the side of the hog's neck.

When he removed it blood began pumping out in great spurts. The pig staggered to its feet again, only to pitch forward on its knees. It rolled its one good eye toward heaven, let out a final groan, and fell over dead.

By now blood covered the entire floor of the van and all five bikers. After a lot of gasping for breath, Stud shook his head and said, "Man, ain't this a trip—ain't this a motherfuckin' trip."

After they got back to the house, it took them all the better part of an hour to get cleaned up and get the hog into the boiling tub of water. All five bikers, including Jason, completely stripped and stood in a circle as several of the others took turns spraying them with a hose. Everybody thought it was hilarious—except of course the five naked bikers.

By the time they finally got the hog on the fire, things had quieted down. Some of the ol' ladies were in the house making cole slaw and potato salad. Several of the bikers had taken the van out to get three kegs of beer. Here and there couples were lying around in the grass working on a high. Garbage was tending to the roasting pig and Jason was lying under a shade tree, napping.

When Jason awoke it was late in the afternoon. The van that had left five hours earlier was just pulling into the driveway. Garbage hollered at Big Red as he got out of the van.

"What took you fuckers so long? I thought you shits got busted."

Two of the other bikers were setting up the kegs of cold beer next to the picnic table.

Big Red laughed. "We had to stop off at the Golden Peso. And it's a damn good thing we did, too!" He looked over his shoulder toward the rear of the van. "Wildman, git off that bitch and bring her ass out here."

Wildman dutifully emerged from the rear of the van with a young girl in tow. She was slender and had long straight blond hair. Her tee shirt was up around her neck, revealing two round, firm boobs. Her faded jeans gaped open in front. He led her over to the picnic table and sat her up on the edge.

Big Red drew himself a beer and walked over to Wildman and the girl. Her face was red and slightly swollen. Big Red could see his reflection in her glassy eyes. Wildman lit a joint for her. She inhaled deeply and lay back on the table.

"Wildman, this chick's just about

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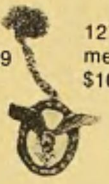
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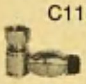
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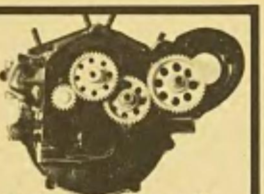

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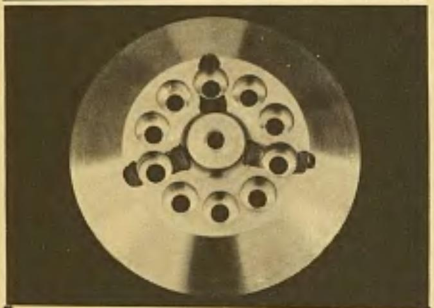

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burnt out."

"Yeah, man, so who gives a fuck? I promised her a little grass, a few reds, and a good ride if she came with us."

The blonde grinned and took a long pull on the joint. Wildman had already dropped his jeans to his knees and had entered the girl. He began a slow, rhythmic stroke while he lit himself a joint. Big Red took a long pull on his beer and walked around to the front of the table. He was unzipping his pants. "How about givin' Big Red a little head, baby?" Without hesitating she took him into her mouth. "Oh, yeah, you bitch—get it on!"

Stud and two other bikers came over to see the action.

"Hey, man, how's the bitch?"

Wildman rolled his eyes upward and continued driving himself into the girl. "All right, man—this whore is as tight as that fuckin' hog in the pit."

The other two bikers were impatiently awaiting their turn. Before the party was over, at least thirteen bikers had taken part in the train. . . .

By the time darkness had fallen, more than forty people had straggled in. Small clusters of bikers were scattered around the yard. Some were eating, drinking beer, and just rapping. Others were tripping on acid or pot. Several guys were racing their bikes around the house. Garbage had finally found himself a chick and was balling her in the grass next to the half-eaten hog. Stud was flying high on grass and had two chicks. Big Red was exchanging curses with Moon as they emptied one of the kegs of beer. Wildman had completely freaked out on acid. He was crawling around on his hands and knees, completely naked, looking for a six-foot chicken to get into.

Jason had just finished eating. He lit a Camel and walked out of sight of the others and sat down on the grass with his back to a tree. He was wondering what in hell he was doing there when he became aware of two shapely bare legs standing next to him. It was the black-haired chick he had seen the night before in the saloon. She looked even more alluring than she had then. That might have been because all she had on was a loosely tied halter top. Without waiting for an invitation she sat in Jason's lap, straddling his body with her long legs so they were face to face. He could feel the warmth of her ass on his thighs. The unrestrained

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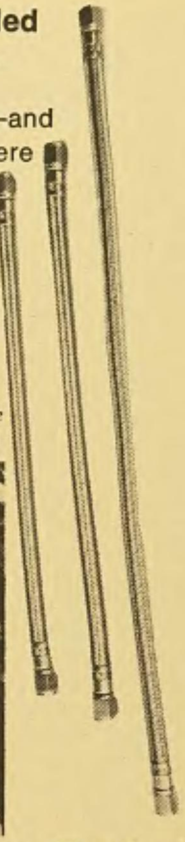

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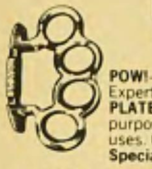
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mounds of flesh beneath her halter moved against his chest.

Jason looked into her eyes. The mischievous twinkle he had seen there earlier was gone. In its place was a look of unashamed desire. He had never had a woman look at him in such an open way before and it sent waves of uncontrollable lust rolling through his body.

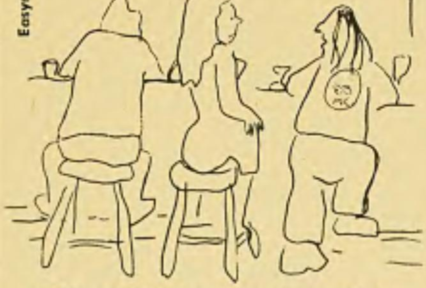
Her voice was husky with desire. "Fuck me."

He responded by taking both of her big, smooth tits in his hands and squeezing them tightly. She moaned and began grinding her ass into his lap. In seconds Jason had his jeans down to his knees and was inside the girl. He was driving himself into the chick in his lap with a force he hadn't known he possessed.

Twice more during the night they enjoyed the intensity of their desires. As dawn broke, Jason untangled himself from the sleeping girl and straightened his clothes. It occurred to him that he didn't know her name. He smiled to himself as he walked through the back yard of the farmhouse toward the driveway where his bike was parked. All the bikers he saw were either asleep or had passed out.

Jason mounted his Harley and let it coast to the bottom of the driveway before he kicked the starter and brought the bike to life. He easily accelerated to cruising speed and let the warm morning air blow through his hair and wash over his relaxed body. He smiled to himself as he thought of the girl and the bikers he had just left. Maybe Wildman had been right all along—maybe he had come there to spy on them and fuck their chicks.

He laughed out loud and fed the engine a burst of fuel. He was rolling again—on to other happenings. ■



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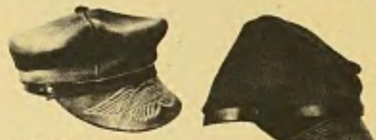
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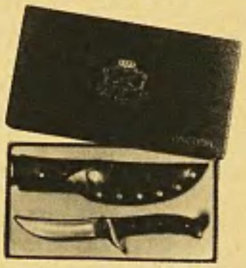

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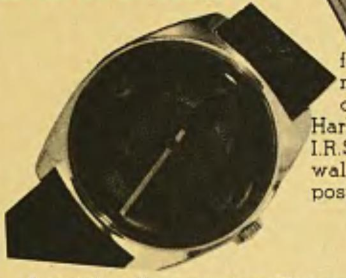

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Down Time

—*Continued from page 41*

wait long to find out what was griping her mother. She usually came right to the point. "Look at this place. It doesn't look like you've cleaned it up in a month. There's filth all over the floor." Her voice got shrill and she gritted her teeth. "I didn't raise a daughter of mine to live in filth—to live like a . . . a . . ."

"Maw, did you come over here to bitch about my housekeeping? Because if you did, you know what you can do." She took another cigarette and crumpled the empty pack.

"Angie, I don't know what's going to become of you. You just don't care anymore. You live in filth, you haven't been eating. You've gone down to nothing—just skin and bones." Her eyes got beady and darted back and forth as she watched Angie lean back and pull the lighter from her pocket. "You don't eat and you smoke too much. You live on cigarettes and cheap wine. I haven't said anything about it because I thought you'd need a little time to get over Sam. But it's been a month now. It looks like you would try to pull yourself together and make something out of your life—"

"Mother!" Angie said it warning her not to go on.

"Please, Irene." Her father made a weak appeal.

"Well" — she looked at both of them hatefully — "you know it's true. You spent eight years — eight years — of your life with that outlaw—"

"That's enough, Maw. Stop it!"

"—that tramp! And what have you got to show for it?" She looked around the room. "This dump? Oh,

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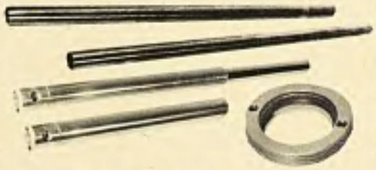

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yes, your motorcycles. That's where all the money went. Did he ever spend any money on you, little girl? You worked for eight years at low-life jobs and what have you got to show for it? Motorcycles. Dirty pieces of motorcycles!" She was moving fast now, eager to spill all the words that eight years of hating had built up. "Wasted! I wouldn't waste one more minute of my time grieving for him. You were too good for that motorcycle outlaw. It's time you made something out of yourself. Your father and I think you ought to come home with us. You can get a new start. You can live at home and go back to nursing school if you want, or get a nice job at one of the shopping centers. You can be something, be somebody for a change." She was calm now, rational. She smoothed her coat and looked smug.

"Are you finished?" Angie's voice trembled with anger. "I've got something to say to you, then I think you'd better get out. I know you hated Sam and he knew it too. Because he rode a bike and because he didn't do the old eight-to-five number—house and kids and car. You know something, you self-righteous bitch—"

"Angie, she's your mother. Show some respect!" Her father tried to play peacemaker.

"Respect?" Angie laughed bitterly. "When did she ever show me any respect? Or Sam?" She looked at her mother, whose face was dead white—the little nervous eyes were hard and black.

"You don't really care if I'm happy or not—you don't care what I do. You just want someone that won't shame you in front of your fat-cat friends. You were ashamed of having a daughter that was a biker's ol' lady."

"That's enough!" Her mother jumped up and clattered across to the door. She jerked the door knob and slammed the door back into the wall and turned. "Come on, Bill," she snapped, and he got up fast and hurried after her. As he passed, he glanced sideways at Angie like he wanted to apologize—to say it wasn't his idea. He went out, and her mother stopped in the door and glared at Angie. "Go ahead, finish ruining yourself. I wash my hands of you." She slammed the door after her, but the lock didn't catch and the door rebounded, crashing into the wall.

Angie ran to the door. "Dammit, I was somebody. I was proud to be a biker's ol' lady. I was Sam's ol' lady and I loved it, Maw. Do you hear me?

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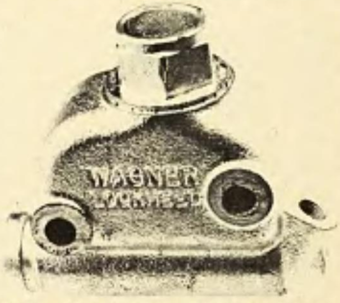

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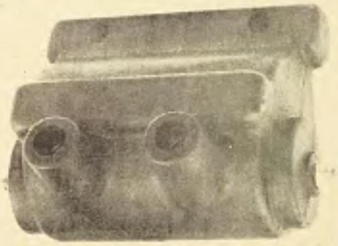

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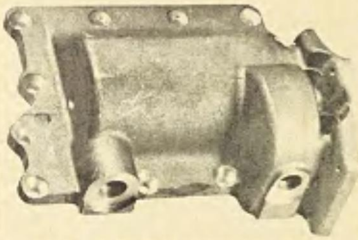

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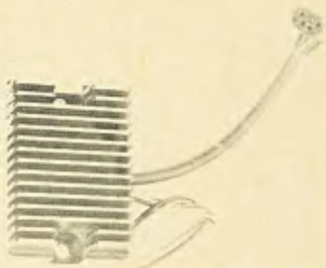

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That was the one thing in this whole world that made me happy."

Her mother drew her coat up tight around her and walked faster. Angie watched them drive off. They didn't look back and she watched them out of sight before she closed the door. She was still trembling with rage. Her mother had hated Sam from the very first just because he was a biker. Of course, when Angie quit school at nineteen and moved in with him, that hadn't helped. The shit *had* hit the fan then. Angie's mother pissed and moaned about it for months. She told Angie she was a girl on the road to ruin. Angie reckoned she liked being ruined. It was a helluva lotta fun.

Sam had been proud of her. He didn't treat her like most of the other bikers treated their ol' ladies. She always packed behind him on the little black knuckle, long black hair blowin' back in the wind, her legs hooked around his waist—all laid back and lovin' it. He taught her how to ride, too. But she liked packin' best. She liked holding him while the thumping of the motor ran through both of them and the wind pressed him back against her tits.

Angie paced through the house going from window to window to watch the rain. She finally drifted into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. There were a couple of oranges collapsed from age and a dried out piece of cheese, but there was wine—the red kind that she liked. She was always thirsty and the wine went down cool and easy and took most of the sharp edges off things. She glanced around and found the mug where she'd left it on top of the refrigerator. She filled it to the brim, took a deep drink and filled it again before putting the jug back.

She went back into the living room, got a fresh pack of cigarettes and migrated into the back room. She clicked the light on. The back

Easyriders

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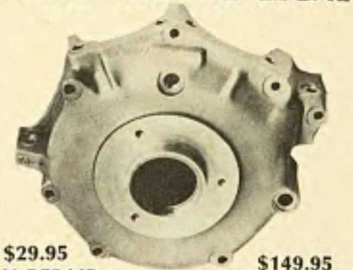

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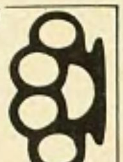

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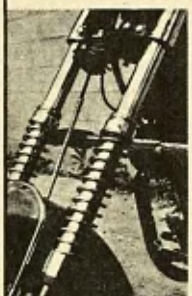

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room was always dark. Sam had made a fortress of the place, boarding up the windows and padlocking the door to the bedroom so nobody could get to the bikes. They had even sunk a ring into the floor to run the chain through. Nobody was going to get the little black knuckle without taking part of the house with them.

The knuckle was there where they'd pushed and carried it in after the wreck. It was up on the cloth-covered block of wood he had built it on. The mile-deep lacquer of the tank was completely gone on the left side—scraped down past the primer on into the bare metal. She put her hand in the dents and then ran it over the seat like she was petting the back of some wounded animal. A little oil still leaked from the cracked cases. She looked around the room at the shelves of parts neatly labeled and arranged with the part numbers underneath. He had never paid much attention to the state of the house, but he had kept the Harley's home immaculate, and Angie had kept the room spotless. She spent most of her time there working on the shovelhead that he had begun in the early fall — molding and smoothing the frame until it was fluid and graceful and ready for a bright skin of paint. The shovel would have been ready by springtime. When it was done, they would have sold it. Sam had talked a lot about going to Mexico.

She sat down on the floor beside the wrecked knuckle and absentmindedly put another cigarette between her lips. She took the lighter out of her pocket and tapped it slowly against her palm like she had all the time in the world, turning it slowly in her hand, finally flicking the top back and plunging the end of the cigarette into the fire. She studied the bike. It was hurt bad. It had gone down hard, but you could resurrect a Harley. Not like a person. No resurrection for Sam.

Death wasn't any grand thing. It wasn't some Grim Reaper with a scythe, she thought, or any of the pale horse, pale rider crap she'd learned in Sunday school. Death was just a stupid fat man in a station wagon. Sometimes in her dreams they were riding down from the mountains, sweeping through the turns as easy as a bird in flight and came around a curve to find a station wagon stopped. As the brakes locked, the driver turned his head and she screamed at the sight of the bland, pig-eyed face with the death's head grin. She touched the jugs. Some of

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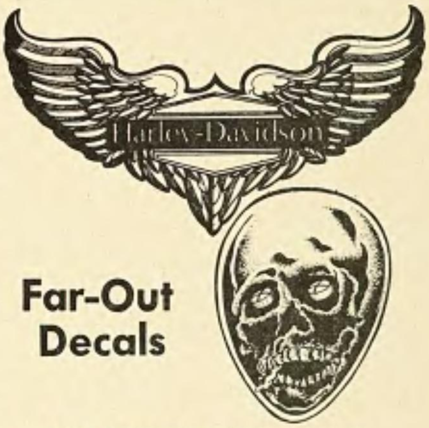

Far-Out Decals

Decal freaks wake up! Here's a couple of Robinson designed decals that will make your leg wet—and at a low leg wettin' price too!

Both are in full color. One is Harley wings (5-1/4" x 2-1/2"), and the other is a red skull, with white pills for eyes and a joint sticking out of its mouth. It is the exact tear-drop shape (2-3/4" x 2") to fit on your Linkert carb cover.

50¢ each or 3 for $1.00

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A Tribute to Brothers Lost

In memory of **Greg**, dusted on his Hog by the wheels of a cop. Wrong Way, Midnight Brotherhood, Pa.

For **C. D. Armstrong**, from a brother who will never forget. Keep ahead on the long run. Tom Kelso.

In memory of **Snake**, who liked to roam. God gave you a better home. You left us all alone.

In memory of **Angel** and **Porky**, who lived and died for Heaven's Own M.C.

In memory of our bro, **Mark Kelso**, killed by a drunk driver, who walked away. Fly low, ride on. From Gravedigger, Montague, Calif.

In memory of **Dirt**, who meant a lot to a lot of people. Went down hard, the true biker way. From Karl, 45 M.C.

Remember **Dick Boris Baney**, a friend to anyone who would ask. We miss you already. Bush, Ohio.

In memory of **Darrel McDaniel**. You'll never be forgotten. Slim, Rock Hill, S.C.

To **Bushrod**, one helluva outlaw. You're outta prison now, so rest in peace. Pagans M.C., Va. State Pen.

In memory of **Sonny**, from your people in Phoenix and Tempe, Ariz.

Greg Einhipple, Midnight Brotherhood M.C. A close brother, gone but remembered. Joker, M.B.M.C.

In memory of **Tommy** and **Wolfe**, who were snuffed and thrown in a well. From Dixie Dragons M.C., Georgia.

Woody, we'll get the pig fucker who snuffed you. Miss you, bro. Lime Ricky and Pins, Mass.

In memory of **Crow**. It was a cold night when they put you in the ground, but you're warm now, and ridin' free. Ike, Dennis, and Kay.

In memory of **Paul**, the best bro the little Wop ever had. The Wop, Fla., Ohio, N.Y.

The never-ending highway will carry **Ned** forever. A real brother. His bros in Alaska.

For **Zito**, NSKK M.C. How can your song be done so soon? We hardly learned the tune. D.C. and Terry.

In memory of **Blue**. May you and your angel ride a pair of knuckleheads down the golden streets of Heaven. Woody.

For **Diapers**, who wanted to change the world. Zane.

In memory of my DAD, **The Rock**, gone to ride the stars. Ride On! —Wino Joe

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easyriders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send $7.50 for twelve issues ($4.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easyriders** Magazine, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Here I am doin' time, need a chick to drop a line. Jeff "Dirty Red" Jafar 146264, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Has everybody forgotten Crazy Joe? Write Joe (Crazy Joe) Rios #00140, Box P.M.B., Atlanta, Georgia 30315.

Would like to hear from some of you girls in the free world. Garry Powers B#66964 (4106), P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

I don't want to be alone through this. Write J. Valentine #42295, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Hey, sweeties, write me. Ronnie "Fleetwood" Martin 8551, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Down dude needs mail to get up. Patrick M. Free 24-458, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722.

Need an ol' lady; write me. Mike Weber, P.O. Box 31, Plymouth, Wisconsin 53073.

This Florida bro is looking for a good ol' lady. Jack Maguire #47362, P.O. Box 1, Yardville, New Jersey 08620.

Bitches, write. Tim (Snake) Steele #00360-124, Box 1500, El Reno, Oklahoma 73036.

Talk about anything, just write. Gary Lynn Wiseman #75360, Box 1010, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Prison artist needs foxy, head-together, marriage-minded, model-type correspondent 21-32. Bill Nickerson, P.O. Box 711-10259, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Write me. I'll write you. Jim Foley #144274, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Michigan 48846.

Sure need some fox to send a line to me. Phillip (Wolfman) Yurgalevicz #77940, W-300, T.S.P. Hospital, Station A, Washville, Tennessee 37203.

Need letters to help pick me back up. Write Wayne Daniska #25119, P.O. Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

Send beautiful scribes to Ray (Crazy) Williams #116731 and James (Caribou) Norton #132856, M.C.I., Route 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740.

Gimme a taste of the outside. Write James Shumate D-2, 67981, G.S.P. Hospital, Reidsville, Georgia 30453.

Two Nordic Death Dealers desiring to hear from Nordic women with gargantuan tits. Wilhelm "Bruno" Henne #C-15589, John "Butch" Hines #C-15174, P.O. Box 99, Pontiac, Illinois 61764.

Northern Colorado Cruisers, what's happening? J. R. McGee, Box 999, #74399-CH-1, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

Damn, a letter would be nice. Ronnie "Fleetwood" Martin #8551, Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Doin' a dime, drop us a line. Cliff (Sheepdog) Sonnenberg B72723, Jeff (The Whip) Scaggs B73851, P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Cowboy needs some scribes from some fine young chicks. Henry Vieau, Box B-68880, CTF North SA 314, Soledad, California 93960.

Remind me of the outside world. Carlito Vargas, Box 711-10265, Menard, Illinois 62259.

Are you between 8 and 80? So am I. Write Terry (Sarge) Alderman B66776, CTF North, Soledad, California 93960.

Sure could use some word from a free ol' lady. Frank (Nomad) Billingham 93-967, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Three bros down, looking for ol' ladies who are righteous. Ray Cottrell B66669, Apt 6202; John Duffy B65762, Apt 7126; Greg Holbert B70382, Apt. 6218, P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

For-real chick I need. "Shotgun" Larry Ondersma #3451, Ind. State Prison, Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

I don't know what's happening out in the free world. Let me know. Pat Swift 144-078, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Lonely biker needs mail. Ken Elsassen (Spike), P.O. Box 81248, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Inmate wants to correspond with all foxy white chicks. James Brogdon, Box B-43625, Tamal, California 94964.

I would love to hear from any chicks. James Justice, S.C.I. P.O. Box 667, Bushnell, Florida 33513. Number 052283, A-79-B.

Let's get to know each other. Orlando Torres, Box B60140, San Quentin, Tamal, California 94964.

Richmond biker would like to receive some female scribes. Chuck LaBel B-63861, P.O. Box 65, Bieber, California 96009.

Any ladies in California who've got any heart, write us! J. (Indian) Etheridge, P.O. Box 59962; F. (Buck) Davis, P.O. Box 63226, CTF North, Soledad, California 93960.

I'll answer any letters. Billy Barger 036616, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

To any chick who can suck a dick. Write Steve DeMarco Y-2438, Drawer K, State Correctional Institute, Dallas, Pennsylvania 18612.

For a lasting relationship, write Perry Hawkins, Box 100, Somers, Connecticut 06071.

A sweet man looking for a soft, sweet female. Tony Monroe 145-704, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

All you sexy tender chicks, write me quick. Lee Ginger 140-381, Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

I can't ride now, but I can write. Thomas R. Bowman, 04706-156-1-D-3, Box 600, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida 32542.

Write, ya fuckers. "Woody" & Joe #'s 76865 & 72517, X-ray Dept., T.S.P. Hospital, Station A West, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

Gee, I'm lonely. Write Phillip "Joe" Donovan 011887, P.O. Box 747, T-2-N-3, Starke, Florida 32091.

Love on paper is better than no love at all. Gary D. Hall, Box 57-138556, Marion, Ohio 43302.

All you bad mamas looking for Mr. Right, I'm write here. Chuck "The Hawk" Hawkins, Box 00, M.C.I. 44917, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

Foxes, send a few lines, will ya? Joseph Potocki M1565, P.O. Box 200, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17011.

Help me pass the time. Don Willis #38008, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310.

To a chick who is willing to share some time writing. Demetrius Dodd #31794-138, P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808.

Same song, Jail House Blues. Larry (Rocky) Ward 39845-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Oklahoma 73036.

An uptight tramp needs scribes. Crazy Charley, P.O. Box B-73868, Soledad, California 93960. Alias Charles Jones.

Ladies, getting to know ya would be a righteous trip. E. A. Hollis #6010, P.O. Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Midwest biker needs to hear from serious chicks. James Camarillo B-65883, P.O. Box A-E 2123, San Luis Obispo, California 93409.

Lonely biker needs a hot bitch. Write Charles "Whitey" Hanscom #13036-102, P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952.

I'm the man to write. Dillon E. Sargent (Clint), 32184-138, P.O. Box 4000, Springfield, Missouri 65802.

Get me off this downer. Write Arthur "Mystic" Beshaw #84049-158, P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, Wisconsin 53952.

I've got time to write, have you? Roger "Dizzy" Everbort 90590, Box 514, Granite, Oklahoma 73547.

Send some scribes and I'll send ya some vibes. Mark (the Hawkeye) Butler #906710, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

Could use some feline soul. Steve True, Box B72347, Jamestown, California 95327.

All freaky young chicks write Keith Laws 95170, Box 27264, Richmond, Virginia 23261.

Free chicks, write me. Big Al #7502, State Reformatory Box 28, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

Send some loving my way. Ronnie Hull, Route 1, Box 195, Marion, North Carolina 28752.

Could dig some nasty letters from some righteous chicks. Ron (Mad Man) Hotchkiss #88-850, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

If you don't write the lawmakers, write us. Richard Miller 74-013, Michael Shouldis 75-B-1566, Box 500, Elmira, New York 14902.

Say, all you babes out there, drop us brothers a line. Ralph Yannotta 043631, Scott Arr 047801, Ron Jeter 046595, P.O. Box 221, Raiford, Florida 32083.

Mail order brides wanted. Roger Price B66160A, Flex Karlic B-62924, Box 600, Tracy, California 95376.

the fins had been broken off. "I can't stand to see you like this," she told the bike. "You should have gone with Sam. But they wouldn't let me bury you with him. I can't help you. I can't build you back myself. And what good would it do? We were both Sam's. Kind of useless now, aren't we?" She dropped the cigarette butt into the empty mug.

"Yeah, you should have been buried with Sam. He used to laugh and say he wanted a big sendoff like the Vikings had. You know, where the old Vikings had their ships filled with all their possessions." She got up slowly. The wine had made her a little unsteady. She moved carefully and deliberately and got the gas can from the shelf. There was about a gallon left in it. "Everything on earth that they cared about." She poured the gas on the shelves and around the knucklehead. When the can was empty, she put it back in its place. Sam had always kept his workshop neat.

She sat down on the Harley and looked at the bent forks, the spokes burst out of the flattened rim, the dented tank—the mutilation. "They set fire to the ship and sent it out to sea because they thought the dead Viking would want his things in the next world. That was the Viking's funeral." She looked around the room.

"And his wife could choose to go with him." Angie bent down and spun the wheel of her lighter and as the flames leaped up in a circle, she leaned back against the sissy bar and closed her eyes. ■

"Ya got one with a bigger crank?"

Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be entirely explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem. Then it is securely attached to a beautifully grained piece of wood. The plaque is available in black and white marble on a dark wood background, or brown and white marble with a light brown background.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$24.95**. Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

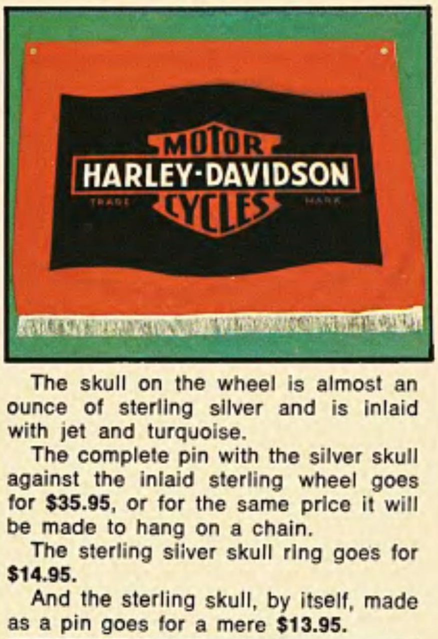
Also, if you are a member of a club or organization, we will put your group's insignia into the marble (minimum order of twenty). Send an excellent rendition of your emblem so every detail will show on the marble plaque.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches

H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$10.95** plus 75¢ postage and handling.



The skull on the wheel is almost an ounce of sterling silver and is inlaid with jet and turquoise.

The complete pin with the silver skull against the inlaid sterling wheel goes for **$35.95**, or for the same price it will be made to hang on a chain.

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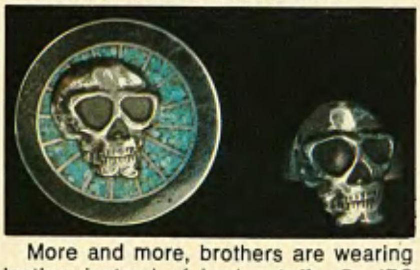

More and more, brothers are wearing leather instead of Levi cutoffs. So IRS has put together a fine roughed-out, heavy leather cutoff. The cutoff comes black, or dark brown and in small, medium, large or extra large. Send your chest size and a measly **$38.95** for this everlasting vest. The vest will be shipped postage C.O.D.

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A. Wide Rider Springer

60050	9" Twist	**60054**	9" Round
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60053	18" Twist	**60057**	18" Round

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Be sure to order top nuts & triple clamp. See page 88. Springers are shorter than glides, stock for stock by approx. 3" - 4" (eg. 9" springer is equal to a 5" - 6" glide type fork.)

C. 116042-Marquis Touring Double Bucket. For Honda 1000. Black. **$130.00**

(**The Elite** Comes complete with all brackets, and mounts like stock.)

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D. 116033-H.D. Super Glide Elite Touring. 14" back with built-in sissy bar. Black. **$105.00**

D. 116030-H.D. Sportster Elite Touring. No Back. Black. **$90.9**

D. 116031 H.D. Super Glide Elite Touring. No Back. Black. **$90.95**

E. 116040-Marquis Touring. No back. Fits Honda 750 K & 550 K 1977. Black. **$95.00**

See page 90 for continuation of **E. Marquis Touring** seats & brackets.

B

B. ECONO-BRAKE WHEEL - No it's not a Hallcraft wheel (we have them too) this is an import & the chrome is no where near as nice as Hallcraft, but mechanically it's sound & so much cheaper, we feel we also must offer it. (The chrome on this first batch is even below regular import quality. We only have limited quantity at this price.)

69071	18" Econo-brake wheel
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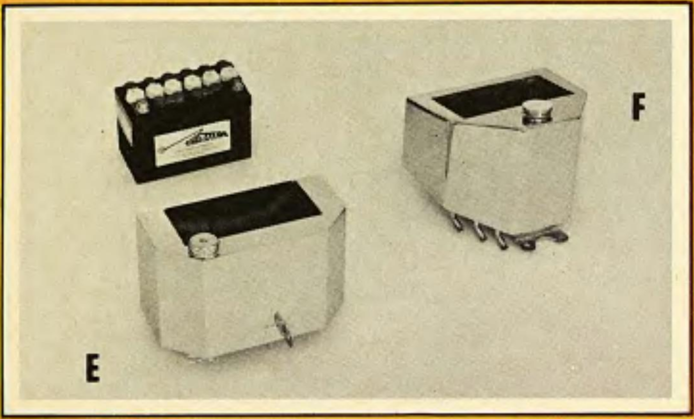
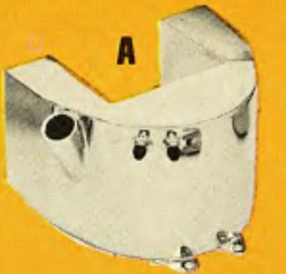
The new Marquis Touring Series is designed expressly for the Road Rider. A must for you & your o'lady for those long runs. These one-piece molded foam seats covered with breathable Naugahyde are the most righteous anywhere for comfort. You won't be riding on the plates in 3 months.
like you do on those cheap seats.
Waterproof & weather protected.

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

ADVERTISEMENT

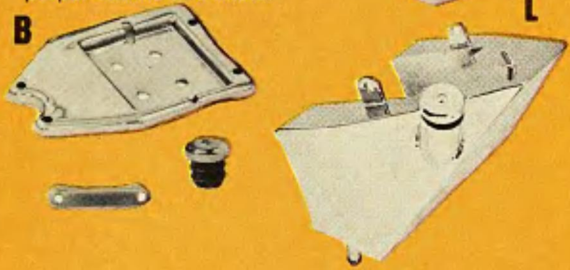
OIL TANKS





NEW Kick or Electric

All oil tanks are made of 16 gauge steel and are heliarc welded, pressure tested and triple plateu (copper-nickel-chrome). All have proper outlets and inlets.



A **3701 Centerfill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design. For HD 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **75.95** (Not Shown)

A **3702 Sidefill Oil Tank.** Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. **79.95** (Shown)

B **3703 HD Oil Tank Mounting Plate.** Chromed. **16.00**

C **3704 Battery Plate Bracket.** Heavy Chromed. **2.50**

D **3709 Oil Tank Cap.** Chromed. stock cap. **2.50**

37024 Honda Wedge Oil Tank. For Jammer 750 Rigid Frame **$89.95**

E **37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank.** Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. **69.95**

F **37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank.** Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3 3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74's: swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. **95.00**

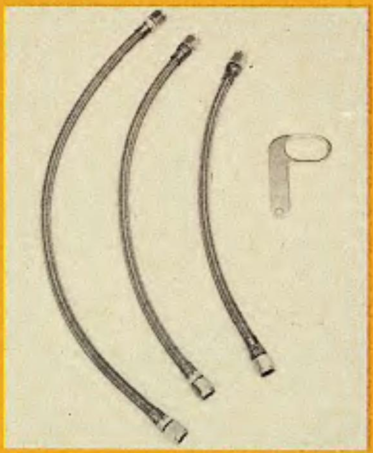
G **37014 Octagonal Sidefill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. **79.95** (Shown)

G **37020 Octagonal Centerfill Oil Tank.** For 74s. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. (Not shown.) **75.95**

H **3805 Battery Box.** For 3804 tank **14.95**

I **3804 Octagonal Sportster Oil Tank.** Topfill. Fits most Sportsters. Includes mounting bracket and cap. Three quart capacity. **66.95**

J **High Performance Oil Lines.** Braided stainless-steel aircraft and racing type oil lines are the latest "must" in detailing street and custom Harley-Davidsons.



Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins [using wrap around oil tank].

J **37015** For Panhead and Knucklehead **29.95**

37016 For Shovelhead **49.95** **1968 through 1975.** (using steel inner primary cover).

J **37029 1968 through 1975.** (using stock aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37030 1966 through 1967. (Using steel or aluminum inner primary cover). **$49.95**

37031 1968 through 1975. (using stock aluminum inner primary cover and stock oil tank). **$48.95**

Harley-Davidson Sportster Oil Line Sets [using "Horse-shoe" Oil Tank].

J **37032 1957 through 1961 Sportster XLCH. $38.45**

37033 1962 through 1965 Sportster XLCH. (Using stock "XLCH" Oil Tank). **$38.45**

37034 1966 through 1969 Sportster XLCH. $44.25

K **37017 Oil Line Support Bracket.** Chromed. Fits both nylon and braided steel oil lines. **3.49**

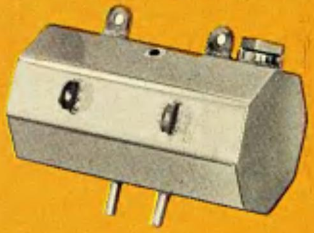
L **Mini Oil Gauge.** Measures only 1½" in diameter. Designed for Harleys but can be easily modified to work bikes. **Custom chromed.**

37018 For 74 **12.95**

37019 For Sportster **12.95**

37023 For Honda 750 **13.95**

OCTAGON OIL TANKS



3801 Triumph Oil Tank. Designed for Triumph rigid or hardtail frames. Cap included. 3 quarts. **59.95**

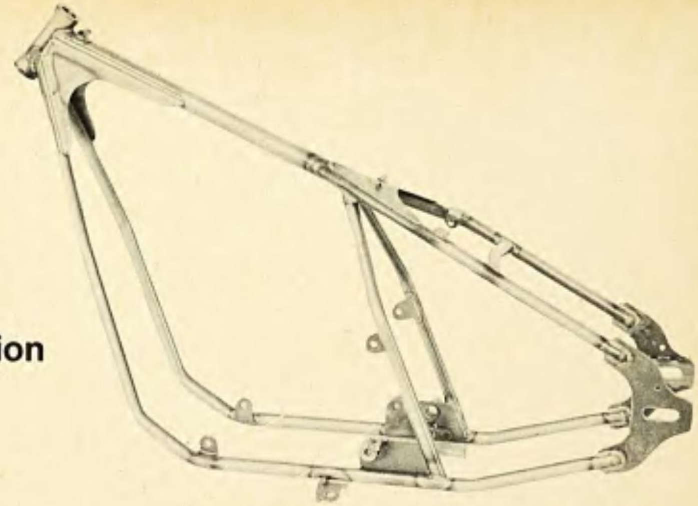
3802 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank. Fits most Sportster frames with minor modifications. Cap included. 3 quarts. Chromed. **59.95**

3803 Sportster Octagon Oil Tank for Battery. Bolts onto most Sportster frames with minor modifications. To be used with kick-start battery. Cap included. (Shown) 3 quarts. **75.95**

3806 Universal Oil Tank. Fits most imported bikes as well as HD 74s and 45s. Cap included. Chromed. **59.95**

3807 Honda 750 Octagon Oil Tank. Holds 3 quarts. Mounts with minor modifications. Cap included. Chromed. **89.95**

JAMMER FRAMES



Solid, Safe Construction

Made of mild steel.

Front rails have 2¼" stretch.

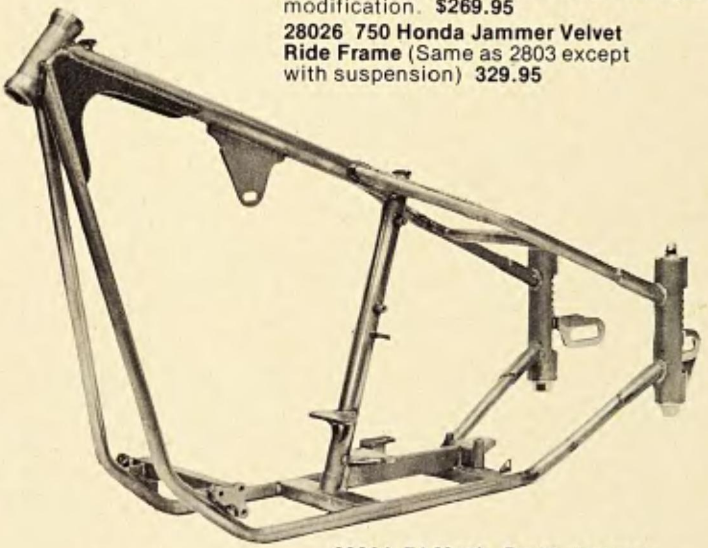
Heliarc welded by Certified Welders.

Rake is 38 degrees.

2802 Sportster Jammer Rigid Frame. You can bolt any year Sportster engine (kick or electric start) into the Sportster frame. The holes are reamed and tapped. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, seats, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. **$279.95**

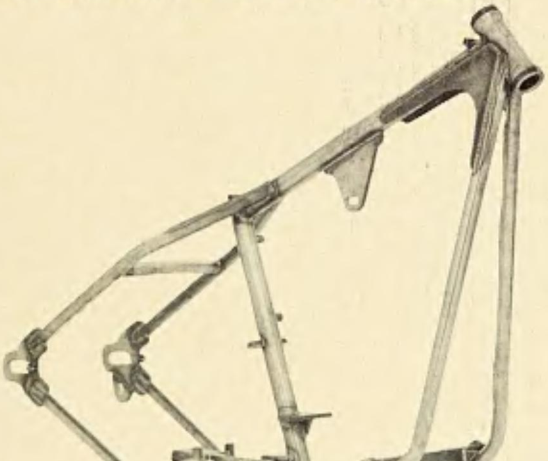
2803 750 Honda Jammer Rigid Frame: Accepts any year 750 engine. Made of mild steel. Maximum handling with 12" springer or girder or with 9" fork tubes. Our seats, sissy bars, oil tanks, forks, disc brakes, etc., will fit on this frame. Most stock parts fit with no modification. **$269.95**

28026 750 Honda Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2803 except with suspension) **329.95**



28024 74 Mech. Brake Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2801 except with suspension) **384.95**

28027 74 Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2804 except with suspension) **359.95**



2804 74 Jammer Rigid Frame. Made of mild steel. Frames have clearance for larger strokers and room for all transmissions. It is possible to install electric-start systems with no frame modification. Frame is made for juice brakes with hydraulic tab welded on but can be easily adapted to accept mechanical or disc brakes (see 2805 below). **$299.95**

2801 Mechanical Brake Rigid Frame. Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed. **$324.95**

2805 Mechanical Brake Kit. Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required. **$19.95**

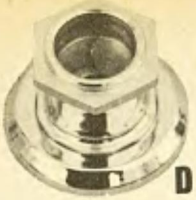
28025 Sportster Jammer Velvet Ride Frame (Same as 2802 except with suspension) **339.95**

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

ADVERTISEMENT

NARROW & NEW WIDE

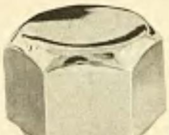
SPRINGER AND PARTS



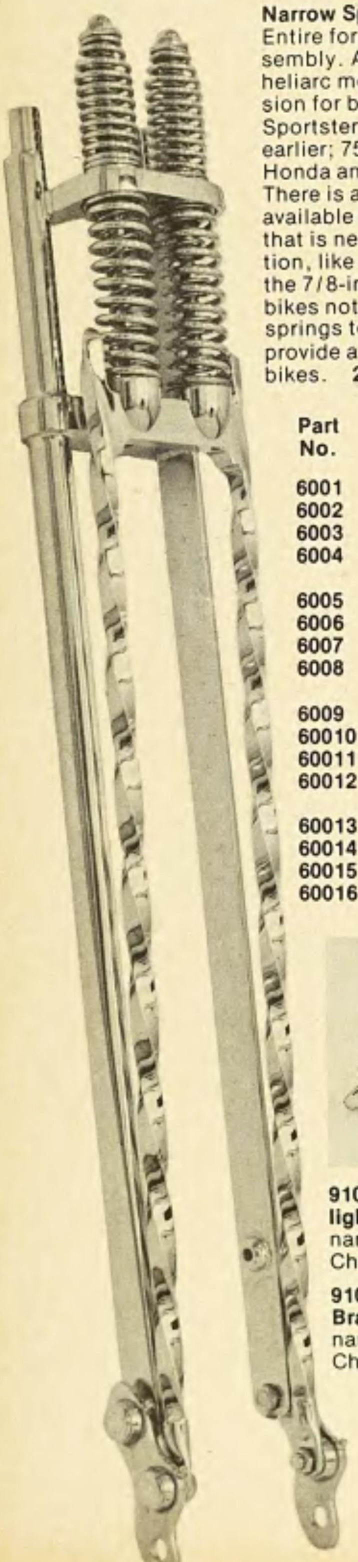
D

CAUTION: No alterations should be made to fork (such as reversing rockers etc.) that will affect the geometry and the handling of the fork.

Don't forget — when ordering a Springer, you will need a triple clamp, crown nut, and top nut.

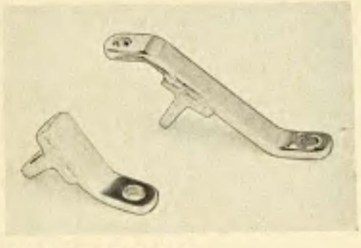


ALL SPRINGER PARTS ARE CUSTOM CHROMED.



Narrow Springer. Entire fork is polished before assembly. All welding is done by the heliarc method. All come with provision for brake anchor. For HD 74, Sportster, 45; Triumph 1970 and earlier; 750 Honda, 450 Honda, 500 Honda and BSA 1970 and earlier. There is also a universal 7/8-inch neck available for bikes not listed here. All that is necessary is a small modification, like shimming and spacing, for the 7/8-inch neck to work on other bikes not listed. Includes inner springs to help reduce pogo and provide a smoother ride on heavier bikes. **299.95**

Part No.	Over Stock Length	Style of Front Rail
6001	9-inch	Twist
6002	12-inch	Twist
6003	15-inch	Twist
6004	18-inch	Twist
6005	9-inch	Round
6006	12-inch	Round
6007	15-inch	Round
6008	18-inch	Round
6009	9-inch	Hex
60010	12-inch	Hex
60011	15-inch	Hex
60012	18-inch	Hex
60013	9-inch	Square
60014	12-inch	Square
60015	15-inch	Square
60016	18-inch	Square



9101 Single Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed steel. **7.95**

9102 Dual Headlight Bracket. Fits on narrow springer. Chromed Steel. **9.95**

A Top Nuts. For our springer on the following bikes:

6101 HD 74s **4.95**
6102 Sportsters. **4.95**
6103 45s. **4.95**
6104 BSA, 1970 and earlier. **4.95**
6105 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. **4.95**
6106 Honda 750. **4.95**
6107 Honda 450. **4.95**
6108 Honda 500. **4.95**
6109 Universal neck. **4.95**

B 61010 Triple Clamp with Ears. Made of billet steel for strength and beauty. Will fit most original springers as well as our springer. Works well with Dog Bone risers for mounting handlebars. Pinch bolts included. **29.95** each

C 61011 Triple Clamp without Ears. For use on our springer with custom risers. The top of our fork rear leg is drilled and tapped ½x20 for mounting risers using a stud. Billet steel. **29.95** each

AXLES

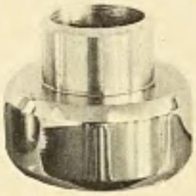
ALL AXLES ARE CHROMED.

12107 Axle—Springer. Fits our springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. 8" long. Spacers included. **12.50**

121015 Axle—Widerider Springer. Fits our widerider springer when using a spool wheel with 5/8" bearings, 3" width, or with a small brake wheel unit with 5/8" bearings. Spacers included. Chromed. **$12.50**

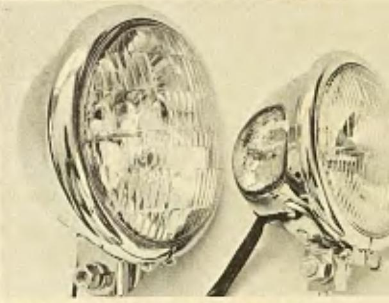
Call
1-800-423-2455
Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer.
(Mail order blank is on page 92)

D Crown Nuts. For our springer:
61012 HD 74s. **7.95** each
61013 Sportsters. **7.95** each
61014 45s. **7.95** each
61015 BSA, 1970 and earlier. **7.95** each
61016 Triumph, 1970 and earlier. **7.95** each
61017 Honda 750. **7.95** each
61018 Honda 450. **7.95** each
61019 Honda 500. **7.95** each
61020 Universal neck. **7.95** each

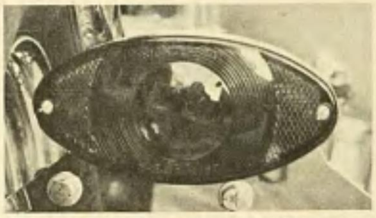


62013 Sportster/45 Cup. May be used as replacement for stock part and on our Sportster frame. Chromed. **9.95 each**

LIGHTS



90038 Small Round Headlight. 18,000 Candle-Power. All Brass Shell - Beautifully Chromed with 3/8" Stud Bottom Mount. The Small 4-3/4" Diameter blends great with Narrow Front Ends. **12V $19.95**



9205 "Cat's Eye" Oval Taillight. Reflectorized. Steel Body. Approved in most states. 12V only but can be converted to 6V by bulb change. Chromed. (Uses 9207 backing plate.) **12.95**

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

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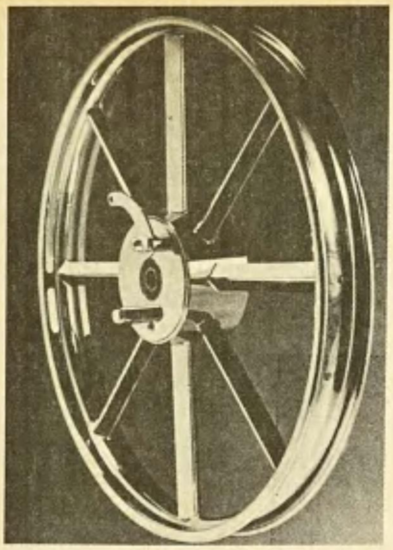
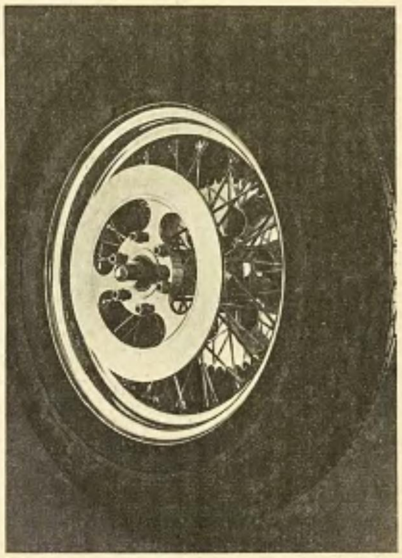


Hallcraft's WHEELS

GALAXY

WIRE



UNIVERSAL WIRE WHEELS

Part #	Description	
6803	18" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	267.95
6804	19" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	267.95
6805	21" Single Disc Brake Front Wheel.	267.95
6809	19" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel.	406.95
68010	21" Dual Disc Brake Front Wheel	406.95
68029	18" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
68030	19" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
68031	21" Mini Disc Brake Front Wheel.	219.15
6901	18" Small Brake Front Wheel.	161.60
6902	19" Small Brake Front Wheel.	161.60
6903	21" Small Brake Front Wheel. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010	161.60
69016	18" Spool Wheel.	95.50
69017	19" Spool Wheel.	95.50
69018	21" Spool Wheel.	95.50

GALAXY UNIVERSAL SPOKED WHEELS

69022	18" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	209.95
69023	19" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	209.95
69024	21" Small Brake Galaxy Front Wheel. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.	209.95
69029	16" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	164.05
69030	19" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	164.05
69031	21" Spool Galaxy Wheel.	164.05
68041	18" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	313.60
68042	19" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	313.60
68043	21" Single Disc Brake Galaxy Front Wheel.	313.60

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Bolt on FRONT WHEELS

69054	18" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	187.05
69055	19" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	187.05
69056	21" Sportster/FX Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. '74-'76	187.05
69057	18" 74 (67 to 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel. FL Models.	203.70
69058	19" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	203.70
69059	21" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel. FL MODELS	203.70
69060	18" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69061	19" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00
69062	21" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Front Bolt-On Wheel.	211.00

HARLEY-DAVIDSON REAR WHEELS

Part #	Description	
68018	16" 74 Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023	363.80
68047	16" 74 Galaxy Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68023.	384.75

Spacers For 74 RDB Wheels. Fit HD 74 rear disc brake wheels--either standard. Wire or satelite design.

68020	For Rigid Frame	15.80
68021	For Swingarm '58 to '66	15.80
68022	For Swingarm '67-'72	15.80
68044	For Swingarm '73-'76	15.80
68023	(HD 74) Linkage 29.95	
68012	16" Sportster Rear Disc Brake Wheel Wire Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	379.60
68045	16" Sportster Disc Brake Galaxy Rear Wheel. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68024.	399.95
68060	16" Sportster Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	202.35
68061	16" 74 (73 & later) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.70
68063	16" 74 (49 – 66) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	211.00
68064	16" 74 (67 – 72) Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel.	203.70

GALAXY WHEELS FOR HONDA

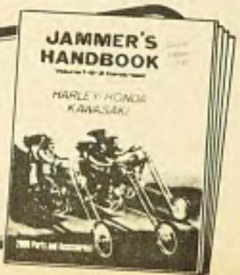
68015	16" Rear Disc Brake Wheel. Wire	379.60
69052	18" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	187.05
69053	19" Galaxy Front Bolt-on Wheel 750/500.	187.05
68062	16" Galaxy Rear Bolt-on Wheel 750. Honda 750 For Drum Type	228.60
68046	16" Galaxy Rear Disc Brake 750. Needs Linkage Kit No. 68025.	399.95

GALAXY WHEELS FOR KAWASAKI

69063	18" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	194.30
69064	19" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Front Wheel 73 to 75.	194.30
68065	16" 900 Galaxy Bolt-on Rear Wheel 73 to 76.	247.60

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2455 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)



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VOLT PAKS

FORWARD

All **Voltpak** units are designed to significantly upgrade the motorcycle electrical system by the use of Solid State circuitry. The appropriate **Voltpak** unit will eliminate the stock Regulator, Relay, Battery, Battery box, Zener diode, Rectifier, Capacitor, Ballast resistor, Inductor, wiring harness and most other electrical power consuming devices. Electrical operation is unaffected by vibration, dust, water, gas and oil. The **Voltpaks** contain a built-in protection against overvoltage, battery reversal and short circuits. **Voltpaks** have no points or moving parts to wear out, maintenance is never required. Simple to follow instructions and wiring diagram makes re-wiring easy. **Voltpak** units can mount almost anywhere. For the show and performance minded person where reliability, simplicity, appearance and the elimination of electrical problems are important, the **Voltpak** unit is the answer. Ideal for states that require lights on at all times.

WARRANTY: 1 FULL YEAR

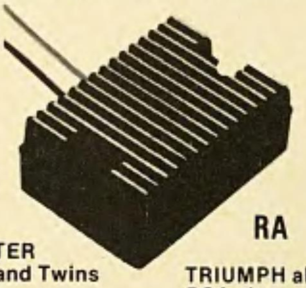
All **Voltpak** models are guaranteed against circuit failure for 1 full year. Contact Action Choppers before returning goods. Copy of purchase receipt should be included. All returned units will be tested and exchanged immediately by Action Choppers if found defective. All **Voltpak** models are made in U.S.A.

RX

HONDA FOURS 350 to 750
KAWASAKI H1, KZ 400
B.M.W. R50 to R90

SUZUKI GT 380 to 750, RE5 ROTARY
YAMAHA XS1-B-2, TX650, TX750
R3-C-5-B-C, RD 250-350, YD55,
DS6-C, SD6B, CS3B-C

99014 MODEL RX. Is a single compact unit that will eliminate your stock Regulator, Rectifier, Diodes and the unsightly wiring harness. The RX can be mounted anywhere on your bike. Installation and re-wiring is extremely simple. Ideal when building a clean uncluttered custom bike and space is limited. There is no need to build or purchase an electrical box to hold all of the stock electrical components. Battery must be used with the RX models. **$44.95**



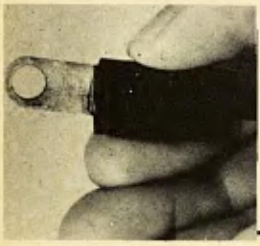
MODEL RA: Permanent Magnet Alternators

RA

HARLEY 74' 1976 AND LATER
HONDA 90 to 450 Singles and Twins
ROYAL ENFIELD 250-350
SUZUKI GT 185-250, TS-400, T 20 to 500
YAMAHA HS1, B, LS2, AS2C, YAS1-C

TRIUMPH alt.
BSA alt.
MATCHLESS alt.
NORTON alt.
A.J.S. alt.

99015 MODEL RA. Permits operation of the iginition and lights WITHOUT the use of a Battery and will eliminate your stock Regulator, Zener Diode, Rectifier, Capacitor, Battery Box and most of the troublesome wiring. Installation is simple, requirin mounting and the connection of 4 wires. You may still use your battery if you wish. There is no need to mention all the advantages this RA Model can provide when space is limited and a much more efficient electrical system is required. **$44.95**
This Model is available 12 volt only.



9901 RELAY PAK, RP 6 Volt Only. A solid state relay that replaces the old-style Harley mechanical cut-out relay. Designed for all Harleys using the 6 volt 3 brush generator. NO points to stick, NO coils to burn out, NO moving parts. Connects to battery and generator, that's it! 1 year warranty. Must use battery. (Bracket not shown). **13.95**

99013 Harley 74's 1976 and later. Must order this plug to attach to our 99015 Model RA. 4.95

(Marquis Touring seats E. continued from page 84.)

(shown)

E. 116034-Honda 1000 Marquis Touring. No Back. Black. **$95.00**

116036-Marquis Touring. Fits Honda 750, 550, 500, 450 Side Tilt, 360, 350 2 cyl. Side Tilt, 350 4 cyl. Yamaha 500, 650-74 & 75. Black. **$95.00**

116038-Marquis Touring. No Back. Fits Honda F Models 550 - 400. Kawasaki 400. Black. **$95.00**

(not shown)

E. 116041-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Kawasaki 900. Black. **$120.00**

116043-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built in Sissy Bar. Fits Kawasaki 900. Black. **$95.00**

116035-Honda 1000 Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Black. **$120.00**

116037-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Honda 750, 550, 500, 450 Side Tilt, 360, 350 2 cyl. Side Tilt, 350 4 cyl. Yamaha 500, 650 - 74 & 75. Black. **$120.00**

116039-Marquis Touring. 14" Back. Built-in Sissy Bar. Fits Honda F Models 550 - 400. Kawasaki 400. Black. **$120.00**

Jammer

Seat Brackets For The "Marquis" Series

All Marquis Seat Brackets $4.00 Each

114042 - Honda 750 All (Except 77 K Models)
114043 - Honda 500 & 550
114044 - Honda 450 (Side Tilt Only)
114045 - Honda 360
114046 - Honda 350 2 cyl. (Side Tilt Only)
114047 - Honda 350 4 cyl.
114048-Yamaha 650 (74 & 75)
114049 - Yamaha 500 (74 & 75)
114050 - Honda 550 F all (& 1977 550 K)
114051 - Honda 400 F
114052 - Kawasaki 400
114053 - Kawasaki 900
114054 - Honda 1000

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

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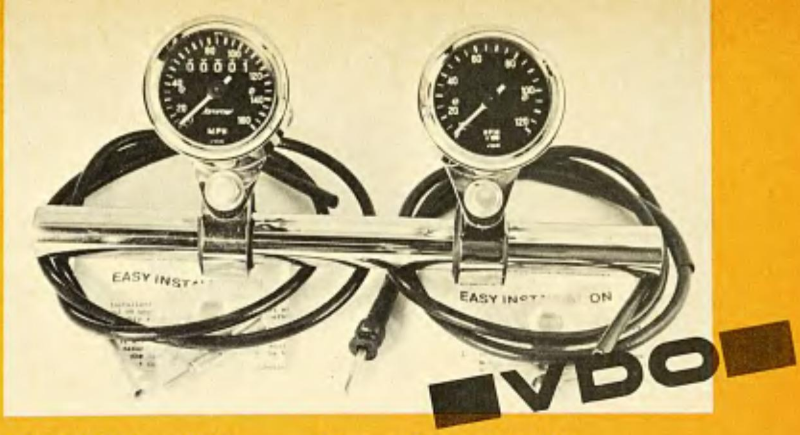
SPEEDO AND TACH KITS



Chopper Speedometer Kit. Accurate to 160 mph. Comes in handy when you're being followed by the you know who. Easy-to-read face measures 2-3/4". Includes odometer. Includes chromed speedo, cable, rubber-dampened mount and instructions.

12701	For HD 74 '61-'72	**47.95**
12702	For HD 74 '37-'60, '73 & up All Sportster to '73	**47.95**
12703	For all Honda 750	**47.95**

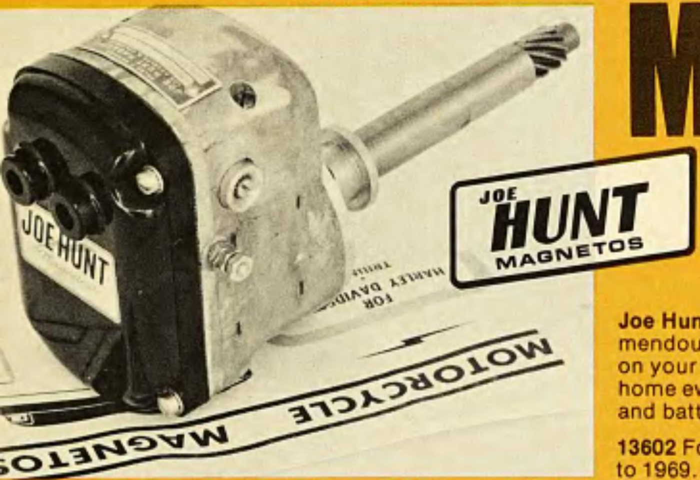
Chopper Tachometer Kit.

12704	For HD 74 '37-69*	**47.95**
12705	For Sportster without magneto	**47.95**
12706	For all Honda 750	**47.95**

***Modification required.**

All kits come with cable, clamps and instructions.

MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS



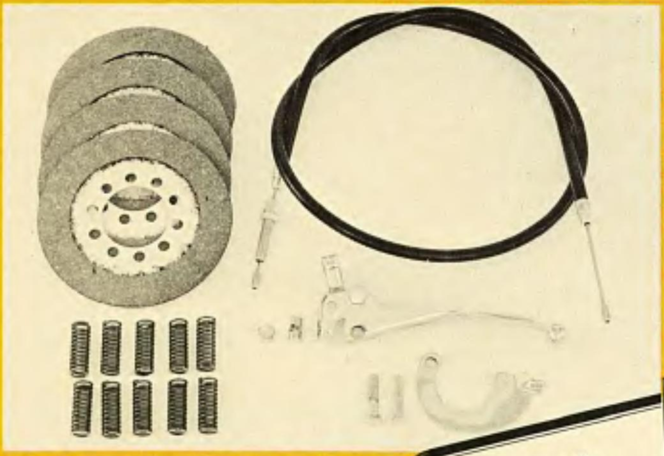
Joe Hunt Magneto. Puts out tremendous spark. With a magneto on your bike you can still get home even after your generator and battery go out on you.

13602 For HD 74 and 61 OHV 1937 to 1969. **159.50**

136017 For HD 74 1970 and later. **198.50**

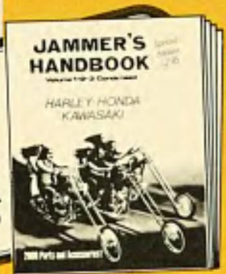
13603 For Sportster. Also fits 1938 to 1952 45 twins, 1937 to 1948 HD 74 and 80 side valve, and 1953 to 1954 Servi-car. **159.50**

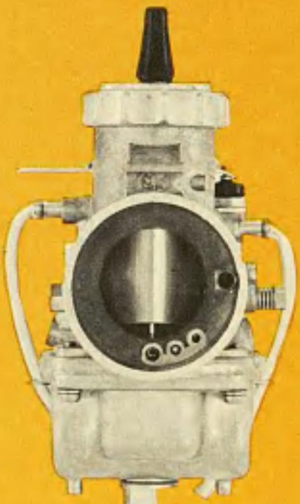
MOUSETRAP ELIMINATOR KIT



14304 Mousetrap Eliminator Kit. Designed for use on 61, 74, and 80 HD motorcycles using wrap-around type oil tank. **49.95**

You can now call toll free 4 PM - 7 PM 1-800-423-2455 to order a catalog & get the name of your nearest Jammer dealer. (See ad on back cover)





13504 Mikuni Carburetor. 38mm. A great performer. All tests indicate better gas mileage, more horsepower and long trouble-free use. Clean and easy installation. **54.95**

13505 Mikuni Manifold. For Knucklehead and Panhead 1937 to 1965. **27.00**

13506 Mikuni Manifold. For Sportster and Shovelhead models, 1966 and later. **27.00**

(See Order Blank on Page 92)

Jammer Cycle Products

For fastest service, order from warehouse nearest you:

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801 South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
858 Decatur Ave., North
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Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.

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Ship via: (Check method you desire)
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Orders mailable to your town will be shipped Parcel Post. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet postal requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Shipping Time: *Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 2 days; UPS GROUND, 2 to 4 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 10 days; AIR POST, 2 to 4 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.*

Quantity	Part Numbers	Description of each item	Year, Make, Model and size of bike.	Price	

Call
1-800-423-2455
Toll Free to order by phone, or to get the name of your local Jammer Dealer.
(Mail order blank is on page 92)

Before mailing, please read the following:
1. Did you write your full name and address—including zip code and telephone number?
2. Double check part numbers. That is the only way we have of identifying parts.
3. By having you write a description of the part, we have a double check of our own.
4. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10 % service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
5. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
6. 25 % deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.
7. California residents add 6 % when buying from California warehouse, and Minnesota residents add 4 % when buying from Minnesota warehouse (for the tax man in those states).

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

Sub total		
Plus tax (California residents add 6 %, and Minnesota residents add 4 %).		
Total		
Less 25 % C.O.D. deposit		
Balance due (F.O.B. California)		
Master Charge/BankAmericard number*		
Signed	**Expr. Date**	

***Credit cards accepted**

IMPORTANT: *Please use separate sheet of paper for any inquiry not directly connected with this order. This will speed handling of order.*

ORDER FORM ORDER FORM

O/S 3/29/77 ■ CV MAY ■ #47 ■ A4

Easyriders Playing Cards

TWO decks $4.95

We pay postage!

Here ya are—in blazing color, playing cards featuring some of the best yummies that have appeared in this rag.

Gonad bogglin', professional quality cards that will add a new dimension to your poker game. Cards you'll be proud of—as you fleece your bros.

They're not cheap-ass cards—they're the same high quality as professional playing cards.

Be first on your block to own these outstanding leg-wettin' cards. All you have to do is send $4.95 for **two** decks. We'll pay packaging and postage costs. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or money order to:

Easyriders Cards, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

California residents add 6%

INDIAN TURQUOISE JEWELRY

Slapped together by our very own peyote-crazed Injuns in the back room. Each item is individually handmade. Turquoise is solid chunks—**not** bits and pieces glued together to **look** like solid pieces. Surrounding the solid chunks of liver-quiverin' turquoise is real silver (you won't believe how much ripped-off silverware we had to melt down in order to come up with this first-cabin jewelry). Warning: sit down before reading the prices, because they're so low you won't believe them. Money back guarantee.

To be certain that you get the correct-size ring, rip off this scale and wrap it around your finger; it will indicate the ring size you want.

14
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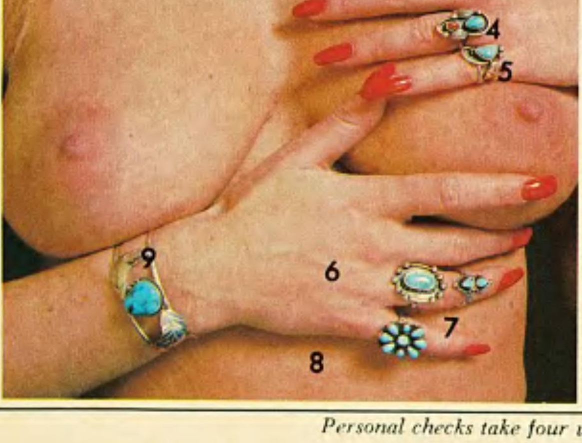

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1M - 39.50
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LADIES' RINGS & PENDANTS
1 - 12.95
2 - 29.50
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8 - 24.50
9 - 24.50

plus 50¢ postage & handling

Send check or money order to:
Turquoise Jewelry, Box 711, Burbank, California 91503

Please send me ring or necklace number(s)________
My ring size is:________

Name________

Address________

City________ State________ Zip________

Personal checks take four weeks to clear 6% sales tax for California residents

Choppershopper

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list $2.00. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. 301-699-1849. (51)

Harley rider sells out. Three pan choppers, parts, $4,500 cash. Shoemaker, Lot 29 Fowlkes Trl. Pk., Columbus, Miss. 39701. (47)

Male, age 25, would like to hear from women. Please write and cheer me up. Write Jerry, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Biker (40's) seeking wife and mother for his 12-year-old daughter. Prefer 4' 6"-5", slender, must have license, dig bikes and kids. Please reply (preferably with photo) to Leroy Sell, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (50)

Genuine hand-stamped, rugged, solid copper buttons. Indestructible! Perfect for Levi jackets, shirts, hat bands, belts, saddlebags, etc. Polished or satin finish. Sets of 10 for $15.00. Money order or c.o.d. only. Taos Metalworks, P.O. Box 2423, Taos, New Mexico 87571. (505) 758-3227. (47)

Beautiful nude girl color photo on wood keychain. Beneath laminated plastic. $3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

Eliminate overnight condensation. Keep bike dry and clean with huge 9 ft. x 12 ft. plastic tarps. 79¢ each. 2 for $1.50. Zorro Products, Box 4261, Hamden, Conn. 06514. (47)

Nazi T-shirts, $4.25, 3/$10. Totenkopf, Box 2814, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401. (48)

"Gas or ass? Nobody rides free!" Colorful stickers. 4/$1.00. 10/ $2.00 ppd. Cash only! Atlantic, Box 12627, Charleston, S.C. 29412. (48)

Antique Harley Works: Specializing in obsolete parts. Send 50¢ for catalog to Antique Harley Works, P.O. Box 18553, Tampa, Florida 33679. (47)

Your favorite snapshot photo put on wood keychain beneath laminated plastic. Photo is trimmed. $3.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Box 318, Lexington, N.C. 27292. (53)

AIM stickers. Put 'em on everything from bedroom mirrors to toilet seats. 50¢ each 3/$1.00. Taurus T.V., Box 6056, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506. (47)

Lookin' for chick (20-35) So. Calif. area. Parolling Aug. '77. Must enjoy companionship, good smoke, and have desire to help build and putt shovelhead to Seattle in '78. Write Gary "Bo" Nelson, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Need a tattoo? Live in Pittsburgh, Pa.? Call collect (412) 864-4484. Ask for Bruce. (47)

How to open locks without keys. Send $5.00 for booklet with illustrations to John Lange, 42632 Gainsley, Sterling Heights, Mich. 48078. (49)

Looking for biker chick who digs puttin' and jammin' all summer and fuckin' all winter. Write Corky, Box 2023, Mills, Wyoming 82644. (47)

Tools for mechanic and rider. Hard-to-find items. Illustrated catalog $2.00. Refunded first order. Cycle Therapy, RFD #4, Winsted, Conn. 06098. (47)

Norsemen M/C, Everett, Washington: Alive and well, one jump ahead of The Man. Put an address and a name I know in **Easyriders** and I'll write and tell you what's happening. Prospect Pete. (47)

Wanted: Parts inventory person for cycle salvage. Exp. only reply. Work part time. (PGH and Beaver, Pa.—W/Vir.) c/o Boxholder, P.O. Box 12354, Greater Pittsburgh Airport, Pittsburgh, Pa. (47)

Jimmy Coles: I've been looking for you for six years. Please write me c/o Box 3220, Postal Station "B", St. John, N.B., Canada E2M 4H7. Love you. Sheila Adams. (47)

Pisces biker and artist would like to find an ol' lady. Send photo and info to Red, 535 Stannage Ave., Albany, California 94706. (47)

Old style shatterproof goggles to go with that Snoopy hat. Rubber form fitted, non-fogging and fits over regular glasses. Supply limited. $12.00 ppd. Dave Norgaarden, 1628 9th Ave. S.E., Rochester, Minn. 55901. (47)

Wanted: Chick to party and putt. Live-in possible. Send letter and picture to CZ, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Big Daddy Benarch: Nights are forever without you. I'll always love you, baby, and I'm "behaving." Love, Soolafia. (47)

Protect your scoot. Build your own transistorized alarm system for under $10.00. 6 or 12 volt. Complete plans, schematic, parts list, assembly drawing. Super-small, super-sensitive. Send $2.49 to K&M Products, 198 Elm Street, Raynham, Mass. 02767. (47)

Lee: Here's to a happy birthday and another ten years of puttin'! I love you! Sally. (47)

Wyoming chicks have brain damage and can't handle bike people. 28-year-old biker needs chick with good sense of humor to putt and party. Send photo and phone number (plus correspondence) to Daffy Duck, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Little Ernie, you fuckin' animal: Guess what! Your ol' lady, Sweet One, Sonoma. (47)

Razorback: Things have gotten very bad since you've left. Please get to a telephone fast. Call collect. I love you very much and no matter what the circumstances are, I want to be with you always. Your loving ol' lady, Vicki, Bowie, Texas. (46)

Dago Frank: Thank you for 5 years of happiness. May you ride forever, may I be there behind you. Gratefully, your Bekka. P.S. Happy birthday, you wonderful sonofabitch. (47)

We have loads of Harley dresser parts: Fenders, tanks, crash bars, spots, bumpers, chrome extras, turn signals, windshields, new glass. All in good used condition, some new. Harold's Harley Parts, 19407 Jersey Ave. W., Lakeville, MN 55044. (47)

Bumper stickers in Day-Glow, "Bikers Make Better Lovers," "Helmet Laws Suck." Warning stickers in chrome, "If you value your life as much as I value this bike don't fuck with it." Same for van and car. Also "Helmet laws suck." 50¢ ea. or 3/ $1.00. Roach clips to fit bike wheel, $2.00 ea. & 50¢ handling. As always top quality. Chicago Ray's, 5730 W. 87 St., Burbank, Ill. 60459. Dealers, Letterhead please. (49)

Become a minister! Do all the things that priests, rabbis or ministers do 100% legally. Make a donation of $10 and receive your minister's card and further helpful hints. Donation will be used to help bikers. Make checks payable to Rev. John Herlihy, c/o Bikers Church, P.O. Box 1660, Bridgeport, Conn. 06601. (55)

East Side Motor Works. Find early Harley-Davidson repairs. By appointment only. Call (805) 649-2874. (48)

Jay Gunnells, Putt Malinski, and all the rest of you cocksuckers, get off your lazy motherfuckin' ass and drop me a line. Jim Beam, Str. J. Burton Ayers. (46)

Knucklehead motor wanted. Must be complete with legal title. Contact George Christie, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (44)

Hippie Mike Reed: Call the Rock. I have an offer you can't refuse. (47)

Harold's Harley Parts: Flatheads, knuckleheads, tinheads, 45s, K models, Sportsters & shovelheads —we have parts for you who are restoring older Harleys, mostly 1929 and newer. Engine, frame, and body parts, some current model parts also. We have no catalog so please specify model and year of bike needing parts. Harold's Harley Parts, 19407 Jersey Ave. W., Lakeville, MN. 55044. (47)

For everyone who locks themselves out of cars. EZ Key Kit will get you in any car in seconds. Elite Gift Ideas, Dept. 301B, Box 272, Greenwood, S.C. 29646. (47)

Lenn & Judy Campbell, where are you? Jeff Grove, 2386 Neal Lane, Redding, Calif. 96001. (47)

Colorado Motorcycle Festival: Adams County Fairgrounds, April 29, 30 and May 1. Motorcycle show ($1425 in prize money), 3-day indoor swap meet, carnival, motorcycle rodeo, bands & more. This will be the largest motorcycle event ever to be held in Colorado. For information write to Colorado Motorcycle Festival, P.O. Box 623, Commerce City, Colorado 80037. (47)

I desire to commence correspondence with any person of like mind. My interests and/or hobbies include Islamic history, music, jogging. I am male, age 28. All concerned may contact me at Romell Mu'ammar Allah, Box 99-15251, Pontiac, Illinois 61764. (47)

Blow their minds with real cop shoulder patches. Two bucks each. 3 for $5.00, $12.00 per dozen. B-PEC, Dept. E1, 9889 Alondra Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

Dwayne "Dago" Di Cicco, contact your family. Your father has cancer. We love and miss you. Mom. (47)

Ohio biker, putts Sporty, needs ol' lady to take care of me (and bike). Send picture and info to Tony "Skillethead" Crist, 1420 Welsh Ave., Hamilton, Ohio 45011. (47)

Hey, bros: Sorry I didn't get back with ya after the first few. Was on the run from The Man. Out on bond now so it's safe enough. Keep the faith, Menard "pen" Vikings. Gypsy. (47G)

Wanted: One cool-headed chick to live with me and my ol' lady. Must love kids and lovin'. Age 18-25. The foxier, the better. This is no bull. All serious inquiries answered. Write Ron Houston, P.O. Box 1021, Hendersonville, Tenn. 37075. (47)

L'il Wolf: Waiting for April 30 so we can get it on. I love you. Your ol' lady in Hayward, Pepsi. (47)

Writer needs foxy chick to live with who can also model for biker fiction. Will probably stay in New Orleans for summer. Include 4 or more photos with reply. 18-26 years old only. No children. St. Michael, c/o **Easyriders,** Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Wanted: One-woman biker, 27, with trike and 240Z wants one-man woman 20-25, Bay area. Send letter and pic. Mike Cornell, 2436 Maricopa Ave., Richmond, Calif. 94804. (47)

Indian motorcycles: A list of 30 dealers and 3 clubs. Send $1.00 (no checks) and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Indians, Box 8084, Kentwood, Mich. 49508. (48)

Lonely biker needs a real foxy looking chick. White only. Any age for fun, games, partying, scooting, sex, and to share life and love with. Send picture and phone number, if possible, along with letter. Dave, P.O. Box 376, Herkimer, New York 13350. (47)

Stolen! 1972 Harley-Davidson FXE Super Glide VIN 2C14673H2 (black), white saddle bags, small windshield, Johnson 23-ch. CB radio SN C23G03671034, white custom seat. $500.00 reward for recovery and names (Tex. lic. 3KX911). Contact Leroy Musgrove, 442 4th Street, Box 5288, San Leon, Texas 77539. San Jacinto High Rollers, Bay Area Chapter 559-1998. (47)

Lookin' for a fox who could relocate to share good times—maybe life. Must like to putt and party, have it together. No hangups. Send full photo to Wolfman, c/o **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Dr. Mike Natolle: Thanks for the hole. Dusty Sage. (47)

Kennard: Happy Florida biking in 1977! Your ol' lady, Lynne. (47)

If anyone knows the whereabouts of "Wild Bill" Durloo from Bay Area, contact John F. Mills #12078, Nevada State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 2247, Carson City, Nevada 89701. (47)

In memory of Dave Green, The Grouch. Calif.-Utah, '43-'76 (47)

Bikers looking to relocate in Colorado. Need info on bike laws, jobs, weather, Harley shops, attitudes. Sick of living in New York. Write to Wade Lewis, Jr., Box 26 Portville, N.Y. 14770. (47)

1961 FLH: Chopped, rigid, raked, chromed, excellent. $1795. (912) 847-3516 (Georgia). (47)

Wanted: Greater Cleveland area: Biker, 24, looking for a righteous chick to putt and possibly live in, 18 to 30, no airheads. Send pic. Write Rich, c/o **Easyriders,** Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (47)

Detailed instructions to convert the following weapons to full automatic or selective fire. Colt AR-15, Belgian F.A.L., Russian SKS. All three $5.00. Money orders only. Devils Den, P.O. Box 534, Westminster, Maryland 21157 (47)

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You manufacture and offer many unique products. *DS has over 2500 items for the bike enthusiast.*
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Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for $2.95 + approximately $1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges.
-Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts.
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